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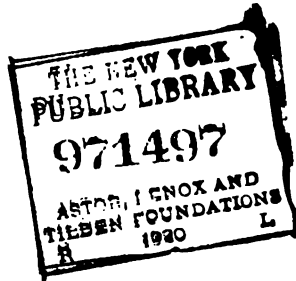
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THE

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

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No. 1.

THE SUCCESSFUL MERCHANT.

SAMUEL BUDGETT was a remarkable example of self-help animated by Christian principle. His career, with the moral lessons deducible from it, are admirably set forth by Rev. Mr. Arthur, in a little volume * which has been before the public for several years, being republished in this country from the English edition. Mr. Bayne, in the "Christian Life, Social and Individual," has also made him the subject of one of his instructive biographical essays, under the title of "The Christian Freeman," illustrating the influence of Christian principle in commercial life, and in the relation between man and man, as free and equal members of one commonwealth.

As the latter writer has graphically shown, there were two predominating elements in the character of Mr. Budgett appearing early in life, and to a careless observer seeming incompatible, if not absolutely contradictory. Yet they were by no means really so. They were the two poles of his character, — the two foci from which his whole career was

* The Successful Merchant: Sketches of the Life of Mr. Samuel Budgett, late of Kingswood Hill. By WILLIAM ARTHUR, M. A. New York: Carlton and Porter.

legitimately and symmetrically described. He was a born trader; he had a natural aptitude for bargains, and a thorough genius for getting and saving money. This trait in a boy might be called unpleasing, and even repulsive. On the other hand, he was of a keenly sensitive nature, his heart was tenderly affectionate, his sympathies rich, kindly, and poetic. He had a brain as clear and inventive as his heart was warm.

He was born at Wrington in Somersetshire, in 1794, of poor shop-keeping people, who appear to have had something of a struggle to support their rather large family. They went from village to village trying to better their condition, but meeting with indifferent success. When he was about ten years old they were living in Colebrook, where they had a little general shop, and where Samuel went to one of the dame schools, in which the privileges were meagre enough, and the acquisitions of the scholars lamentably small. His trading propensity first found exercise as follows. On his way from school he picked up a horse-shoe, which he carried three miles and sold to a blacksmith for a penny. He often alluded to this as the first money he ever owned, and said that afterwards he was never without money, except when he "gave it all away"! He soon contrived to earn another penny or two, which he put with the first one, and began to buy little articles to sell again among his schoolmates. Lozenges, marbles, cucumbers, &c. were his wares. He soon accumulated a sufficient amount of money to secure a prize which he had long desired. He purchased a little volume of Wesley's Hymns. This, with other incidents which will appear as we go on, indicates that, after all, it is not so much the love of money that characterizes the boy as something else. He is not in so much danger from this as from an excessive love of a good bargain. But we see this propensity partially balanced by a taste for poetry and devotion, as indicated above in his first purchase for himself.

It would be interesting, amusing, and instructive to follow

him along these few years, and observe his tact, shrewd management, careful observation of the workings of trade as practised by others, and his generalization, perhaps unconsciously, of principles which were in after years to minister to his success. But we have not space for all this. When fifteen years of age, his parents decided to apprentice him to an older half-brother who kept a small store in Kingswood. By his boyish traffic he had at this time accumulated thirty pounds, — a considerable sum for a boy in such circumstances. We might suppose, judging from one side of his character, that he would carefully invest this where it would be sure to accumulate as much as possible. Not so. His parents are having a difficult struggle, and he generously presents them with the whole of his carefully gathered store, which they will never be able to repay him. Thus his first little gains had been laid out to gratify his taste for religious poetry. His subsequent accumulations, which, had covetousness been the spring of his actions, would surely have taken a different direction, were cheerfully laid on the altar of filial affection. He thus goes out to begin the world without money, because he had "given it all away."

As we might suppose, from some incidents already appearing, his moral and spiritual culture had been going on promisingly during these previous years. Not far from the time of his first little mercantile exploit, when he was nine or ten years old, passing by his mother's room one day, the door being shut, he heard her voice in prayer. He stopped to listen. The subject of her petitions was her family. He heard his own name. His heart was deeply touched, and from that hour it turned heavenward. Of course, a mother who thus poured out her soul in supplication for her children did something besides pray. Her instructions appear to have made a most permanent and salutary impression on his sensitive mind. Her teachings were not by abstract precepts, but by concrete illustrations, doubtless the best of them being found in her own life.

It is related of him, that at one time his mother was dangerously sick, and, becoming suddenly worse, he was aroused before light in the morning to go in haste for a surgeon. With a heavy heart he went and did his errand. On his return, he says: "I shall never forget the impression made on my mind, (when a little bird commenced singing a cheerful note, as I rode by Mells Park,) that, in answer to my prayers, God would restore my mother. My heart was filled with gratitude, and from that time I never doubted her recovery; and 'I went home exclaiming, 'Sis Betsey, mother will get well!' 'What makes you think so?' 'O, I know it, because God has heard our prayers, and will answer them; and I have not had a doubt of it since I came by Mells Park this morning.'" It was a memorable morning to him. Throughout life, he *always* thought that then, for the first time, he tasted the joy of acceptance with God.

This early piety of his seems to have lighted up two kindred ambitions. One was naturally connected with his taste for trade. In it he discerned a vocation in pursuing which he might relieve his family from the hardships and drudgery to which they might be otherwise doomed. This incentive appears to have actuated him almost more than any other, — far more than the love of wealth or desire for personal success. The other ambition was inspired by his love for souls: it was a deep desire to do good religiously. He was in a strait betwixt two. Filial affection impelled in one direction; a disposition to be more extensively useful led in the other. He hesitated for some time as to whether he should prepare himself to go out as a missionary, or enter upon a mercantile apprenticeship. One day as he was riding along on his father's horse, he was so deeply engaged in the important subject that he fell into a reverie. He says: "I remember imagining, first, what advantages would be likely to accrue to the family by my diligently pursuing business; and again I imagined myself transported to some clime as a missionary, engaged in preaching the Gospel to the heathen,

and almost fancied myself kneeling under the bushes and among the rocks, drawing down, by faith and prayer, blessings on my family ; and so deeply was my mind absorbed at that instant, that I entirely lost sight of where I was going, nor do I know how long I continued in that state. All I know is, that when I awoke from the reverie I found the bridle loose from my hand on the horse's neck, and he standing under a large tree, in a lane, eating grass ; and it appeared to me that I had been for a considerable time surrounded with a large concourse of people, whom I had been entreating with feelings of the deepest tenderness to flee from the wrath to come, and to accept of present salvation through faith in Christ. One thing is certain, I had been weeping a great deal, as the point of the saddle and the horse's shoulders were wet with my tears ; and I rode home with feelings of conscious dignity and peace, such as I cannot describe ; and I almost thought of giving up all idea of business, and devoting myself to a preparation for the work of the ministry. But from a fancied consciousness of my want of capacity, and my want of education, or means of obtaining it, I felt a fear of mentioning my impressions to any person who might have assisted me. I thought I must plod on as I could, and get my bread, and help my family."

With such an ambition, modulated by such principles, and characterized by such a religious spirit as would prevent his becoming the one-sided, selfish, grasping money-maker, to which his trading propensity alone might have led him, he became apprenticed to his older brother for a seven years' service. The work is pretty severe. He is at the counter by six in the morning, and nine, ten, eleven at night are the ordinary hours of closing. He used in after years to speak of the toil he underwent. He was of small strength, and little for his years. Indeed, in the middle of his apprenticeship his brother came to the conclusion that he would never answer for the business, and decided to discharge him. It was a bitter disappointment, but within the month allowed

him he secured another place, to which he went on leaving his brother. The latter, however, was soon convinced that he had made a mistake, and in a few weeks desired Samuel's return. He had already secured the good-will of his new master, who offered to raise his wages if he would remain. But though his brother had no proper claim, the moral obligation seemed to press him, and he returned. He was a great favorite with the customers, and mastered with ease all the details of the business. During all these years, too, he displayed a keen thirst for knowledge. If he heard a sermon, he would adjourn at its close to some sequestered place to con it over, and lay it up in his inmost heart. He read eagerly such books as came in his way. For poetry he had a keen relish, and committed large portions to memory. In various ways he was being "educated" in the best sense of that term. He was getting a thorough knowledge of men; experience was doing its part of instruction; the open fields and sky, the woods and hills and streams, were pouring into his soul such rich treasures as Nature gives gladly to such, and only to such, as love her; and, with a mind trained to reflection, the little he found time to get from books became to him a great deal. From these and some other glimpses of his life and character, Mr. Bayne forms a very high estimate of Mr. Budgett. He says: "We consider him far the ablest man of whom we have yet treated; [he had before treated of Howard and Wilberforce;] a character of uncommon breadth and completeness; an embodiment of English sagacity, intelligence, energy, and piety, as healthful and respectable as any time could show; and conveying in his life-sermon many and most important lessons, as the Christian merchant and freeman of the nineteenth century."

After the expiration of his seven years' apprenticeship, Samuel served his brother three years on a salary of forty, fifty, and sixty pounds, respectively, for each year. His economy was exceedingly strict. For those he loved he was willing enough to spend money; but for himself his attire

was of the humblest, and as for luxuries, all he indulged were a few modest books. At the end of the three years, he had full one hundred pounds saved out of his three years' salary. It was quite a little capital for a young English tradesman to begin life with. But as in two or three instances before his benevolence had divested him of all his accumulations, so it was to be now. His brother had embarked in a banking speculation. It had gone wrong, and, though the regular business was thriving, Samuel saw him in jeopardy. He at once begged him to accept his store. It doubtless saved him. Thus, for a third time, after having laid up the foundation of a fortune, he, at the call of family affection, "gave it all away."

About this time the elder brother, convinced of Samuel's superior business qualities, admitted him to partnership in the store. He carried into it his tact, energy, and religious principles. The trade was that of a retail grocer. The store was in a rather unpromising neighborhood of poorish people, on Kingswood Hill, about four miles from Bristol. Very soon his influence began to be felt in the establishment, though at first his brother looked with distrust on his novel notions, and suggestions of improvement. As the good results of his measures were seen, his sagacity became obvious. The duty of making the purchases came to be assumed exclusively by him, and, as we may infer from what we have already seen, for this he had a natural genius. To make a good bargain was a passion with him. No matter what competitors stood in his way, he was bound to accomplish his end. This he did, not by trickery, but by superior tact. This characteristic appears to have been the principal one in him which was open to adverse criticism. That it excited some enmity was not unnatural, nor should it be prejudicial to our estimate of his character. Yet Mr. Arthur, who is an enthusiastic admirer of the man, evidently regards this as a questionable trait, and with great honesty takes decided exception to the extent to which it was allowed to operate.

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Mr. Bayne, on the other hand, reckons it as not at all reprehensible, and defends it on high moral grounds. We have not room for the discussion. It is a subject of no small importance to Christian merchants, and the limitations of the principle on which Mr. Budgett acted ought to be carefully determined. With him it was unquestionably a matter of deep thought, and he had settled it in a manner satisfactory to his own conscience.

By judicious management, not only in the department of purchases, but also in that of selling, the business rapidly increased. It was his aim, not only to make it appear to customers for their advantage to trade with his firm, but to really make it for their interest. The retail business extended itself to remote villages. Little by little he ventured upon the hazardous experiment of supplying the small retail stores. It was an assumption of superiority which the grocers of nearly the same grade, naturally enough, were disposed to resent, and many of them treated him on his first applications with insulting rudeness. But by shrewdness in buying he could get hold of certain articles which it was for their interest to take at his prices ; and to this even English consequence must give way. He had his principles of trade, which he never suffered to be violated ; he was prompt, faithful, and independent in his methods, and so he made his way, never trying any new scheme, or advancing in any new direction, till the previous ones had been thoroughly mastered and settled.

We cannot follow him step by step in the progress of his business. We may state, that, in a very few years, from the little retail grocery there had grown up one of the most extensive establishments in England. From buying of the second-class wholesale merchants, they had gone to the importers, till in turn they became importers themselves, and goods came to them by the cargo from all parts of the world. The one shop had become a score of warehouses ; the few attendants became several hundred men in various depart-

ments of the business; and wealth steadily poured into the coffers of successful proprietors. We wish to show how thoroughly impregnated this business was with high moral and Christian principle, and how this contributed to its prosperity.

He was determined from the first that the business should be conducted on the basis of religious integrity. Two or three incidents will sufficiently illustrate this. We are all familiar with the revelations which have been made within the last few years of adulterations in articles of commerce. We are not all aware that this adulteration is not a new thing. Soon after Mr. Budgett's assumption of a controlling influence in the business of his brother, he was called upon to decide respecting a particular practice of this kind. The tax on pepper was very high. The grocers from time immemorial had a tradition, that their customers expected their pepper to be mixed with some less costly article. It was the general custom, and, of course, he that varied from it must suffer loss. In the store of the Messrs. Budgett there was a cask labelled P. D., containing an article very like pepper-dust. The junior partner found his mind drawn to the consideration of the practice. The more he thought of it, the more it troubled him. His conclusion was reached one night after his return home. He went back to the store, took the hypocritical cask, carried it to an old quarry in the neighborhood, and scattered its contents among the slag and stones. Many professedly Christian traders would have managed to justify the practice which he here discarded by very plausible arguments. Not so he. His principles were fixed, and every variation from them must be suppressed.

Some years subsequently there came to his store a person professing to be a Christian and a local preacher in the denomination to which Mr. Budgett belonged. He offered to disclose an invention which would yield an immense profit. He had a plan for making mock vinegar which cost hardly anything, and might be sold for real. Mr. Budgett led him

to disclose his scheme fully, and then broke out with an astounding burst of indignation: "What! you want to lead me into dealing like this? If you are resolved to go to hell yourself, why should you try to drag me with you? And you profess to be a Wesleyan, and a local preacher!" With words of stinging rebuke he drove away the hypocritical emissary of evil. This principle of honest dealing was stringently enforced throughout the establishment. Intentional disregard, of course, occasioned a forfeiture of place. But he went further than this. Any carelessness in this respect, by any in his employ, provoked reproof. He would impress upon the minds of all his clerks the importance of precision in the very smallest matters.

The credit system was by him repudiated. Its moral bearings appeared to him full of evil. To maintain a cash business was exceedingly difficult in many respects. But it was a matter of principle with him, and he persevered. Many times when it would have been most advantageous pecuniarily to him to diverge slightly from his rule, he made the sacrifice without the least hesitation. It was the condition with their correspondents, that payment in full must be made every month; and they knew just when the travelling agent of the firm would call. Any failure for any cause would cut off that customer. No matter how lucrative a patron he might be, no more goods could be obtained of the Budgetts. If it were a poor man, whose business would be likely to suffer derangement by this sudden change, not unfrequently there was great favor shown in the manner of ceasing to supply him; but the penalty was insisted on. There was, in the estimation of Mr. Budgett, an important moral principle involved, and he would not violate it.

One of the most remarkable features of the business was the perfect system which pervaded the whole. Through it there breathed a spirit of intense energy, which affected every one of the hundreds of persons employed. As a Christian merchant he felt the importance of making the most of time,

not only for himself, but for the benefit of all who were under him. In the warehouses, in the counting-rooms, in all the correspondence, and the agencies, everything moved with military precision, and yet with vigor and despatch. To those who visited the store, it was marvellous what an amount of business was performed within a given time. A single instance will illustrate this. Soon after the retirement of the elder brother, when Samuel had become the head of the now immense business, there occurred a fire in which all the warehouses at the central place of business were consumed. Happily the books and papers were saved, as also the horses; and no lives were lost. The immense property was mostly insured; but the loss by such a calamity is not limited to the amount of property destroyed. It would seem that it must not only for a long time interrupt the business itself, but must entail great injury upon multitudes of wholesale customers. The goods they have ordered, and on which they depend, are burned up. To a man of less system, tact, and energy, it would require a long time to get under way again. Not so with Mr. Budgett. He sends a circular to those merchants expecting goods the next day, informing them of the disaster, and asking a delay of *one day*. And one day proves sufficient. He goes swiftly, but not hurriedly, to Bristol, where he has for some time had several storehouses, and hires a new house. All hands are set to work, and the next day all the customers are served as if nothing had happened. From this time the business goes on regularly as before, only henceforth Bristol, instead of Kingswood, becomes the centre of the trade.

One of the most interesting features of his character is found in his relations to the men employed by him. He was a remarkably quick and shrewd discerner of character. Dishonest, indolent, and incapable men seldom entered his service. He selected and retained such as he believed would be profitable workers in the business, but he demanded and secured this efficiency in them not more for his own advan-

tage than for theirs. If there was talent and ability in any one, he spared no pains to bring it out. If incompetency or vice required a discharge, the principles of the firm were strictly adhered to, but the unfortunate servant was dealt with most kindly, and his wants not unfrequently supplied after the discharge. Sometimes, and in cases, too, where the offence had been characterized by crime against the master, help was sent through a third person, while the benefactor remained unknown.

As a master he was thorough. His men all knew that he was not a man to be trifled with. Said one who had been long in his service, "I do believe he would get, ay, just twice as much out o' a man in a week as another master." He had a power of infusing a true working spirit into his men. "Tact, push, and principle" were the qualities required and cultivated in all who formed his working staff. He had a warm, honest sympathy with all, and his efforts were constantly directed to their good. At the time of his entering partnership, the working hours were from six in the morning till nine at night. It went against his grain. He soon manages to get the work done by half past eight. This does not satisfy. By the employment of scarcely more men, but by the increased energy, punctuality, and diligence, the dismissing of triflers and dawdlers, the making it the interest of all to bring it about, in a little time they are able to get through and go cheerily to their homes by five or half past five. There is in the establishment a regular system of fines for small delinquencies in punctuality, &c. The principals pay most, and all go to a sick fund. There is a systematic distribution of rewards periodically, — this not merely among the hands in the store, but with the workmen on the grounds of the residence. Many of the employed, too, were made to feel a deep interest in the business. "When a year wound up well, the pleasure was not all with the principals. Several of those whose talents and diligence had a share in gaining the result found that they also had a share in the re-

ward." The men loved him as a father, and felt that in him they had one who was deeply interested in their secular, and as well in their moral and spiritual welfare. An apprenticeship in his establishment was as good as a college, and many parents sought, with great eagerness, to commit their sons to him.

As has appeared incidentally all along, Mr. Budgett was a Christian. He was no sectarian, no ascetic, no fanatic, no mere professor, but a faithful, thorough, manly Christian, who thought it practicable to carry his religion into all his business and all his relations in life, and proved it to be so. "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," was fully exemplified in his own life, and in the order, diligence, and energy of his whole establishment. Every man in his employ was made to feel that his master considered him an immortal being, and that all the temporary differences between them were merged in the sublime unities in which Christianity embraces all human relations.

Some of the men had rooms on the premises, and for each of these special provision was made that he might be alone for private reading and meditation. A large number came early to their work, and took their breakfast in the store. For all these there was a large room set apart, where every morning at a given hour such as were disposed assembled for worship. Usually forty or fifty thus came together, and after a passage of Scripture read by some one, a hymn was sung, and then a prayer or two was offered, in which the blessing of God was craved on the work of the day and on the business of the firm. Every year the taking account of stock was performed in the same expeditious manner as the other business, and after it was finished and the result arrived at, the principals were accustomed to withdraw to their private counting-room, and there unite in prayer to Him from whom comes all success in any undertaking.

But his religion was not confined to the store or counting-house. His home was a most beautiful example of a Chris-

tian household. In the church of his choice he was a most faithful laborer, not only interesting himself in its temporalities, but entering humbly and laboriously into its most spiritual duties. He was a class-leader and a lay preacher, a Sunday-school teacher, and a tract-distributor; there, as in his business, "doing with his might whatever his hands found to do." The good he did by private, personal effort, by the formation of associations, and by lending his influence to all public moral enterprises, can never be fully estimated. The neighborhood where he resided had long been noted for its moral degradation. But through the influence of means organized by him, it underwent a reformation as surprising as it was grateful.

His liberality, as might be expected, was profuse. Yet he gave, as the steward of the Lord, judiciously, prudently, and variously. All denominations and all good causes shared in it. He tried, in aiding the poor, to make the money do something more than merely help by its own amount: it was to encourage industry and virtue, and thus became doubly and trebly beneficial. He not only gave to public causes, but he labored as though he had nothing to give to induce others to give, and many a hundred pounds from his purse has drawn another hundred with it from other sources. His benefactions for several years amounted to ten thousand dollars annually.

We cannot follow him further. His life was an eloquent and persuasive sermon. His influence is not only elevating the morals of the business in which he was engaged, but more especially in the religious benefit, and temporal and eternal welfare of many hundreds, will endure yet for many years. He died as a Christian. But "being dead, he yet speaketh."

G. M. S.

WITNESSES FOR GOD.

THE existence of a Supreme Power has not become a truth to me by any process of reasoning. If you, therefore, my friend, belong to the class of latter-day sceptics, I will not gather up my robes lest the hem of my garment touch you, nor need you turn away your head from me with a kind scorn at my superstitions; let us shake hands with each other, for, if we are candid, we may find that our largest difference is only about a word.

Just as material things are manifest to the material sense, so are spiritual things manifested to the spiritual sense. As my material eye receives and reflects the images of Nature, so does the eye of the spirit receive its impression or picture of God.

I walk in a garden of flowers, and stop to caress a rose. My eye is charmed with its crimson beauty, and I stoop to inhale the odor that has brimmed its golden heart for many a summer. What have I seen? "Only a rose," you will say. But my soul has seen something more than that. It has discovered, on every leaf, the name of the Omnipotent Deviser, and it has inhaled an odor of Heaven. That delicate blossom is a symbol, a sign, or a word which God speaks to my soul, the definition of which is love and beauty. I wander in the green arcades of the woodland. Fragrant gums have balmed the air, tiny flowers lift up their starry faces, and offer to the day the diamond that night dropped into their bosoms. Strange, wild songs ripple out of the mottled throat of birds, and the occasional hush is the harmonic pause which Nature introduces into her grand, inspiring verse. But separate and apart from the delights which animate my physical being is a feeling of awe and reverence that pervades my mind, causing me to move silently, and to step with careful lightness over the dim forest paths. Shall I tell you the reason of this? My soul has seen God walk-

ing there. No wonder the nervous Aspen shivers as if reached by an electric spiritual touch, or that the Oak, stirred by an impulse, flings out his giant gestures, or that the melodious Pine bows her head with a sigh, while the branches whisper "Amen."

I stand some morning upon a rock that looks out upon the sea. Mantles of cloudy gauze hang on the shoulders of the hills, mists are travelling up the sunbeams, and the brave old Ocean brings up all his lances and flashes them defiantly in the face of the sun. While I smile at the grandeur and beauty, my ear catches the rush and swell of the tide, hurrying with a deepening crescendo to fling its booming bass against the rocks by the sea. But aside from sight and hearing, separate from eye and ear, my spirit has listened to an anthem of the Eternal. Thus from the Oriental lily, whose garments are more glorious than the vesture of Solomon, to the stars that have made the scroll of Night beautiful with the autographs of God, I detect the mysterious power whose presence is Ubiquity.

But if your mind's eye fails to read and interpret the scripture of Nature, turn inward and explore the soul. Examine fearlessly but reverently its lights and shadows, for it is the most precious tabernacle of the Almighty. Full often, if you but notice, you will hear His voice ringing through that sanctuary, teaching you the laws of purity, justice, and righteousness.

You are sometimes stirred with noble aspirations, desires for true goodness and holiness, and your lips move with a fiery eloquence that warms the hearts of men about you. But you do not know, perhaps, that the Indweller of the soul's sanctuary kindles that flame within you with a spark of His own inspiration.

Another time, you would be ready to join hands with temptation, were it not for a mysterious something, whose voice of admonition, though small and still, shakes your soul to its centre. Do you call it Conscience, or the voice of Reason? We only differ in a name; I call it God.

Yet you say it is impossible that you, so unworthy in deed, so evil in thought, should contain in any portion of your spirit one spark of Heaven's sacred fire. But, my friend, so humble an acknowledgment, such a grand humiliation, only proves that the Divine is working within you. God is the Father of spirits; and there is not one without his impress; not one so deformed by sin, that it does not reflect some fair image of the Great Parent. Wherever we find spirit, there must be something of God. If we ascend up into heaven, he is there; if we make our bed in hell, he is there; if we take the wings of the morning and flee to the uttermost parts of the earth, still there will his right hand lead us.

It may be, my friend, that the sun of worldly prosperity has flooded your soul with so dazzling a light, that you are blind to the Power in which you live, move, and have your being; but at some future time the clouds will rise, the twilight gather, and the night close in on your surprise and bewilderment. I am quite sure that at that time your spirit will stretch its feeble hand in the darkness, groping to find a guide. Nor will you search in vain; for you are finally led out of the mist and shadow into a peaceful and blessed sunlight. But who was your guide in the darkness? In what did you trust? Do you answer, "The eternal principles of justice and right"? I shall not disagree with you, only the reply seems unnecessarily long; I like best that easier word, God.

I have thought that it is more natural to woman than to man to believe in a *personal* God. It is a faith that seems necessary to her happiness. Every principle, good or evil, presents itself in a tangible personality to her comprehension. If you talk of patriotism, she fashions a hero; of despotism, she makes a tyrant; of truth and goodness, she beholds a God. To her the Creator of the universe is a separate and distinct intelligence, whose power has given her life and blessing, whose arms of love will enfold her in death, and at

whose feet in heaven she will have entire freedom to pour forth the earth-restrained tide of her pure and worshipful affection. In her radiant girlhood, or more developed womanhood, she sips the delicious nectar of love, scarcely conscious of the hand of mercy that filled the chalice for her and brought her being into flower. But the hour of maternity comes, the world recedes, and the weak soul in its tabernacle of pain grapples with the mystery of existence. And when the babe is laid on her arm, a new tenderness trembles about her lips, and the language of her heart is, "Herein has God been revealed to me." But if the material universe, and the sanctuary of the soul, fail to reveal to you the existence of a Creator, turn to that which to me is the surest witness and proof,—the testimony of Jesus. When all things else are but doubt and darkness, there still burns an unquenchable light; when every other foundation seems but slippery sand, there stands the Rock on which we rest secure. The express aim and purpose of his mission, of his acts and teachings, was to reveal to men the will of God, and teach us to recognize, in every dispensation of Providence, the love and mercy of a Supreme Father. He came not to bear witness of himself, but of One who had commissioned him to reveal to the children of men the love of an Infinite Parent. His teachings always referred directly to the existence of a Supreme Intelligence, who held all things in his tender keeping, and noticed even the sparrow's fall. Of this Intelligence he received instruction, and to this source he credited all power and wisdom with which he was invested. He obeyed not his own, but a superior will, and to this invisible and sustaining Power he lifted up the voice of prayer in the garden of Gethsemane. In the hour of crucifixion he prayed the Father to forgive his murderers, and in the gloom and agony of death his last words were a grieved appeal to God. What a star of hope and courage rises from the darkness of the crucifixion to cheer every soul that trembles on the borders of eternity! For, although despairing shadows wrapped

the spirit of Jesus at the moment of death, yet for him the resurrection morn came round, completing his glory, and making sure the immortal destiny of spirit.

To whatever power one may ascribe the successes of Jesus, the fact that every act and word of a soul so wholly pure and unselfish seemed to bear direct testimony of a God, is to me the surest proof of the existence of such a being. The well-ordered life and the triumphant death of any truly good man or woman make God a reality to me. Whether he appears to my comprehension in a tangible form, as the great source of wisdom and goodness, or as an impersonal something, creating and pervading all things, my soul is satisfied that there is an immutable and loving support on which we can ever rely, in which we can ever trust, and which I worship as God.

The question that rises in a multitude of troubled hearts to-day, pleading for an answer, is even this: "Is there a living, loving God?" You read it in the anxious glances of men, in the white faces of wives and mothers who move silently about the lonely house, with their hearts wrapped in a dumb agony; and even the good man who has dedicated the energies of his life to the Master's cause, as he looks on the field of blood, and sees the young and brave go down, finds it difficult to discern the white wings of faith through all the smoke, and tramp, and bloody mist of war.

But not long ago, when our paths were smooth and easy, when we were gay in pleasure and prosperity, the same troubled question, with its accompanying moan, went up from other hearts. That despairing tone of interrogation from God's low-browed children quivered up through the stars! The events of to-day are Heaven's terrible Yea! yea! Though we might not have discerned God with us when the sun of peace gave glory to our country, yet the flash and flame of war have revealed him close at hand, as the Arbiter of justice. And whether, as a nation, we live or perish, whether union and liberty survive or fall, whether our coun-

try rises in the garments of the redeemed, or folds the pall of destruction about her, still on her brow, glorious in its new birth, or beautiful in death, this motto shall appear as a guide to the nations: "There is a God who judgeth in the earth."

May we not hope that this disturbance of our harmony is the chime of Time's clock, ringing in a new era, in which universal love and liberty shall re-Edenize the earth, and the free spirit of man shall realize that he both sees and talks with God?

A. C. K.

MAN'S HEART PROPHESETH OF PEACE.

A SAD confession from the heart of man
It is, that War, dark, hateful War, must be ;
That ever thus, e'en since the world began,
Has been on earth the dire necessity !
Behold, he says, the truth on History's page,
Written in blood upon her lengthening scroll ;
The warrior's wreaths still green from age to age,
And warlike glory still man's highest goal.
But deeper look, O man, into thy heart,
And Peace, a mightier need, thou there shalt see ;
As yet thou know'st thy nature but in part, —
What thou hast been, but not what thou shalt be ;
And read the promise of God's holy Word,
That nations shall no more lift up the sword.

J. V.

THE LITURGIES OF THE EARLY CHURCH.

THE creeds and liturgies of the early Church in the times nearest the Apostolic age are of exceeding interest, not merely as matters of evidence pertaining to the first Christian theology, but for what they are in themselves. The mind of the Church had not yet hardened into dogmas, and there is a fervor and simplicity in these liturgies which indicate the conscious presence of the glorified Saviour breathing his life through all his disciples, and bathing their souls in the atmosphere of heaven. As yet there had been no schism in the Church, and no bitter controversy; for the controversy with the Gnostics, which was the earliest, was not *within* the Church, but with those who assaulted it from without, though they had appropriated some of its doctrines and phraseologies.

The student of these early creeds is impressed with two things,—with the absence of the two articles which in the modern age have been made the essentials of orthodoxy,—we mean the Tripersonality, and the vicarious nature of the Atonement. These, as Neander confesses, were as yet “undeveloped in the Christian consciousness,” leaving us to our own inference whether, as the Church became apostate, as it certainly did, the Christian consciousness “developed” upward, nearer to the Lord, or downward towards Paganism and Naturalism. The other thing which impresses us is, that, while these dogmas are absent, there is present, nevertheless, a faith in the Lord Jesus Christ as the all-atoning Power, the Mediator, the God with us, through whom alone the Father gives himself to the penitent soul as its salvation and peace. Nowhere, in after times, is the essential Divinity of Christ acknowledged with such undoubting trust and fulness. The Atonement, as it then lay in the Christian consciousness, was simply reconciliation,—the sinful heart melted under the

Divine grace, and brought into blissful experience of the Divine love.

Bunsen in his "Hippolytus and his Age" gives several liturgies of the ancient Church. One, which avouches its antiquity by its apostolical simplicity and beauty, was used in the Church of Alexandria. Bunsen thinks the essential elements which compose it date as far back as the year 150, or the age of Polycarp, the disciple of John. We translate the chief portion of it. It was used, as will be seen, at the service of the Lord's Supper.

THANKSGIVING.

We give thee thanks, O Lord, through thy dear Son, Jesus Christ, whom thou in the last days hast sent to us to be a Deliverer and Saviour, the Angel of thy counsel, the Word which speaks of thee, through whom thou hast made all things according to thy will. And thou didst send him from heaven to be born of a virgin. He became flesh. And he was revealed as thy Son by the Holy Spirit, in that he fulfilled thy will, and gathered a people to thee through the outstretching of his hand. He suffered that he might free the sufferers who trust in thee. He gave himself willingly to suffer death that he might conquer death and break the bonds of Satan, bring out of it the saints, and establish order, and bring the resurrection to light.

Wherefore he took bread, gave thanks and said, Take, eat, this is my body broken for you. Afterward he took the cup and said, This is my blood which was shed for you. This do in remembrance of me.

OFFERING AND CONSECRATION OF THE PEOPLE AND THE ELEMENTS.

In memory of his death and his resurrection we offer to thee this bread and this cup, in which we thank thee that thou hast honored us to stand before thee, and as priests to serve thee; and we humbly pray that thou wilt send down thy Holy Spirit upon this offering of thy Church, and that thou wouldst grant that all in like manner may have part in thy salvation; that they may be filled with the Holy Spirit for establishing their faith in the truth, and that they praise thee in thy Son, Jesus Christ, in whom to thee be glory and power in the holy Church, now and evermore, from everlasting to everlasting.

THE PEOPLE.

As it was and shall be from generation to generation, and from everlasting to everlasting.

THE DEACON.

Let those who are standing bow down.

SPECIAL CONSECRATION OF THE PEOPLE, KNEELING.

Everlasting God, who knowest the things which are hidden ! Thy people have bowed before thee, and have laid down before thee the hardness of their hearts and of their flesh. Look down upon them from the state where thou dwellest, and bless these men and these women. Make them strong through the power of thy Righteousness, and guard them from all evil. Take thou into thy protection as well their bodies as their souls. Increase in them and in us the faith and the fruit of thine own Son, in whom to thee, together with Him and the Holy Spirit, be praise and might evermore, from everlasting to everlasting.

THE DEACON.

Let us look up.

THE BISHOP.

To the Holy, the thrice holy.

THE PEOPLE.

One alone is holy, the Father.

One alone is holy, the Son.

One alone is holy, the Spirit.

THE BISHOP.

The Lord be with you all.

THE PEOPLE.

And with thy spirit.

HYMN OF THANKSGIVING.

(The people come near and take the Sacrament.)

PRAYER OF THE PEOPLE AFTER THE SACRAMENT.

O Lord, Ruler over all, Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, we thank thee that thou hast permitted us to take part in thy

holy mysteries. May it not redound to us for judgment unto condemnation, but for the renewing of the soul, the body, and the spirit, through thine Eternal Son.

THE PEOPLE.

Amen.

THE PRESBYTER.

The Lord be with you all.

(Laying on of hands after the Sacrament.)

CLOSING CONSECRATION OR BLESSING OF THE PEOPLE.

Eternal God, thou who rulest over all, Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, bless these thy servants and handmaidens. Protect them, help them, consecrate them through the might of thine Angel. Hold them and strengthen them in thy fear through thy Majesty. Enlighten them that they may think what is of thee, and grant unto them that they may believe what is of thee. Give them concord, without sin and wrath, through thine own Son.

THE PEOPLE.

Amen.

THE BISHOP.

The Lord be with you all.

THE PEOPLE.

And with thy spirit.

THE DEACON.

Go home in peace!

S.

“WHAT have your people to do whether Christ’s body be in the sacrament by consubstantiation or transubstantiation; whether purgatory be in the centre of the earth, or in the air, or anywhere, or nowhere? and who but a madman would trouble their heads with the entangled links of the fanatic chain of predestination?”

NECROMANCY.

SPIRITUALISM, more properly Necromancy, has at length assumed definite form in the minds of men in this country, and in the more enlightened parts of Europe. Public discussion of the subject, by the various leading journals, has almost ceased. The phenomena themselves are becoming rare, and no longer excite public curiosity. Their absolute uselessness in any of the great or small concerns of the earthly life was alone sufficient cause for the abandonment of investigation concerning them, and would ultimately have consigned them to history, even if no other causes had operated to hasten the same result. Fear and prejudice, with some minds; experimental suffering, with others; with many, observant good sense; and with a few, a deep and clear perception of the interior nature and tendency of Spiritualism, also operated to effect its rejection at their hands. These combined causes have at last produced the very general conviction that Spiritualism is not the want of the age, nor the remedy for its diseases. Yet Spiritualism succeeded in one thing, and justly too, for therein it had the facts in its favor. It impressed all classes of minds alike with a powerful conviction of its reality. Its proofs were facts,—gross, palpable facts; there was no end to them either; question one, and straightway another was forthcoming, and another: there they were; grotesque they might be, absurd, repulsive, wicked; still they were there, and no ingenuity could possibly rid us of them. So with more or less grace the sceptical world succumbed to the “facts,” and to that extent, at least, has it in some poor sense been spiritualized. There may be many sceptical fibres in the world’s brain yet; but the mass is permeated and qualified by the idea that Spiritualism and its phenomena are facts; and there men seem willing to let it rest.

It is amusing to notice what strange bedfellows the spirit-
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ualistic misery did make in its time. Materialists, who believed their outer senses, but would not trust the inner, and Biblists, who cared nothing for either; sensualists and supernaturalists, infidels and Christians, all fraternized over Spiritualism! Such a spectacle is worth much, as teaching another lesson in human nature. We see in it that all minds are actually subject to the same laws, ideas, and influences, and may at any moment be subjugated by that which was never before permitted to enter; nay, the entrance of which was deemed an impossibility. It would have been impossible to persuade Paul, when setting out on his journey to Damascus, that he would be the chief of the Christian Apostles before reaching that place.

But the truth is, the natural man never knows what he will believe, until some interior touches have shaken his mental fabric mightily, and taught him how marvellously flexible his spiritual constitution is! He is accustomed to rely much upon the solidity and fixity of the externals of his body, or of his spirit, which are most open to inspection; but he does not so readily notice that the interior of these structures, wherein resides all their life and power, are as mobile as quicksilver, and yield immediately to the least impression. Hence he is astonished to find himself to-day the willing subject of a belief that he had hitherto earnestly repudiated all his life. Men and books had hammered away at the hard crust of him for years, and, naturally enough, did nothing but make it callous. But now the tender interior fluids have been struck, and the whole being trembles at a touch: "for he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods," that even the earthy man "and the fulness thereof" may be "the Lord's," subject and obedient to the least moving of his benignant will and wisdom, and easily moulded to the image of his Divine beauty. (Ps. xxiv.)

But this impressibility of the spiritual organism subjects man, in certain states, to vicious influences, rendering him

pliable to evil as well as to good. And until educated to an acute discernment, he knows not what may befall him. This critical condition of human nature is finely expressed by the ancient poet: *Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto*,—"I am a man, and nothing human do I deem foreign to me." In estimating what Spiritualism has done to secure the world's acknowledgment, we take into account only those who are *positive* upon the subject, either for or against it; that is, those who have investigated, and decided for or against it. The *negatives*, those who care nothing about it, or who know nothing of its nature, are of no moment on either side: they neither resist nor uphold; they are neither aids nor obstacles; they do not diminish, actually, the numerical triumphs of Spiritualism, such as they are, inasmuch as they do not increase the number of its actual opponents. On these grounds it is that we affirm the success of Spiritualism in establishing itself as *a fact* in the world. As such, we ourselves acknowledge it; and so far as we have been able to acquaint ourselves therewith, we also acknowledge the greater part of the phenomena it claims to exhibit, not even excluding much of what is called its absurdities. The trickery has been to the whole, we believe, both in character and quantity, in the proportion of counterfeit notes to genuine that are afloat in the country. But now admitting all this, and having spent some time in a tolerably close examination of the subject, (though holding ourselves personally free from its influence,) we have a few charges to bring against its nature, its tendency, and its effects upon the disciple. And first let us notice, that a common idea prevails to the effect that the Spiritualism of these days—which, in this country, originated with the Misses Fox, near Rochester, about ten years ago—is something exclusively *modern*. The truth is, it is modern only in magnitude. The phenomena, with scarcely any modification, were exhibited during the great Kentucky revival, in the formidable aspect of the "jerks," wherein men were shaken, and thrown

down, and violently distorted, and thrown into ecstasies, by the operation upon them of powerful internal forces.

Shakerism was a more durable exhibition of the same peculiar influences; their meeting was the *séance*; their dancing in concert was the "circle"; and the "communication" was a species of involuntary dance, which, because of its ecstatic but spurious holiness, they deemed the manifestation of the Holy Spirit! The Salem witchcraft was of similar origin. If the amiable Edward Irving had been a visitor at Judge Edmonds's, during some of the manifestations which that gentleman has so candidly recorded, he would have heard more of the "unknown tongues" than he ever heard in London. The "tongues" so freely uttered in Irving's church were nothing more nor less than "spirit communications," and his disciples were "mediums." A wonderful degree of *religiosity* prevailed among the spirits who controlled the Irvingite speakers, which arose from the undue religious fervor of Irving and his followers. Only such spirits could manifest themselves through people of their character. The Wesleyan family ghost was a true "modern," fully posted in the "knockings," and in pranks of all other kinds. The Wesleys did not, however, understand how to communicate with him perfectly; and Wesley himself had no respect for the ghost whatever: he treated him rudely, and sternly ordered him back to his own business and to his own world.

At several French nunneries the phenomena have been exhibited in a striking manner, though, from the fact that the inmates did not understand how to communicate with the spirits, the usual results were contagious convulsions simply. In Germany the whole matter has frequently shown itself in all phases; sometimes commencing precisely as with the Misses Fox, and passing on to more striking and special forms (consult "Stilling's Pneumatology," where the reader will also find some excellent advice with regard to the treatment of such influences, when they assail involuntary sub-

jects). In short, wherever profane history, ancient or modern, gives any account of supernatural influences operating upon or through men, so far as we have been able to ascertain, they have described the so-called *modern* Spiritualism, both internally and externally, with great precision. The great difference between the two phases is simply in this: that the phenomena in past times were promptly checked, so soon as known, by ecclesiastical influence; in this age, mutual communication was effected, was permitted to grow unchecked, was variously improved, and finally established itself as a highly attractive art. What the Apostles knew of the matter is plain from a few of their expressions, to say nothing of their mission to cast out unclean spirits from the bodies of men, which mission they seem to have faithfully discharged. To some was given the power of "discerning spirits." (1 Cor. xii. 10.) To those who prophesied, "the spirits of the prophets were subject." (1 Cor. xiv. 32.) Some of the brethren gave "heed to seducing spirits." (1 Tim. iv. 1.) And they were admonished by John to "try the spirits, whether they are of God." (1 John iv. 1.) And the test applied was one that is no less applicable in our day: "Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh, is of God"; though we seriously question whether the acumen of some modern spirits would not require still further examination. Spiritualism, as now manifested, has let in upon mankind, unprepared, unguarded, and uninstructed as they were, a whole flood of subtle, powerful, and unprincipled spirits. With these spirits, many thousands, wholly ignorant of their power and nature, have held an indiscriminating intercourse, and have yielded heart and soul to the magnetic energy of their spheres. Coming like a thief in the night, they plundered and desecrated the temple of the human spirit at will. From many minds, by one hour of fierce tempting, they have blotted out the eternal principles of spiritual truth, which are at once as old and as young as the universe,—are coeval with spiritual life itself. Coming

down like night upon men who had grown weary of watching, they overpowered many with a deluge of trances, and visions, and ecstasies, and weird utterances, the eloquence of which was as a mighty spell upon the spirit.

Direct and terrible was their onset upon Christianity. Assuming a majestic and dictatorial style, and an authoritative wisdom, such as their spiritual experience would seem naturally to confer, they presumed to instruct mankind in the profoundest truths; they claimed familiarity with the prophets and seers of Holy Writ,—could point out their defects, and explain their errors; they understood the gross superstition of the Bible, and could easily show the Lord Jesus Christ himself wherein he had over-estimated his own character, and under-estimated that of their fraternity, during his incarnation. They saw clearly that he was *not* the “*Only-begotten Son*,” but was simply one among many sons like unto themselves. Not having the most remote idea of what the Word is, or how it is written, they united themselves closely with its literal opponents, well knowing that it is the letter which kills. The “spirit” and the “life,” which run through all the words He ever uttered, they understood and perceived not. Secure in their unseen abodes, they personated every known man whose name could add weight to their dictations, and pressed all, without distinction, into the service of Antichrist. Swedenborg and Bacon and Paul renounced their errors, and discoursed rapturously in harmony with Voltaire and Byron. The Eleven had so far “progressed” in the wisdom of the better sphere, as to agree pretty thoroughly with Judas. The ancient prophets added their mite; and the “false Christs” themselves have actually appeared and taught. These spiritualistic powers allied themselves closely to the most inveterate naturalisms of the age. By an assault upon the Divine Humanity and the Word, so skilfully conducted, so unexpected, so utterly beyond anything that mankind had hitherto coped with, in the Christian era,—an assault, too, backed by that

deep, interior magnetism of the spirit-life which is as mighty as Persuasion itself, in any cause, — by this strange and fascinating power, we say, they succeeded largely in annihilating every vestige of spiritual-perception, and in extinguishing every ray of spiritual illumination, with regard to those two ancient and central truths of religion. Minds so emptied and swept were ready for the garnishing of some positive instructions, and then for the reception of other distinguished guests. The doctrine of conjugal love, inseparable from the Christian religion in any of its forms, and maintained amid all its more superficial errors, was vigorously assailed. Those in more direct communication with these spirits were flooded with a mighty influx of sexual passion; through them the stream poured outwards to those in the circumference; here it united itself with scientific naturalism the world over. In the hearts of all men subjected to this operation the sweet perception of conjugal chastity and its spotless purity was wholly obliterated. The wave culminated in the open expression, advocacy, and practice of “free love”; the devil of desire was loosed, and the way opened to the boundless ocean of natural lusts. But their work was not done yet. Through their chief agencies they promulgated a new theory of the universal order of human life; true to their inverted condition, they placed self-love first, universal love last, and the love of the Lord God was altogether omitted. They thus precisely *reversed* the order of the Teacher who spoke from the Divine stand-point, making love to God the primal sentiment of the perfect man; love to all mankind the second; and a denied and subjugated self, their mere background. The spirits succeeded in making themselves sensibly felt by many, and soon induced a state of subservience to a sickly *impressionism*, instead of adherence to the calm dictates of a healthy natural reason, or of a purified and normal perception. Men who hooted at the claims of the mildest Church authority, deemed the weakest priesthood an unmitigated usurpation and tyranny, and ran wild for

freedom in everything else, were controlled by these strange and oftentimes hideous "impressions," like helpless infants, and submitted body and soul to their jurisdiction! Thus the spirits aimed to bring under their control even the affairs of this world, of which they had little knowledge, and in which they had no business whatever. Just here, too, began a new, and, if possible, still more dangerous phase of their work. The veil that separates man from spirits, for the wise purpose of preserving his spiritual childhood from destruction, being once torn asunder by violence, and the men thus subjected to the operation of mighty interior influences, — at the same time that the inmost principles of Divine order are expelled from their sanctuary and trampled under foot, — these influences begin to make themselves felt in every department of mind and body, and likewise continually increase their power. Ideas of great power, and of supernatural brilliancy, light up all the chambers of the brain. Expanded affections, soothing and seductive, fill the life-channels to ecstasy. The nervous system is shocked again and again by the interior batteries, and so loosened as to become incapable of a firm resistance. Involuntary mediumship in the utterance of the influent ideas and passions, or, in other words, *spiritual obsession*, is the final result! Or if, dreading this, the subject begins too late to resist the powers of spiritual wickedness in their high places, he succumbs to the unequal strife, and is reduced to insanity!

Oftentimes a milder form of almost continual mental looseness prevails; a peculiar condition, manifesting itself in peculiar actions, or in disjointed and erratic thoughts. The eye emits an unearthly gleam; and, if closely scrutinized, conveys the impression that its rightful interior owner has vacated the premises, and some cat-like individual has usurped his place. At this stage of the evil it can be successfully resisted. An energetic renunciation of all intercourse with spirits, the brave assertion of spiritual independence and of individual rights, the normal exercise of

the natural mind in various worldly pursuits and studies, will, in a shorter or longer period, restore the sufferer to a condition of natural and spiritual health and freedom. The influence once firmly established, however, it is very difficult to effect a complete deliverance from it. Another peculiarity of this state of subjection to spirits is a remarkable perception of the states of others, increasing tenfold the intensity of sympathies and antipathies. This is not necessarily a sign of a superior condition, but frequently of an abnormal one. It is a state proper to the life of the spirit in the other world, whether the individual be good or evil, false or wise. Moreover, this perception quickly determines the location and associations of spirits in their own world. But in the natural world, the uses of which are very distinct from those of the spiritual, these associations and dissociations from spiritual causes, and for spiritual uses, cannot be effected. Nine tenths of these "impressions" are spiritual whims, though none the less powerful for that; for they disregard every natural affection, every natural use and delight, and every dictate of natural good-sense, in their desire for gratification. Hence arise, in the annals of Spiritualism, so much social and domestic discord, such curious emotional hallucinations, and such mighty persuasions concerning things of which others have no conception. Spiritualism in the mass, of course, like everything else, exhibits itself in forms much milder, and comparatively harmless. Still it is a dangerous vortex, wherein it is easy to lose the individual freedom, and wherefrom it is difficult to rescue it; and that freedom once impinged upon, the way is open to full personal obsession, and to any horrors it can entail. Such must frequently be the result of an indiscriminating spiritual intercourse.

When men and women adopt all means to render themselves passive, in soul and body, and so invite the entrance of any influence to possess them, to speak through them, to write through them, and to use their whole organism for any purpose whatever, what else can result but frequent

subjection to baneful spiritual powers, and the prostitution of the subject to infernal passions and insane imaginations? Has it ever been found that they who hear not Moses and the Prophets repent at the bidding of those who arise from the dead? Are they not rather confirmed thereby in every evil, and their spiritual powers strengthened to exalt wickedness itself into a system of Nature, and a doctrine of Reason? Is not the sensual man thereby strengthened in his lusts, by the addition of a mighty sensual influx to his already perverted capacities? And so is it of other evils.

Just here resides the dangerous power of Spiritualism. No intellectual culture or ability is by any means equal to it, much less master of it. The mentally weak and the mighty alike succumb to it. It uses them differently,—they cannot use it. Were Spiritualism merely a normal and natural mode of working, it could make no progress whatever. But the sphere of interior life that exhales from it, and subdues the individual will, is the source of its power. By skilful manipulations upon its subjects, performed within and above the natural will and intellect also, it charms, fascinates, and mesmerizes them. Its prayers and dictations, but especially its public oratory, *are loaded with spiritual magnetism*. We know no other term by which to indicate the peculiar power. But with all its confidence, and with all its claims to superior sources of knowledge, Spiritualism exhibits one feature which least of all should we have anticipated. We mean a marvellous ignorance, both internal and external, of certain great spiritual truths. Endowed with a certain profundity and quickness of perception with regard to some subjects of spiritual import, one would naturally incline to anticipate a further enlightenment. But the reverse is the case. It appreciates the great truth of the Divine Humanity of the Lord Christ, and the marvellous import of his Divine sentences, about as much as a Feejee-Islander would Shakespeare. And because of the intensity which associate spirits impart to the thoughts of their sub-

jects, they have the complacency to treat all Christian faith and intelligence as fabulous ; not for a moment perceiving that, whenever that faith has any real existence, it is the individual or collective realization, by interior perception, of the deepest and best of all the truths that are : " At that day *ye shall know* that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you." But of the deep interior significance of the Word they know nothing ; nor do they seem to be aware that the Word itself teaches it. The distinct degrees of life and truth are unknown to them, and are all merged in an unbroken progression from the lowest hell to the third heaven.

On the vital difference between man in the self-hood and man in the Lord they evince a mental blankness that is wonderful. In short, they are not decently informed upon any of the deep and essential truths which alone can test and fairly measure their system and practice. But as to any defect of spiritual knowledge, they are the last to think themselves capable of it, inasmuch as they have their information from the spirits themselves ! That spirits might believe falsehood ; that spirits might be as much puzzled to know the truth as men are ; that spirits might propagate false and vicious principles ; that they might carry out *en masse* great movements, violent, revolutionary, and subversive of their own and of human welfare ; that spirits might be proud, ambitious, designing, selfish ; — in a word, that spirits might be human, and subject to *every* human infirmity, much intensified, seems never to enter their heads ! And so they take their teachings and their " impressions " as authoritative upon any subject whatever !

A generation of men exists in this world about thirty years. Every thirty years, therefore, a whole generation of this world's inhabitants migrates to the world of spirits. The most interior, the wisest, and the best of these emigrants, being attracted heavenwards most powerfully, soon give up all conscious interest in, or connection with, this world, being absorbed into heavenly societies, and devoted to heavenly

employments. On the contrary, the more worldly-minded spirits, the corporeal, the sensual, the gross, and the selfish, are strongly attracted to *this* world, which agrees better with their own state of life, and they seek to establish the closest conjunction between themselves and it. And until they are finally absorbed by the infernal societies, they do not cease their efforts for this purpose; perhaps not altogether even then. Consequently, that part of the world of spirits nearest to our world is crowded by people precisely like those we meet every day on earth, so far as *character* is concerned. There they are: learned infidels, with immense stores of knowledge; violent politicians, tumid with partisan zeal; windy orators, who would die to produce a powerful "effect"; mighty jugglers; professional "roughs"; avaricious skeletons; ambitious priests and statesmen, crafty to secure the allegiance of the crowd; Byronic poets, singing like very angels; burning sensualists; unmitigated scoundrels of every class and degree. There they are, living together and struggling with each other for selfish mastery, as ignorant of spiritual truth as ever, and as regardless of its claims; impious, profane, interiorly miserable and reckless; hoping for nothing, knowing nothing, believing in nothing, loving nothing but self. In short, that part of the world of spirits nearest to this is just this world, and the men of this world, *as they internally and really are, in their worst phases and conditions!* The best of us, as we have said, soon seek better company. Now he who opens himself to *indiscriminate spiritual intercourse*, which is the central idea of Spiritualism, is simply associating with that class of men; submitting his spirit to the subtle power of their spheres; drinking in their philosophy; absorbing their "impressions"; and, in a word, making himself the passive recipient of whatever life they have to impart! Not many, perhaps, would be infested by the most abandoned spirits. A man attracts only spirits like himself; and the great many, therefore, form associations with spirits whose state is dead

naturalism, clothed with a superficial and sentimental goodness ; their interior state is cloaked, for the sake of a good outward appearance, just as with many in the world, who yet are not conscious that their goodness is not real. Byronic poets are especially powerful there ; the sweetness of their utterances charms the crowd, and is horribly seductive ; while their intellectual powers are immense. Hence it is that mediums who dictate poems of great beauty, whose prayers and sermons hold the hearers spell-bound, causing raptures of joy and many tears, have suddenly been known to change their tune, and hiss out diabolical utterances through the clenched teeth, the whole being frightfully distorted, and the countenance savage in aspect. Many of the spirits, however, are sincerely religious, and really *mean* no harm. But, like the religious of the world, many are fanatical, many deluded, many ascetic ; *very* many are "impressionists." "Impression," or the "moving of the spirit," is their key-note ; and whatever spirit it be that moveth, they deem the moving holy ! But however religious or irreligious the spirit may be, in all the annals of Spiritualism *I have not found one that did not negatively or positively deny the Divine Humanity*. That being done, there is no longer that nearness of access to the Father which is necessary to impart a spirit of intelligent discernment, and there is no possibility of that knowledge and love of the Lord God which alone redeems man from every evil and error ; alone confers the peace that passeth understanding ; and alone can draw the self-born intelligence from the dreary abyss of blank materialism.

Nevertheless, the source of all revelation being from some kind of communion with the other world ; the records of the early Christian Church displaying much of this communion ; the Bible being full of visions and reports of the servant-seers of the Lord ; and the New Christian Church itself containing a very full revelation of that world "from things heard and seen," — it is manifest that there is, and often has been,

for some people, a true and orderly mode of intercourse with the spiritual world. We have endeavored to show that Spiritualism is not that intercourse. In another article we hope to be able to show what is. Meanwhile we close with the remark, that all of the foregoing statements concerning the evils of Spiritualism, in its operation upon individuals in this world, are facts, and not conjectures. They are facts drawn from the annals of Spiritualism itself; from the plain and earnest statements of eye and ear witnesses; and from direct personal observation.

R. N. T.

THE BISHOP MYRIEL IN "LES MISERABLES."

IN the opening chapters of Victor Hugo's great romance, which everybody now is reading, we have the portrait of a remarkable Bishop, realizing to an extraordinary degree the Christian ideal of humility, charity, piety, and self-sacrifice. Some critics have made this their objection to the work, that it begins with an exhibition of impossible virtue. They deny the practicability of such a character,—that it has been or ever will be found in actual life, much less in the ranks of the Catholic episcopacy. It may be winning and beautiful, but it is, nevertheless, preposterous and unreal. It is a little singular that what is reckoned as a merit in specially religious biographies should be censured as a defect in a romance. No one thinks of objecting to Montalembert's *Life of Elizabeth of Hungary*, that it gives the picture of impracticable virtues. The *Life of Charles Borromeo* is made more attractive by the assertion of his almost perfect saintliness. Why should it be the vice of a novel to illustrate that lofty holiness which makes the charm of a biography?

It is now, however, generally conceded, that in his portrait—

of M. Charles Francis Bienvenu Myriel, Bishop of D——, Victor Hugo has not drawn from his imagination, or constructed an ideal character. The original of the character has been recognized, and the general justice of the description acknowledged. A paragraph at the close of the second chapter seems to claim as much as this, where the author says: "We do not pretend that the portrait which here we draw is probable (*vraisemblable*); we only say that it has *resemblance*." By his names, dates, and initials, the author, indeed, supplies the easy means of verifying the portrait. The Bishop of D—— is the Bishop of Digne; and the descriptions of scenery and life correspond very accurately to the peculiarities of that region of the Lower Alps. The episcopal palace and the hospital are almost daguerrotypes. The name of the Bishop is very slightly altered. His real name was Charles Francis Melchior Bienvenu Miollis. As Victor Hugo says, in 1804 he was curate of Brignolles, a city not far from Toulon, in the Department of Var. His age is changed in the romance. Instead of the 75 years which the novelist gives him in the year 1815, he was then only 62 years old, having been born in the year 1753. According to Victor Hugo, nevertheless, he only looked, at this time, to be 60 years of age. The circumstances related of his marriage, his emigration to Italy, the death of his wife there, and his coming back to France an ordained priest, are also variations from the facts. He was ordained priest at the age of 24 years, in 1777, in the singular old town of Carpentras, — where they still show the nail of the true cross, which was used by Constantine as the bit for his war-horse, — and had been a priest twelve years when the Revolution broke out. There is no foundation for the story of his marriage. The incidents which the novelist gives of his intercourse with all kinds of people, convicts, revolutionists, senators, and the rest, are not warranted by any known story of his life, but they are admitted as showing faithfully the spirit of the man. The tradition of Monseigneur Miollis in the

city of Digne and the provinces of Dauphiné and Provence is of just such a modest, patient, humane, self-sacrificing, and simple-minded Christian as the romance describes.

With the closing time of the Bishop's life, too, Victor Hugo has taken some liberties. In the fourth chapter of the fifth book he announces the death of the "Bishop of D——, surnamed Monseigneur Bienvenu," as occurring in 1821, at the age of 82, and states that for several years previous to his death he had been blind. The Bishop Bienvenu Miollis actually lived until 1843, and continued to discharge his episcopal duties until 1838, when the infirmities of age compelled him to relinquish them. In addition to his activity as an administrator of the Church, he was also a diligent student, and left behind him a manuscript, yet unpublished, upon ancient and modern Rome, enough to make a work in eight volumes. In the National Council of France, held at Paris in the year 1811, he was one of the bishops that opposed the demands of the Emperor.

The Bishop Miollis was not the only remarkable man of his family. That "counsellor of Aix," mentioned in the story, had not less than sixteen children, of whom two others, the General and the Prefect, alluded to in the eleventh chapter of the first book, became eminent. Sextius Alexander Francis Miollis served as a lieutenant in the war of the American Revolution, and was one of those young Frenchmen who followed the example of Lafayette. He was wounded by the fragment of a bomb at the siege of Yorktown. At the breaking out of the French Revolution, he took the side of the people, and was made colonel of a battalion in the National Guard. His energy, skill, and success as a commander brought rapid promotion, and in 1794 he was a general of brigade. His military career was a series of victories. He vanquished at Villafranca the army of Piedmont, and at the siege of Mantua he compelled the Austrian general to surrender a force of five thousand men to a handful of warriors scarcely one tenth of that number.

Rewarded for that signal victory by the appointment of Governor of Mantua, he showed in civil administration the same ability, good-will, and generosity which had distinguished his military leadership. When he assumed the command at Mantua, in the very heart of the city, in the neighborhood of the finest churches and palaces, was a pestilential marsh, making the houses almost uninhabitable. He had this drained, raised, and transformed into a beautiful public square, and in the centre he placed an obelisk and statue to the memory of the great Mantuan bard, "*altissimo poeta*." That spacious and beautiful square, laid out by a foreigner, is now the centre of Mantuan life and pleasure. It is the place of parade for the troops, of promenade for the people, and a daily performance is given in its amphitheatre.

The victories of General Miollis in Italy did not stop at Mantua. The Tuscan insurgents were dispersed, an Austrian army of six thousand at San Donato routed by half their number of Frenchmen, and the flying bands pursued even to Sienna, almost to the Roman frontier. He became successively the military governor of Venice, of Leghorn, and of Rome. Everywhere his rule left some sign of public beneficence and refined taste. During his stay at Ferrara he had the remains of Ariosto brought back to the University of that city. At Verona he restored the ancient amphitheatre, and to him it is owing that one of the finest monuments of the pagan age remains in such preservation. At Rome he gained the good-will of the Pope, while he retained the confidence of the Emperor, and remedied a multitude of civic abuses. Of no general in the army of the Empire is more recorded that is noble and admirable, whether in personal fidelity, largeness of aim, or simplicity of life. His is one of the names most justly engraven on the Triumphal Arch of the Star in Paris.

The other brother, the "Prefect," Honoré Gabriel Henri Miollis, afterward Baron, a "brave and worthy man," as Victor Hugo calls him, was Prefect of that Northern De-

partment of the Land's End, the *Finisterre*, so well described in the legends of Brittany. He died in Paris in 1830, at the age of 62, after a retired life there of many years,—in “the Rue Cassette,” so the romance says.

THE SEEKER.

AN ORISON.

ALONG Time's river — like a soul unborn,
That endlessly, on Chaos' shore forlorn,
Flits through the long-drawn dark and finds no morn —
I rove with restless feet, and rove in vain.
Slow grow my feet, and full of weary pain :
’T is mine to seek, but never yet attain.

Beyond me, like a boding wraith, I see
The phantom form of that which I should be.
I cannot gain on it. It flies from me.
Then doth it climb and almost reach Thy side.
I strain a-tiptoe ; but, my utmost tried,
The round world rolls, and back from Thee I slide.

Still this *I would be and I am not* aches
Through all my futile life ; that life it makes
Burn with a fever which no fountain slakes.
“The thing I would do, that I do not !” saith
My spirit still, with faint and fainter breath.
Who shall deliver me from all this death ?

In mercy let me hear the Voice, whose call
Rang through the noontide night of Jewish Saul,
And bade him rise the new-create St. Paul,
E’en though like his it bids me sufferings see !
So mine at last may his thanksgiving be,
“I can do all, through Christ that strengtheneth me !”

E. FOXTON.

REVELATION NEEDED.

A SERMON BY REV. THOMAS HILL, D. D.*

1 COR. iii. 11 :— "For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ."

THE precise meaning which the Apostle intended to convey in these words can be discovered only by the context. For it is evident that we may understand him as declaring this foundation to be either the man Jesus Christ, or the truth that Jesus is the Christ. And from my reading of the context, I take the latter to be the Apostle's meaning; that is, I understand him as saying that all Christian philosophy and theology must be built upon the acknowledgment that Jesus is the Christ, the authorized messenger of God's truth, the anointed King of the kingdom of Heaven.

Nor do I conceive it to be derogatory to the dignity of the human mind that we are thus required to make revealed truth the basis of all our thought. All our thought, in all departments, is built upon revealed data. The only difference in reference to different departments is in the manner of the revelation. Whether I perceive truth by direct inward vision, or directly from external sense, or take it from the lips of Jesus Christ, speaking as the Father taught him, I am in either case dependent directly upon my God, my Creator, for all that I receive. I perceive only that which he deigns to communicate, and which he has fitted me to perceive.

Nevertheless, it may be said, and frequently is said, that to suppose the need of a revelation through Jesus Christ is to make the work of God imperfect, and to suppose that he by an afterthought corrected the errors of his first essay. To me it seems otherwise; to me it seems fitting to the nature of things that a finite being like man should

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have various avenues for the reception of truth. The full perception of unity belongs only to the Infinite God. To us everything is known only in parts, and understood in parts. The sight may be the most perfect of our senses, but hearing is nevertheless a revealer of that which the eye cannot tell. No eye can see the harmony and melody of sounds,—no ear hear the warmth of the April sun turning “the sod to violets.” Much less can the less perfect senses supply the want of the more perfect. The tongue hears not its own eloquence, the ear sees no beauty in the landscape, nor in the human face.

Why, then, should we be jealous for the human reason acting upon the data of observation and intuition, and think it derogatory to her dignity to say that it hath pleased God further to reveal his truth and his law through a Mediator who spake with human speech and by human example, being found in fashion as a man? Shall we be jealous for the ear because God has also given us the eye?

I acknowledge that human reason, acting upon the data of observation and intuition, attains to noble and glorious results. Nay, even our physical power, and the skill which we attain in guiding the material forces of nature, are wonderful. When we consider the works of man, bringing the elements under his sway, bending the winds and rain and ocean floods to his will, causing the secret currents of electric and chemical power to serve him, and forcing alike the dark agents beneath the earth and the glowing light from heaven to labor for him, we tremble at the responsibilities laid upon us.

What, then, shall we say to the understanding of man, and to the conquests of his reason? He has unveiled the history of the past, running far back into the ages that preceded the advent of his own race upon the planet, rescuing truth from what seemed hopeless oblivion; and he has also predicted the future, as though with the eye of Omniscience, and found the predictions fulfilled. He has examined that which was invisible, describing the very form of the waves of light by

which all other things are seen, and demonstrated experimentally the accuracy of his description ; he has also understood that which is too vast for any eye to take in, pursuing the study of the form of the illimitable universe of stars, beyond the reach even of the far-seeing glass, and demonstrating the truth of his results here also. He reproduces in his chemical laboratories many of the products of Almighty skill ; and when unable to reproduce, or even imitate the workmanship of the Most High, he analyzes that work, demonstrates its laws, and shows its conformity to the highest *a priori* conceptions of his own wisdom. And such is our practical confidence in these attainments of human reason, that our merchants and our navies stake their fortunes and their lives upon the accuracy of predictions of minute movements of the heavenly bodies, — predictions made years in advance of the events, — they stake their fortunes and their lives upon the accuracy of these predictions, and they are not disappointed. Nor is it in astronomy alone that these triumphs are achieved. The physical sciences generally have in these days become the types of certainty, and demonstration has been carried into every department of the study of nature.

It is the success of these pursuits that has filled the world with so much self-confidence and pride. It is because we have so gloriously succeeded in every department of science and of the useful arts, that we speak with such boldness and confident assurance in regard to politics and religion. We assume that philosophy and theology may be handled with the same ease and success with which we handle questions of measurement and calculation.

But surely this is not just. No delicacy of ear, and no thoroughness or success in musical learning or musical composition, will enable us to judge of the beauties of a landscape or of the excellence of a painting. When we step out of the province of quantity, when we come to that which is not measured in space, nor computed in time, we have left

the regions in which demonstration can be extended to the details of thought. General truths in religion, the being of God, the obligation to be just and true, the value of wisdom as a guide in life, these may be as certain as any propositions in mathematics. But these propositions are too ambiguous and too vast in their extent to afford the basis of anything more than probable reasoning.

The being of God, for example, is certain; yet who will be certain, from reasoning alone, whether he answers prayer, whether his providence descends to daily events, whether his omniscience foresees our free action, whether he forgives sin? Upon these and kindred subjects very probable conclusions may readily be reached; but the conclusions are not certain from reasoning alone, and those who attain them simply through reasoning do not rest upon them as they rest upon the conclusions of science.

It is certain also, to take another example, that we are under obligation to be just and true; even to have that love which is the bond of perfectness. But who shall demonstrate by ethical reasoning alone, whether we are bound to do good to those who persist in hating us; whether obstinate, wilful wickedness may not justify us in withholding all charity; whether any degree of anger is justifiable; or what are the limits in which truthfulness allows the concealment of truth?

Upon all such questions, it is notorious that those who depend upon reasoning alone have been at fault, holding contradictory opinions, and unable to come to any general agreement. Nay, even those who accept the word of Christ as authority have found the same difficulty so soon as they have attempted to make any other than the very simplest deductions from the fundamental truths which he has given.

The inefficiency of human reason in the development of moral and religious truth has indeed been so universally acknowledged and felt, that it is made a plea for the neglect of moral and religious duties, and has given rise to a practi-

cal scepticism as to the absolute truth of any theological or ethical doctrines, so that men justify themselves in their absorption in worldly interests by affirming the uncertainty and shadowiness of all pretended truths that pertain to the spiritual nature.

It is true that there is a double error here,—the error of supposing that spiritual things are more uncertain than things material, and the error of supposing that our practical life is to be guided only with reference to truths that are certain; but the prevalence of this double error reveals this one truth, namely, that the human mind has not of itself clear and certain intuitions of religious truths. The prevalence of this error (I do not say the existence of this error, but its wide prevalence) shows that philosophy is insufficient as a basis of religion; that philosophy can give no rules of life that shall approve themselves always to the understanding of men; that from unaided reasoning we should not gain faith in God's presence and God's love, enough to make him our Stay and Comforter, and our Rock of safety.

I beg you not to misunderstand me here: I do not deny that religious truth may be attained by the unaided reason; I am only speaking of the ease with which it may be attained, and of the certainty and confidence with which, if so attained, it would be held. I do not deny that Philosophy is able to prove the existence of the Supreme One, and able to frame very just and salutary rules for the regulation of the heart and the life. Thus much it can do, for thus much it has done. Nay, it must have been able to do this, else men could never have been capable of knowing that God is, nor able to conform to the law of right. The capacity to receive and comprehend a truth, shows a dormant ability to have discovered that truth. The very capacity, therefore, of accepting a revelation, shows an ability to discover the doctrines revealed. But that ability may have been dormant, to be awakened only by the reception of a revelation.

And, in point of fact, I believe that, although philosophy may have been *able* to furnish a sound system of natural religion, it never *did* furnish such a system until aided by revelation. Moreover, the imperfect systems which it did furnish could not produce, even in the minds of those who framed them, any complete satisfaction, even in the truths which they embodied. The Greek and Roman writers upon the immortality of the soul, for example, never rise to *faith* in a future life: their highest attainment is a *hope*. Thus also with moral laws; there are almost none so clear that the classic moralists acknowledge their supreme obligatory force. Recognizing, as they do, the sentiment of obligation in general, they nevertheless enforce particular moral laws only upon motives of expediency and calculations of probability.

We need not, however, refer to the sages of Athens or of Rome to show the inefficiency of unaided reason in establishing religious truth or moral laws. Our own experience in our own hearts, and the confessions of our neighbors, tell the same tale. The passions rising within us assert themselves as the voice of nature, and, while they rage, maintain that the moral sentiments are but the effect of education, tradition, or custom. It is true, that, when the passion has subsided, we may see that even Nature has written upon our constitution the laws of temperate self-control; but while the temptation is present, and the passion pleads loudly for gratification, reason is clouded, and we are inclined to think that indulgence in the present desire is natural and right. If in the hour of unholy longing we had nothing to lean upon but the deductions of unassisted reason, we should almost inevitably fall.

Our modern experience shows also the inefficiency of the natural arguments for the immortality of the soul. With what avidity the natural longing for a continued life has caught hold of the unsatisfactory and trivial claims to supernatural testimony offered by our modern necromancy! Nature was not enough. Persuade the mother, when her son

lies lifeless before her, that it is well with the child, that the corpse is but the chrysalid case from which the perfected creation has arisen, the earthly casket from which the gem is taken, — persuade her with these analogies if you can ; but if you have nothing else to offer than these reasonings from nature, her desponding heart will bring up counter analogies, and she will still grieve over her tender plant that has been touched by untimely frost, and has perished ; over her child, who has fallen into that last sleep from which there is no awakening.

If, therefore, philosophy, built upon natural foundations, is able to satisfy us in the hour of quiet repose, when the spirit is racked neither by passions, hopes, nor fears ; yet when storms are raging, or when the night of temptation closes around us, doubts arise, and, fluttering with their bat-like wings, put out the dim lights of philosophy, leaving those who have no other guide in darkness. A few bolder and stronger spirits may bear up through such a struggle, but the great multitude of men, had they not a better light, would then be lost. But the Sun of Righteousness is ever shining upon the Christian's path, and the spirits of darkness fly before its beams.

But how, it may be asked, do the doctrines of Christianity give a firmer faith to the soul, or a more operative law to the conscience, than is given by philosophy ? I answer, that the foundations of Christianity are not built directly, but only indirectly, upon reasoning, and that even the reasoning thus indirectly introduced is of a kind which will more firmly resist the assaults of sceptical temptations.

For Christianity is not built upon reasoning, but upon facts. Other foundation can no man lay than is laid, which is that Jesus is the Christ ; a fact external to our own souls, and to be established, not by philosophy, but by the evidence of facts, and those facts to be established by testimony. I own that this testimony, and even the facts established by it, would weigh nothing with us towards proving that Jesus

is the Christ, did not our own souls also bear witness to the loveliness and majesty of his character, the holiness and reasonableness of his precept and doctrine. Christianity is a reasonable religion. Its doctrines approve themselves to the heart and conscience of men ; and no evidence of facts could support it, if its doctrines contradicted our highest sentiments and clearest intuitions. Nevertheless, it is not on this ground that we accept it. Men of sound mind do not believe a thing to be true simply because it appears to them that it ought to be true. Those who imagine that the only proof of the truth of Christianity consists in the reasonable character of its doctrines mistake, I am persuaded, the grounds of their own belief. The reasonableness of the religion gives force and validity to its evidences, but it cannot take the place of evidence.

I repeat it, that Christianity is not built upon reasoning or philosophy, but upon the fact that Jesus is the Christ,—a fact established by the evidence of other facts, which are established by testimony. Still it may be objected that the validity of the testimony and the force of the evidence are to be tested solely by philosophical reasoning, and that therefore Christianity in the end stands upon no different basis from natural religion.

I reply, that the dependence of Christianity upon reasoning is indirect, while that of natural religion is direct. I reply, moreover, that reasoning upon the validity of testimony, and upon the force of evidence, is not so much dependent upon the state of heart of the reasoner, as reasoning upon moral and religious themes ; it is, therefore, a more stable basis of religious conviction. For in reasoning upon testimony and evidence, an appeal to the moral feeling plays a subordinate part ; while in reasoning upon morality and religion themselves, the moral feelings constitute the principal data upon which reason must decide. A strong temptation to sin, therefore, blinding the moral judgment, and misleading us in the decision of questions of natural

religion, may leave our reason comparatively free in judging of evidence and deciding questions of fact.

Moreover, when our judgment has been passed, and our opinion is fixed, that judgment will be liable to change exactly in proportion to the absence of matters of external fact in the evidence upon which it was founded. Judgments which are founded principally upon our moral intuitions may change as our feelings change, nay, will be likely to change with our mood of feeling. But a judgment founded principally upon evidence from without, is not likely so to change. Even should our altered state of heart make us *wish* that we could doubt the validity of our conclusions, it cannot actually reverse the intellectual decision.

Truths, therefore, to which, from natural considerations, we yield an imperfect and wavering assent, rather hoping than believing them to be true, become, when built upon the sure and only foundation of Jesus Christ, impregnable citadels of faith. The immortality of man—to return to my former illustrations—seems probable from natural considerations. The vigor of mind, surviving oftentimes the body's wreck, the pleasing hope of immortality, the imperfect attainment here of the highest Christian ideal, the apparent injustice and incompleteness in the providential retribution for good and evil conduct in this life,—these things make the doctrine of a future life seem probable. But they do not give us a living faith in the unseen and eternal; they do not stay the mourner's tear; they do not answer as a staff and support on approaching the dark river of death.

But if we find the strongest imaginable historical proofs in favor of the truths of the Gospel history, if we are forced from testimony and evidence to admit that Jesus was crucified, dead, and buried, and on the third day rose from the dead, promising to all believers in him a like resurrection, then we have a faith not dependent on our own varying feelings, but controlling them, and filling us with a hope and confidence that neither sorrow nor fear can destroy.

In like manner, to return to my second illustration, self-

control appears in our calmer moods a reasonable duty ; but when passion is raging, it claims to be itself the voice of nature, and persuades our reason to justify its indulgence.

If, however, we have been convinced from evidence which is in large part independent of our own state of feelings, that Jesus is the Christ, speaking with the authority of the omniscient, the omnipotent, the unchangeable God, then, even in the midst of the storms of passion, we shall hear his voice ring through our souls with startling emphasis, compelling our obedience: "If thine eye be leading thee to sin, pluck it out: it is better to enter into life with one eye, than, having two eyes, to be cast into hell-fire."

God be thanked, brethren, that we have been thus convinced. The researches of the most patient, diligent, and reverent scholars show that the books of the New Testament are genuine and faithful histories, written by eyewitnesses and ear-witnesses of that which they record. The purity and holiness and wisdom of the Saviour's character and teaching confirm the claims which he made and attested by his resurrection from the dead. The host of believers, who in all ages have found in him their refuge and their joy, are witnesses to that power with which God the Father hath endowed him. The nations who have been redeemed by him, and lifted out of darkness into light, are ever-living pledges that God hath exalted him to be a prince and a Saviour, unto whom the heathen shall be given for an inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for a possession.

Yes, God be thanked, brethren, that you and the pastor whom you have this day chosen are ready to cry out, with Peter: "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." Thou art the foundation of our faith and hope. Thy words are words of eternal life, for they alone give us the victory over sin, and fill us with immortal strength. Thy words are words of eternal life, for they alone lead us with confidence to God, the eternal source of life. Thy words alone are words of eternal life, for thou alone hast passed over Jordan, opening a way for faithful Israel

into the better land ; thou alone, having lain in the grave, hast burst its fetters, ascended visibly on high, and opened the kingdom of Heaven to all believers.

Other foundation we dare not trust. To thee we come ; placing in thy word, thy promise, and thy promise of the Holy Ghost, our only hope, and joining with thy Holy Church Universal in the song : "Thou only art holy ; thou only art the Lord ; thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art most high in the glory of God the Father."

RANDOM READINGS.

THE YEAR BEFORE US.

WE can never look forward into the dark spaces of a new twelve-month without almost a pause of breath and pulse. And what a year is this that we have come to now ! What does it bring for the nation, what for the free, what for those who are in bonds ? How many precious lives of institutions and of men hang in the balance ! Is there no prophet who will prophesy to our anxious and questioning hearts ? None : there is open vision no longer. How precious, then, should the Word of God be in these days, — his promise that for men and for nations truth and love are ever safe and indestructible, and of blessed consequence. What is before the nation ? We hope freedom and peace : but God knows. What is before you, reader ? If you will, a heart right in the sight of God, — quietness and confidence, earnestness and courage and zeal, the good fruits in large measure, if not yet the harvest, — that comes only with the end of the world ; trials it may be grievous and bitter, yet also consolations ; sorrow which can hardly be told, yet also unspeakable joy ; a present and pressing world of sin, yet also a present heaven of righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. And so, from our hearts, we can still utter the wish, — May the year be a year of that true happiness which is blessedness.

E.

THE FRAMINGHAM SLAVE.

THE following advertisement appeared in the "Boston Gazette, or Weekly Journal," of October 2, 1750. We copy it from Mr. Livermore's "Researches."

"Ran away from his Master, William Brown of Framingham, on the 30th of Sept. last, a Molatto Fellow, about 27 Years of Age, named *Crispus*, 6 feet 2 inches high, short curled Hair, his knees nearer together than common; had on a light colored Bearskin Coat, plain brown Fustian Jacket or brown all-wool one, new Buckskin Breeches, blue yarn stockings, and a checked woollen shirt.

"Whoever will take up said Run-away and convey him to his aforesaid Master, shall have *ten pounds* old Tenor Reward, and all necessary charges paid. And all masters of vessels and others are hereby cautioned against concealing or carrying off said servant on Penalty of the Law."

A curious relic of the times of slavery in the Old Bay State. This "Molatto Fellow," however, does not seem to have been returned to "Mr. William Brown of Framingham." He turns up afterwards as the proto-martyr of the American Revolution. The presence of armed soldiers in Boston had stirred to its lowest depths the indignation of the people, and when the main guard were marching through King Street, the fellow "named *Crispus*," surnamed *Attucks*, led on an attack upon them, shouting, "The way to get rid of these soldiers is to attack the main guard. Strike at the root! this is the host!" *Crispus Attucks* was the first to fall. He and three others were killed on the spot. Such was the famous Boston massacre which opened the drama of the American Revolution.

The body of *Crispus Attucks* was placed in Faneuil Hall, with that of *Caldwell*. The two others who fell were buried from the houses of friends in the city. The four hearsees formed a junction, and were followed by a long procession, six deep, with a long file of coaches belonging to distinguished citizens. The four victims were deposited in one grave in the Middle Burying-ground, over which a stone was placed, with the following inscription, where we presume it still remains.

"Long as in Freedom's cause the wise contend,
Dear to your country shall your time extend;
While to the world the honored name shall tell
Where *Caldwell*, *Attucks*, *Gray*, and *Maverick* fell."

THE TWO ANGELS.

It is an interesting fact, that the most beautiful and consoling truths find their way in some form into almost all the religions of the world. The following comes from Mohammedanism, and is related by a traveller who had spent some time in Turkey, and who had it from a dervish. "Every man has two angels, — one on his right shoulder, and one on his left. When he does anything good, the angel on his right shoulder writes it down and seals it, because what is once well done is done forever. When he does evil, the angel upon his left shoulder writes it down, but does not seal it. He waits till midnight. If before that time the man bows down his head and exclaims, 'Gracious Allah! I have sinned,—forgive me!' the angel rubs that out; but if not, he seals it, and the angel upon the right shoulder weeps."

THE REPULSE AT FREDERICKSBURG.

THE perfect folly, to say nothing of the wickedness, which prompts civilians, including editors and ministers, to set themselves up as supreme judges of military affairs, especially at such a solemn crisis as this, is illustrated in the comments which we read and see upon the late reverse of the Federal arms. The facts appear to be just these. General Burnside was under the positive necessity of making an immediate advance, or else of going into winter quarters. He found the enemy in front of him strongly intrenched and fortified. He made a feint for the purpose of deceiving them, as if he would cross the Rappahanock above or below. He succeeded, and some of the best forces of the rebels deployed to the right and left, leaving the rebel centre weak and exposed. Burnside's plan then was to strike quickly and strongly at the centre, cut the rebel body in two, sever the right wing from the left, open the way to Richmond, and leave the left flank of the enemy to be raked by Sigel. Of course he expected to succeed, though he well knew that his plan was subject to all the chances of war. For aught we can see, or any one else at this distance, he *might* have succeeded had he not been delayed longer than he expected to be in crossing the river, being held in check by Barksdale's sharpshooters for a whole day, giving the enemy time to call back his forces to the centre. If the plan *had* succeeded, it would have been blazoned as the most brilliant military

exploit in all history. But it failed, and now all the wiseacres can criticise it, and tell what should have been done.

It certainly has demonstrated the indomitable bravery and splendid gallantry of the Union troops. Any one can see that the attack was made with terrible energy, and the retreat conducted with admirable skill. We have lost some of our bravest young men, and a grateful people weeps over them. But the strength of the army remains unbroken, and any rational hope of its final success will not be dimmed in the least by this temporary failure. If we miss of success, and the Union is finally lost, it will only be by reviving the old parties, and dividing the North into jarring factions. This is what the traitors are looking for and scheming for.

General Heath, during the Revolutionary war, writes in an unpublished letter, which we quote from memory: "In the plan of a great battle there are a vast many details and contingencies. To come out just as you expect, all the supposed conditions must be fulfilled,—a failure or a different turn in the least of the details may change the direction of a whole campaign." Any reasonable person will appreciate these contingencies, and be prepared for them.

S.

LAUGHTER AND WIT.

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY wrote a very pleasant little book entitled "Lessons on Mind," describing some of the processes in the mind's more mysterious workings. He has a chapter on Laughter, and another on Wit and Humor. Laughter is excited by striking and unexpected incongruities; wit is always producing resemblances among things in their nature incongruous. His definition of laughter certainly does not cover the whole ground. People sometimes laugh from superabundant pleasure, from very benevolence even and good-will. Whately makes the genuine enigma an exercise of wit, producing resemblances among things incongruous, and, as fine specimens, he gives the following, translated from the French, which our readers can make out if they like.

I

The child of nature and the child of art,
As I grow old, I grow too young and smart;
Without prolonging life, I death defeat,
And then am truest when I'm most a cheat.

II.

Formed long ago, yet made to-day,
 I'm most employed when others sleep ;
 What few would wish to give away,
 And fewer still would wish to keep.

III.

'Mid constant change the same I still remain,
 And still, though wandering far, my place retain.
 Always in motion, though I keep my bed ;
 And wide my mouth, though little is my head.

IV.

If you had it not, you would be sorry to have it ;
 If you had it, you would be sorry to lose it ;
 And if you have gained it, you have it not.

THE following lyric by Thomas B. Read we take from the
 "Hymns of Heaven," noticed on another page.

CHRIST THE WAY.

A weary wandering soul am I,
 O'erburdened with an earthly weight,
 A pilgrim through the world and sky
 Toward the celestial gate.

Tell me, ye sweet and sinless flowers
 Who all night gaze upon the skies,
 Have ye not in the silent hours
 Seen aught of Paradise ?

Ye birds, that soar and sing, elate,
 With joy that makes your voices strong,
 Have ye not at the golden gate
 Caught somewhat of your song ?

Ye waters sparkling in the morn,
 Ye seas which glass the starry night,
 Have ye not from the imperial bourn
 Caught glimpses of its light ?

Ye hermit oaks and sentinel pines,
 Ye mountain forests old and gray,
 In all your long and winding lines,
 Have ye not seen the way ?

O moon, among thy starry bowers,
 Know'st thou the path the angels tread ?
 Seest thou beyond thy azure towers
 The shining gates dispread ?

Ye holy spheres, that sang with earth
 When earth was still a sinless star,
 Have the immortals heavenly birth
 Within your realms afar ?

And thou, O sun, whose light unfurls
 Bright banners through unnumbered skies,
 Seest thou among thy subject worlds
 The radiant portals rise ?

All, all are mute ; and still am I
 O'erburdened with an earthly weight,
 A pilgrim through the world and sky
 Towards the celestial gate.

No answer, wheresoe'er I roam,
 From skies afar no guiding ray :
 But hark ! the voice of Christ says, " Come,
 Arise, I am the way."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Results of Emancipation. By AUGUSTIN COCHIN, Ex-Maire and Municipal Councillor of Paris. Translated by MARY L. BOOTH. Boston: Walker, Wise, and Company. — To this work, which gives the history of emancipation and its results in the French and English colonies, was awarded the first prize of 3,000 francs by the French Academy. M. Villemain says of it, in his report to the Academy: "Full of generous sentiments and exact researches, a blending of moral and statistical philosophy, this book is one of the best that can be brought to the support of the great reform which the genius of modern Europe has begun in its colonies, and which its mediation and example should extend throughout the world." This eulogium is well deserved. The bearing of the whole question, here handled with great detail, upon the mighty problem which the United

States are trying to solve with so much outpouring of blood and treasure, will be obvious to the reader. The book will be one of permanent value as a book of reference upon the question which has agitated us so long. s.

A Present Heaven. Addressed to a Friend, by the Author of the "Patience of Hope." Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — Religion has been said to stand on two pillars,— what Christ did for us in the flesh, and what he does for us in the spirit. Keep these two things well harmonized, and we shall be saved from hurtful error, and be brought into full possession of the riches of the Gospel. Ignore or throw into the shade Christ's work in the flesh, and our faith becomes baseless, dreamy, and sentimental. Leave out what he does in the spirit, and it becomes only historical, traditional, and dead. The little book with the attractive title, "A Present Heaven," argues for a profounder experience, and a present realization of heaven. We have the same means that the Apostles and Prophets had. Why not, if Christ is near in spirit to us as to them? It is written in the spirit of this beautiful faith, and we heartily commend it. s.

The Poems of ADELAIDE A. PROCTER. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — They have not the highest inspiration, but they are sweet and melodious, and imbued with devotional sentiment. The following may be taken as a specimen of the author's pensive music and ease of versification.

ECHOES.

Still the angel stars are shining,
 Still the rippling waters flow,
 But the angel-voice is silent
 That I heard so long ago.
 Hark! the echoes murmur low,
 Long ago!

Still the wood is dim and lonely,
 Still the plashing fountains play,
 But the past and all its beauty,
 Whither has it fled away?
 Hark! the mournful echoes say,
 Fled away!

Still the bird of night complaineth,
 (Now, indeed, her song is pain,)
 Visions of my happy hours,
 Do I call and call in vain ?
 Hark ! the echoes cry again,
 All in vain !

Cease, O echoes, mournful echoes !
 Once I loved your voices well ;
 Now my heart is sick and weary. —
 Days of old, a long farewell !
 Hark ! the echoes sad and dreary
 Cry farewell, farewell !

Lyra Cœlestis, or Hymns of Heaven. Selected by A. C. THOMPSON, D. D., Author of "The Better Land," "Morning Hours at Patmos," "Gathered Lilies," etc. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. — These hymns are selected from some of the standard writers of devotional song, including Watts, Doddridge, Montgomery, and Wesley; also hymns from many writers not generally known, and translations from the Syriac, Latin, Russian, German, French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese. The contents divide themselves under the headings: "Where is Heaven?" "What is Heaven?" "Who are in Heaven?" "What are they doing in Heaven?" "What is the Way to Heaven?" "Who would not go to Heaven?" "How Soon in Heaven?" "How Long in Heaven?" Among 384 pages of devotional poetry, there will be inevitably much inequality, and, with so much sameness of topic, much sameness in thought and style. But the devotion is always fervent, is emphatically Christian, has always Christ for its life and inspiration. We should recognize a more intimate connection between earth and heaven, between this life and the next, and more range in the heavenly employments, than we find here described. But the book will be one of consolation to devout hearts, and an aid to heavenly communings. s.

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• DR. COLENZO AND THE PENTATEUCH.*

QUESTIONINGS OF A BISHOP.

WE remember to have seen, some years ago, an account of certain secular schools under the charge of the Church established by law in England, which undertook to protect their pupils against undue secularization by the precaution of selecting all the arithmetical questions from the Holy Scriptures, especially from the Scriptures of the Old Testament. Was Dr. Colenso, who we learn has in his time printed at least one arithmetic, a teacher in one of these schools? It would not be strange, but quite in accordance with much human experience, if the very method devised so cunningly for preventing the encroachments of scepticism had actually opened the door for the enemy. It was doubtless an ingenious expedient, that of substituting the children of the patriarchs and the years of the antediluvians for the nuts and oranges bought or given in the mental and other arithmetics for the children of this generation, and perhaps, as

* The Pentateuch and Book of Joshua critically examined. By the Right Rev. JOHN WILLIAM COLENZO, D. D., Bishop of Natal. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1863.

the luxuries were only imaginary, the Old Testament examples were as satisfactory as any. But we fear that, as a preventive of scepticism, the expedient has not proved to be successful. At all events, Dr. Colenso's troubles have come from the application of arithmetic to the Pentateuch, and addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division must henceforth be accounted dangerous, and classed with astronomy and geology. The enemy is not to be despised. Figures are inexorable. It is not of him that willeth, whether the column shall foot up larger or smaller, and we believe that the numerical side of the Pentateuch has never been so thoroughly exhibited as by this writer, who has returned from what we may call a mathematical inquiry of the Five Books, and reports them wanting. His book is at once very instructive and very saddening. His account of his mental struggles is almost tragic. No one can for a moment suspect him of any lack of earnest sincerity, or of any desire to magnify his difficulties and make out a case for scepticism. Rightly judging, that, for a bishop of souls in days when Biblical literature is so highly valued, his education had been very imperfect, he set about enlarging his critical apparatus from approved sources, orthodox and heterodox. Some of his critics have cited his case as an illustration of the peril of appointing to a place of trust a partially educated clergyman; but, unfortunately, after having obtained quite the average amount of theological information, Dr. Colenso finds his estate worse, and not better. It is a sad, and yet it may be a suggestive record, this of the good Bishop of Natal, struggling with his doubts in that African wilderness, trying to keep them down, not because he did not love the truth, but because he wished to go on with his chosen and cherished work, his ministry to the poor savages. What better illustration could one find of the word of Jesus,—“The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light”? Given a country to be occupied for trade with factors and factories, with expresses and ware-

houses, can we suppose that our merchants would make such wretched work of it as Christians too often make in attempting to Christianize a portion of heathendom? Think of it a moment. A good, devoted, thoroughly spiritual Christian, not overstocked with theology perhaps, but abundantly provided with what is far better, is led by the Holy Spirit, the Supreme Guide, Teacher, Consoler of the Church, into a land of savages, and is moved to labor for their conversion to God in Christ; and what does he set about doing as the first thing? The translation of the first five books of the Old Testament into the Zulu tongue! If that should ever be necessary, it could only be—will our readers pardon the bull?—some hundred years hence, when the Zulu tongue, one may hope, will have given place to honest English, and the translation be simply a literary curiosity. The Zulu people did not need the Pentateuch, or any part of it; certainly they might have waited until they had been taught Christianity in the words of Christ, and by the lips of one of his followers. Great edification and comfort do we get from those old Scriptures. We believe that the Spirit of the living God is in them, but life is not long enough that we could consent to translate them into Zulu; there is a more direct way to the Zulu heart than by the words of Moses, even if we can tell precisely what his words were. The Hebrews had his books in their hands, and it was needful and useful for the Lord to appeal to the foreshadowings which they contained of his glorious appearing; but the case is very different when Gentiles are to be led into the light. Begin with Christ; begin with the absolute, the undeniable, the experimental; begin with the Word which shall outlast heaven and earth,—what we call sacred and what we call profane. Even the New Testament ought not, in the training of souls, to be put before the Spirit speaking out of the hearts of disciples. Men who cannot read may be made more thoroughly Christians sometimes than those who can. Some Christians seem to imagine that only to sow the leaves of the Bible broadcast will secure

a harvest of Christians. It is the Spirit that quickens, and the Spirit takes of the things of Christ, whether as illustrated in the lives of Christians or as they are gathered from the Word.

It may be hoped that Christian missionaries will learn something from the brave Bishop's disasters. They are instructive for all Christians. They ought to show us, that it is one thing, and a most blessed thing, to believe that God is in Christ reconciling the world to himself, pleading his grace and love, and another thing, and by comparison wholly unimportant, the opinion that Moses wrote the Pentateuch, which the Pentateuch nowhere asserts, or the assumption that the Holy Spirit will not make men apostles of the Divine righteousness without making them at the same time infallible in science and history. Doth the Holy Spirit care for geology and astronomy, or is He chiefly concerned to make us wise unto eternal life? The Bible is invaluable as the book of faith. Through all ages stands and shall stand the affirmation, "In the beginning God made the heavens and the earth." The mode of creation is a matter of science, and does not enter into the specialty of revelation. The Bible affirms that the hand of God is in history, and that his gracious purpose for man was revealed and committed to the Jewish people amongst all others. That affirmation holds good. Christendom is a living witness for it. Now we may truly and unfeignedly believe these things, and at the same time not feel called upon to play the champions for the scientific or historical infallibility of the embodiment of the Word. It is an unspeakable relief to have settled so much, once for all, to feel that one's faith does not hang upon the thread of some finely-spun argument, that stones of stumbling cannot be unearthed by the geologists, that, whether man has been on this planet six thousand years or sixty thousand, Jesus is none the less the Saviour of man and the Divine Mediator. It is a blessed thing to have so much confidence in Christ, that you can take up the Bible with entire faith that you

will find therein only confirmations of a trust so reasonable and so sweet.

But what do you think of the merits of this particular controversy? Has Dr. Colenso made out his points? We certainly think that he has shown the impossibility of treating the Pentateuch as literal history; but he has not sufficiently emphasized the very important fact, that the difficulties of the books must have been very obvious to those for whom they were intended, and that they could never have understood them in our very literal, and, so to speak, Western way. The pages of Scripture themselves supply, without any disguise or attempt at disguise, the materials for the alleged discrepancies. It is only to look for them to find them. Partly, perhaps, this may be explained by the consideration of our extreme ignorance of the Hebrew notation. But we are more inclined to the belief that, in demanding literal accuracy, in looking for dry history, we look for what was never meant to be there, for what is so manifestly *not* there, that one is only surprised by the attempt to continue to look for it. The early chapters of Genesis, as allegorical and picture writing, are profoundly religious and instructive. They awaken, confirm, and instruct our faith. They are not elementary and suited for mere beginners, but are rather intended for our maturity; to treat them as literal cosmogony, paleontology, vestiges of creation, natural history of man, is to lose their religious import. It is no requirement of Christianity so to deal with them. Here, we think, many Christians of various denominations will presently stand together. But it will take more time and a more careful study of the Pentateuch to enable believers to find in it, not mere discrepancies which may worry them, but a story true, yet *miraculous*, of the infancy of the Hebrew people, of their sign-accompanied departure from Egypt, of God's dealings with them at Sinai, of their wilderness life, and their entrance into the Promised Land. The narrative has suffered in all these ages. It is dislocated, and displays exag-

generations which its own contents enable us readily to qualify but through the whole we see the miraculous birth of a people of whom should be salvation, as our divine Lord himself reminds us. We find, as did Jesus, the divine in the Pentateuch. It witnesses for Emmanuel. We find the human also, just as in the great manifestation of the Word. We interpret the Pentateuch by the Gospel, not the Gospel by the Pentateuch, taught by Him who said that the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath. Whether it is possible for one who has signed the Thirty-nine Article so to accept the five books, is not a question for us to determine: of this, however, we are sure, that Christ, were he visibly with us, would not reject so good and wise and earnest a Christian as the Bishop of Natal from the company of the apostles, but would say to him, "Let the dead bury their dead; go thou and preach the kingdom of God!"

E

"As our duty must be whole, so it must be fervent; for a languishing body may have all its parts, and yet be useless to man, purposes of Nature: and you may reckon all the joints of a dead man, but the heart is cold, and the joints are stiff, and fit for nothing but for the little people that creep in graves. And so are very many men; if you sum up the accounts of their religion, they can reckon days and months of religion, various offices, charity and prayers, reading and meditation, faith and knowledge, catechism and sacraments, duty to God and duty to princes, paying debts and provision for children, confessions and tears, discipline in families and love of good people, and, it may be, you shall not reprove their numbers, or find any lines unfilled in their tables of accounts; but when you have handled all this, and considered, you will find at last you have taken a dead man by the hand;—there is not a finger wanting, but they are as stiff as icicles, and without flexure as the legs of elephants."

THE PROCLAMATION OF FREEDOM.

THE New Year broke upon us in a fulness of natural splendor. The stormy darkness of the day preceding served to increase, by contrast, what was in itself so inspiringly beautiful; while the freshly-fallen snow, mantling all beneath in radiant purity, reflected, through an atmosphere of transparent clearness, the cloudless glories of the blue above. But there was a charm in that morning to millions of hearts, of which this of nature was but the expressive symbol,—a charm which it would have worn, though it had come swathed in darkness and cradled in storm. It was a morning which kindling anticipations had beckoned on its way; which had been prospectively hallowed and glorified for the blessed promise that it bore, as through a hundred days and nights it ripened to fulfilment.

I propose to discuss the event referred to as seen especially in its religious aspects. Most manifestly and movingly it has such. It has a sacred importance, a holy significance. God is in it. His providence has wrought it out. Not by the will of man, but of God, has it come. Christ is in it;—He who was sent “to preach deliverance to the captives, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord.” They who find cause for rejoicing in that heavenly advent we have just commemorated,—how can they help but find it in this which has clearly flowed therefrom, as stream from fountain? They whose hearts responded to the “Gloria in Excelsis,” whose strains have but just died away from our churches,—how can they help but exult in an event which, so far as it goes, is a fulfilment of that prophetic song, that promise-laden chorus?—fulfilment partial, indeed, and greatly itself prophetic and promissory, but yet a fulfilment,—actual, sure; and over which, I doubt not, that angel-host, noting with rejoicing hearts the advances of the kingdom they heralded, sang anew, “Glory

to God in the highest, on earth peace, good-will towards men?" Shall we be indifferent at what is moving them? Shall we not gratefully hail this providential result,—not as patriots merely, not alone for what of success may be potentially enfolded in it to our nation's cause, but as Christian philanthropists, as friends of human progress and human freedom, as looking and hoping for that time,—which, indeed, we pray for, if for anything, when we say, "Thy kingdom come,"—that time when Christ's birth-song shall be *all* fulfilled,—“good-will towards men” be the breath of every heart and the motion of every hand,—“peace on earth” reign on its eternal foundations,—“Glory to God in the highest” be chanted in the aspirations and melodize the life of universal humanity?

Evidently, we do not see—we of these loyal communities—the moral magnitude and grandeur of this edict of Emancipation,—do not take in its vast proportions and momentous bearings and blessed issues. There is, somehow, a striking want of correspondence between what has now been affirmed of it, and what seems to be the tone, or the degree, of the general feeling about it. What *seems* to be, I say. For that there is a deep feeling in thousands of hearts all around us, I cannot doubt; an exultant thankfulness,—a feeling *too* deep for words, for outward demonstrations,—a feeling which the genius of Music, voiced in the immortal compositions of its divinest masters, has nearest to adequately expressed. Yes, I *know* there were those who wept for joy that that day had come; who thanked God on bended knees that they had lived to see it; who were ready to say, with holy Simeon, “Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.” I met with one of these on the day succeeding;—one who had felt, in her own person, the insult and curse of Slavery, until, in the might of an intrepid womanhood, she escaped from it; and who was on her way, in an overflowing sympathy, to renew her self-devoting labors among the “contrabands” at

Alexandria ; — one whose native refinement and true gentility and quick intelligence exceed that of how many ! who, in the drawing-rooms of freedom, spurn such, because of the complexion God has given them, though it be — as hers is — but a few shades darker than their own. She, and such as she, chattels ! another's " property " ! classed with horses and swine, in the slaveholder's inventory ! Ah, it needs to have *seen* the victims that Slavery has crushed, to have seen on *whom* and on *what* its accursed heel has trod ; it needs to have *felt* its heel, to have *been* its victim, duly to appreciate that majestic word, issuing from the nation's supreme executive, saying, for three million enslaved men and women, — " This no more, forever. " And for the rest, I would charitably believe, as I have said, that their indifference is less actual than seeming, and that what of indifference they have is referable to a certain blindness of vision rather than hardness of heart, — is referable, whichever it be, to influences flowing from the tolerated presence of slavery in the land. That moral Upas has so poisoned the whole social atmosphere of American life, that the heart's instinctive sympathies with freedom and justice, its finer sensibilities, its nicer discernments in this direction, have suffered, unconsciously, in instances innumerable, a partial paralysis and decline. So long familiar have we been with the base incongruity of a free republic admitting chattel-slavery among its institutions, and protecting it by organic law, that many fail to feel and to see the baseness ; and have, of course, no heart to rejoice in an act which is the sure beginning of the end of it forever. And then, again, we are too near the event, perhaps, historically, to be duly impressed by it. It has come upon us too gradually ; it has been too much and too long contemplated and discussed as a matter of policy ; sentiment and principle have had too little to do with its inception and progress, and been too little appealed to in its behalf, for the general heart to flame, at its coming, with the moral enthusiasm which in truth it claims. The fact, moreover, that its

scope is partial, — that its results are conceived of, by many, as problematical, in respect alike to those it frees and the nation freeing them, — Helps preclude such enthusiasm.

But truly, friends, we should try to see these things which are transpiring around us as they are; to do justice to them, in thought and in feeling; and especially this of which I speak, inaugurating a new year and a new era. As a religious duty should we try to do it. God forbid we should live at such a time, and not feel the privilege of it, and the responsibility and the solemnity and the glory; and not put ourselves within the play of the electric currents, and drink in of the inspirations, of the mighty hour. For, doubt it as we may, it is a time which, beyond all others, since the peopling of these American shores, will be historically luminous; which the student of the past — not alone the philosophic, but the devout — will ponder, with glowing interest and deepest thoughtfulness; to which the religious mind will turn to feed its faith in an overruling and retributive Providence in the affairs of men. Do I over-estimate its importance? Why, look, and see what is transpiring, in literal fact, around us! Powers, ideas, principles, most antagonistic to each other in all the universe of God, in directest and grappling conflict. Truth and falsehood, righteousness and injustice, freedom and despotism, taking shape in mightiest armies; half a continent the arena of the struggle; distant nations reaching to behold it; treasure and life beyond human computation the lavish sacrifice; a people least war-like on earth throwing itself, as in a day, into teeming camps; sending a soldier from every household; and, fighting, first, for its own rights and liberties, finding itself fighting for the rights and liberties of others, of the helpless, the enslaved, — those to whose wrongs it had selfishly consented, but whose welfare it comes to see as linked indissolubly with its own; finding itself, while striking with one hand for its own deliverance, loosing with the other the shackles of the slave; issuing, at last, in self-defence, and yet not without

a justice-loving satisfaction, the mandate at which millions pass from chattels into citizens, from merchandise into men. Such are some of the aspects of this mighty era in more immediate connection with the last grand act of it.

I recur to that. God, I said, was in it. Most impressively so. I know no fact in history that shows more clearly the working of a Divine hand and purpose,—shows how, though “man proposes, God disposes.” Plainly, man has meant one thing by this war, and God another. And that which God has meant by it, he has caused to be borne along, as on a resistless tide, alike by our successes and defeats. God has meant by it, so far as we may read his meaning in the glowing language of events, to destroy slavery; that the blows of the contending hosts, directed against each other, should fall, as well, and both alike, upon that wicked system in whose interest the contest was inaugurated. *We* sought in it but the maintenance of our nationality. God has sought in and by it the redemption and elevation of his bound and down-trodden children. He has caused our selfishness to open a pathway for his own benevolence. Forever blessed be his name for the mercy in this—all undeserved—to *ourselves*. More and more slavery was weakening, debasing, poisoning us as a people. It was lowering the tone of our politics, of our religion, of our manhood. It was taking the life and soul out of us. We were tending by it, judicially and retributively, into materialism and atheism, into a hardness of heart as impious as inhuman. It was the millstone about the nation’s neck, dragging it to perdition; the cancer within its system, threatening disease, if it had not already imparted it, to every fibre of its life. We did not see it so. God saw it. His prophets saw it, and told their vision. But they were scorned, and bid to silence. And when slavery, in the insanity of iniquity, made war upon freedom, freedom *then*—though it knew that slavery as an institution was the sole cause of the rebellion, and that there could be no peace with its continuance—sought no destruction of it, no

crippling of it; nay, deprecated every measure looking to such result, carefully avoided the blow that might weaken or disturb it, made it the one thing which it would by no means touch, though more and more its fiendish hideousness appeared. The compromises of the Constitution must, at all events, be respected. Had Freedom been victorious in those earlier battles, she would probably have dictated such terms to Slavery as would have left it its constitutional advantages, have given it a new lease of power, new chances for securing in Cabinet and Senate-chamber what it had failed of in the field. It was the reverses of Freedom, the bloody disasters, the mortifying defeats, the fields strewn with her mangled and gasping sons,—these, which—short-sighted mortals!—we mourned over as the direst of calamities,—it was *these* by which God saved us. By those losses was the nation's gain, by those deaths its life. Success, in bringing with it peace by compromise, had been its own living death. Precious cost! But we had made it necessary. Our own guilty compliances and complicities with the demands and sin of slavery, for the sake of peace and prosperity,—a nominal peace, a hollow prosperity,—this had made it necessary. We had sowed to the wind, and the only reaping possible to us was the whirlwind. Yes, there was a mercy in those dark reverses, those long delays, those baffled counsels. For then only, when it was found that Freedom could not stand against her foes with their “institution” intact, and their victim-millions working against her, did she consent to disregard the provisions of the Constitution, and strike at that institution itself. Then only had it come to pass, that, as a war measure and a necessity of war, by the right accorded all governments of self-defence, by a law of nature overriding all human enactments, this could constitutionally be done.

Pause, now, and consider the workings of the Almighty! A score of months only ago, and the overthrow of slavery seemed, to the wisest and most far-seeing among us, an event which the century, possibly, might see, but whose possibility

was located far away in the dim distance ; to be achieved by the slowly-working influences of an advancing Christianity, or by its own savage and revengeful hands. The way seemed hedged by insuperable difficulties. There it stood, intrenched within the Constitution, conscious of its mighty power, haughty, defiant ; and well knowing that, with all its other securities, it had friends and defenders among ourselves. The strife came on : it continued : it is yet. But now, above its smoke and din and groans and death, comes the voice of the nation's chief magistrate, — standing in his place of power, clothed in the majesty at once of constitutional and of moral law, — proclaiming deliberately, calmly, that from this blessed first of January, 1863, three million of slavery's victims are "henceforth and forever free." Truly, "this is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes." Yes, give God the glory. We can take none of it ourselves. It is an event forced upon us. Blindly and undesignedly have we wrought for it. Step by step we have fought against it. Not, I repeat, by the will of man, but of God, has it come. Glory be to *God* !

What has come ? "Only a proclamation," say some, — "a state paper, with the signature of the President, declaring the slaves of certain localities free ; but that does not make them so : it is still dependent on the fortunes of the war how soon, or whether at all, they obtain their freedom." I have no sympathy with that disposition which receives questioningly what is in itself a precious gift, because it is not the most precious conceivable or desired ; nor with the distrust implied by such questioning, in the case before us, of the Great Giver's will and power to perfect it. When he has made a way for what *is* through such ranks of obstacles, — a way which human wisdom never by so much as a glimpse foresaw, — I will not doubt that the way will be opened, by the same wonder-working Providence, for what we desire *shall* be. God will not leave his work unfinished, — nor delayed, but by our unfaithfulness. That most of those held in

slavery, if not all, have long known that the day of their redemption was drawing nigh, was as good as come,—though doubtless, in many instances, with conceptions very vague and crude about it,—this none doubt who know anything of them. And it serves to explain the most remarkable quietness maintained by them through all this wide-spread and land-rocking tumult of which they are the innocent cause—that patient willingness to wait in their old position until the door of their egress from it was fairly opened, and they could go out as recognized men, and not as skulking beasts. How greatly have we mistaken and done injustice to the negro character and disposition, in predicting, as from the beginning so many have, violence and bloodshed on the part of the slaves, in the intoxication of anticipated freedom, or the impulse of vindictive passion. There has been nothing of it,—nothing at all. A fact that speaks volumes for them. For while it may be ascribed in part to their assurance of coming freedom,—an assurance which there has been so shamefully much, in the bearing towards them of our government and army, to weaken,—it is yet more to be ascribed to a gentleness, and amiability, and unvindictiveness of disposition, which, as a race, they eminently possess. They have known, I said, that their freedom was at hand. They know that it is *proclaimed*. And knowing it, they will demand—as they ought—possession of it; and will have it. But were it so, that the fact of freedom should long tarry behind the date of its proclamation, the *proclamation* is the mighty fact. There it stands, irrevocable, sure,—the guaranty of their liberty, valid against the world; the charter of citizenship, which a nation's power stands pledged to guard,—which whoso fails to respect as such does so at his peril. Before it “bills of sale” turn to waste-paper; and chain and handcuff melt, as in the fervent heat of a thousand suns; and forms stand erect, and eyes brighten, and burdens drop, and life and the world put on a new significance, and bud and blossom with new blessings. And, more

than this, and whatever else it does, or fails to do, it decrees the nation's emancipation. Not strictly,—for the guaranties of slavery, untouched by this edict, linger on its statute-book,—but, practically, it decrees the nation's emancipation. It has broken from its ignoble and debasing thrall. It has spoken, at last, that magic word, "Freedom," never to unlearn it. It has set its face towards the sun, never to turn backward. It has brought itself into harmony with the spirit of the age,—with its own immortal principles and sacred declarations. It has floated itself into the life-stream of Christian civilization. It has put itself right with God; so that it may ask his blessing on its cause without doubtfulness,—may feel that the eternal forces of his spiritual providence shall surely work for it.

Slavery *can* be no more the potent agency in the nation it has been,—potent for evil, and only evil. Thank God! the Power whose corrupting influence has permeated every tissue and pore of the body politic; which has suborned to its ends, so greatly, our public men; has controlled presses, has marshalled parties, has silenced pulpits, tampered with the very heralds of salvation and the very Gospel of the Redeemer, and debauched the public conscience to believe a lie; which more than anything else—here in the midst of us, and all over the land—has impeded the progress of God's kingdom,—this Satanic Power, this instituted Barbarism, is forever dethroned, and lingers but to die. And for nothing, as for this, should our hearts so thank God to-day.

Now, I believe, a new day is to open upon our country,—day of prosperity, glory, power, and peace, such as it has never known, nor any nation of the world before it. Now, as before we could not, may we have a united country, now a real prosperity, now an abiding peace;—blessings, enhanced by the thought that our brethren of the South, now our foes, shall share them with us. Not, of course, that the removal of slavery alone is to do all this, but that in its removal the great obstacle is no more. The spirit of Wrong

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embodies itself in more than one institution. In form innumerable it is all around us, enough to task to the utmost every energy of philanthropy. But now will there be a better heart to labor against it, better hopes and chances of success. That trial, suffering, disorder, evil of various sorts, will come as incidental to this very work of emancipation, is, of course, to be expected. No great social revolution can come and progress without them. The change from coerced to voluntary labor, when the laborers are numbered by millions, is a vast one, and things cannot speedily, or without trouble, adjust themselves to it. But with wisdom and uprightness, with a guiding love of justice and humanity, with a renouncement of that mean and wicked prejudice against color which has so greatly possessed us, who can doubt but that all difficulties, with God's blessing, will be overcome? The question is often asked, "What shall be done with the freed blacks?" in a tone implying the belief that they must necessarily be a public burden and charge. As if their labor was not all needed as if they who have taken care of their masters and themselves too, could not take care of themselves alone; as if they were not susceptible to the motives which sway human nature generally. There is another question, preceding this in importance, and which, rightly answered, and the answer put faithfully into act, would go far to lessen the difficulties connected with the former one,—the question namely, "What shall be done *for* them?" or better, this, "In what *spirit* shall they be dealt with?" Welcomed with the respect which their nature claims, with the kindness and good-will which their former wrongs more abundantly entitle them to,—welcomed thus to the humanizing and elevating influences—social, intellectual, moral—which the age affords, who can doubt what response their lives would show—that, approached and treated as men, they would show themselves such? that, educated for the duties and trust of citizenship, they would be found equal to them? Th

moral obligation met, will enlighten for whatever practical demands their condition may present. The first duty done, God will show, as he always does, the next, — and lead and bless us in it. “Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?” asked the women, mournfully; for the stone was very great. But when they came to the sepulchre an angel had already descended and rolled it away. “So let us go with sweet spices, not to embalm a dead, but to anoint a risen Lord, in the person of these poor, despised ones; and never fear but that we shall not only find the stone rolled back, but shall stand face to face with an angel, of heavenly brightness, and what was a sepulchre of death shall be the temple of the Lord of life.”

N. H.

VESPER HYMN.

ROUND us come the mists of evening,
 Spreading out a starry veil,
 And the setting sun with blushes
 Tinges every hill and dale.

Every little dancing streamlet
 Gently sings itself to rest;
 Every tiny bud and blossom
 Sleeps, with dew-drop on its breast.

Let us pray before we lay us,
 Trusting, on our peaceful beds,
 That the kind and loving Father
 Send his blessing on our heads.

M. W. L.

DISTRESS IN THE MANUFACTURING DISTRICTS.

A SERMON BY REV. JOHN HAMILTON THOM.*

2 COR. viii. 9-14:—"For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich. And herein I give my advice; for this is expedient for you who have begun before. Now, therefore, perform the doing of it; that as there was a readiness to will, so there may be a performance also out of that which we have. For if there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not. For I mean not that other men be eased, and ye burdened; but by an equality, that now at this time *your abundance* may be a supply for *their want*, that their abundance also may be a supply for your want."

THE physical and visible aspects of the distress prevailing in the manufacturing districts are now familiar to you all. There are few hearts in England that have not been filled during these last weeks with pictures and images of that great woe; and the struggle for life which the daily press has carried to the remotest towns and hamlets, untouched themselves by this calamity, is at *our* very door,—to many of us within the seeing of the eye, to all of us within the hearing of the ear from friends whom it has anguished and torn. Of what this affliction really is to those who are suffering from it, it were vain for me to attempt a description, having no materials for such a task but such as are in common to us all, drawn from those public reports which day by day color our thoughts with sadness, and almost thrust aside the sense of our own comforts to people our imaginations with

* We believe that the above Sermon by Rev. Mr. Thom (preached in Renshaw Street Chapel, Liverpool, on Sunday, December 7, 1862) will be new to most, if not to all, of our readers, as it has come to us through private hands. The claims of the subject which it discusses upon Americans are well set forth in the following extract from the speech of Mr. Bright at Birmingham, December 18, 1862: "We have had every effort made that money and malice could devise to stimulate in Lancashire, among the suffering population, an opinion in favor of the Slave States. They have not been able to get it, and I honor that population for their fidelity to their principles and to freedom; and I say the conduct they have pursued ought to atone in the minds of the people of the United States for miles of leading articles written by the London press."

f. E.

wan faces and desolate abodes. It is not necessary, either for your information, or for the softening and moving of your hearts, that I should take you through silent factories, where the sound, the deep hum of daily labor, so long associated with daily bread, is heard no more ; to streets in which now the light of heaven is all too clear, where the murkiest pall that of old obscured the noonday would be welcomed back with tears of joy in the place of the unsympathizing sun that shines too brightly through the smokeless air ; to homes that once were decked with honest pride, but are now stripped, not only of favorite pictures and ornaments, slowly gathered together, each with a little history of its own, but of the most necessary furniture, even of beds and of bedding ; to places for the distribution of food, where in the early morning-hour brave men who a year ago would have scorned patronage, and hardly would accept a favor, patiently wait their turn with faces on which the mental agony of wounded independence struggles with the wolfish look of hunger ;* or that I should expose to you those who refuse to expose themselves, who, rather than submit to what they have been accustomed to think a degradation, have actually fled from the relief that sought them, and have hidden themselves away within their cold walls to meet their fate. You know all this, for I have said nothing but what the common journals have supplied.

Nor does the want and mental suffering of the operative exhaust this distress. All who live amidst it, though they feel neither hunger nor cold, are yet afflicted with an awful sorrow. And where income has suddenly ceased to exist ; where rent is not paid ; where the small tradesman has no profits, for he has no sales, and relief-agents, making wholesale purchases for economy's sake, are compelled to pass him by ; where the whole class of clerks and overlookers and superior *employés* are no longer needed, for there is

* Companion to the British Almanac, p. 43.

no work to overlook, and no accounts to keep but the record of loss and wear; where on every man, as long as he can bear it, his outgoings are multiplied, with his income destroyed,—the suffering and want are not confined to that working class between whom and destitution the margin is always small; over the whole area of distress, with the few exceptions of enormous wealth, there is not a man directly depending on this arrested trade, who has a head and is resolved to do his duty, who is not looking with some apprehension as to how it may end with himself. Of all things no words of mine can add to your knowledge. It is true indeed, that, if we saw these things with our own eyes, we should then feel how little we knew them before; but the effect of seeing with our own eyes is just the one thing that neither speech nor reading can supply.

We can, however, contemplate the dimensions of this distress; that is, we know what they were in the last week for which we have returns; and we know that they will be much more in the next week, though we do not know how much; and we must indeed be slow to understand, if we need the torture of our senses to quicken our effective sympathies. The applicants for relief in that last week * exceeded the number of the week before by more than ten thousand; and this, or a greater rate of increase, must continue for some time.† The whole number relieved was 431,395, of whom 172,010 received nothing from the parish. The whole amount of relief was £ 33,545, giving to each person an average of less than 1s. 8d. per week. We cannot compute the number that will soon require to be supported at less than 500,000; we cannot place the sum required to support them at less than from £ 40,000 to £ 50,000. One half of this may come from the poor-rate at present less per week than £ 18,000; ‡ the other half

* For the week ending Nov. 22.

† For the week ending Nov. 29, the increase appears to be 25,979.

‡ For the week ending Nov. 29, £ 18,544 7s. 4d.

must come from voluntary offerings. From £ 20,000 to £ 25,000 is therefore the sum that the benevolence of the country has weekly to supply, until some great change takes place in the condition of trade, or in the method of relief. Weekly wages will have ceased to be paid by hundreds of thousand pounds, with only tens of thousands of rates and charity to supply their place.

And this vast reverse has fallen upon those who are absolutely innocent of causing it, who had no control over the circumstances that produced it. We may, if we think there is wisdom or justice in so doing, attribute possible blame to others; but herein at least the operative was helpless and blameless. We may say that the merchant, or the manufacturer, ought, with the needful foresight, to have looked out for other sources of supply, though it is clear that, up to the time of the blockade, to have trusted to any other source than America would have been their quick ruin; we may say that the government of India ought to have had in readiness lines of communication that would now stimulate the production, and facilitate the transit of the wanting material; we may say that, if speculators had not so glutted the markets with the manufactured article, the raw cotton, of which the supply has not failed absolutely, but only economically, might now be worked at a profit, to the relief of the whole world;—but whatever truth there may be in any of these now useless censures, they do not in the least apply to the class upon whom the blow has fallen; the class that is suffering was powerless to effect any of these things, and have only a stronger claim for help if the censures are true.

But for the duty of this immediate time it is worse than idle to deal with anything but with the facts as they are, that cannot now be changed. A national calamity has come upon us, and the whole nation must bear it. Upon that there is now no difference of feeling over the whole country, whatever rash words some splenetic men have spoken. The whole nation must bear it: but *how* bear it? in *what way*

shall the contributions come from those who do not live on the area of distress? To that question several answers might be given; but, hitherto, the nation has elected to give only one answer: "All that can be raised by poor-rates on the suffering province shall be raised: and the mercy of the whole country shall supply the rest." Whether wise or no wise, whether best or not best, that is the only remedy that is now in our hands, and we must do with it the utmost that we can. It may be said, I think justly said, that beyond very limited measure the poor-rates ought not to have borne this new burden,—that the enforced contributions should come, not from occupiers, but from owners, from property and from income; and that thus, without intolerable hardship, the country could provide for itself. It might be said, that since the calamity is national, and since the national policy—say, rather, the national righteousness, our bounden duty to the American people—compels us to maintain the conditions that prolong our necessities, it were monstrous thing if the whole kingdom were to keep its good conscience at the expense of a single district; and that therefore, a small levy on the land and the realized capital on the comfortable incomes of the *whole* nation, would most easily and most justly meet the case. That this would in itself be equitable, and that it would be the most certain provision for the present need, cannot well be denied; but whether it would be the most beneficial, either immediately in its social, or ultimately in its economic workings, is a different question. But in fact the people have taken the matter into their own hands, and have elected that, so far as the whole nation does this great work at all, it shall be done with a hearty good-will,—not that any part of the land shall withhold its share, but that it shall not pass through the tax-gatherer's hands; and that this method shall continue until it proves a failure. For voluntary charity coming in with willing heart and full hands has really to the extent of that beneficence, superseded the state

which otherwise must have done the whole work, and now ought not to do it until the free offerings fail. Only let the mercy of the country be aware that it has assumed a grave responsibility, and that, having elected, by a generous impulse, to supplant the state by acts of grace to at least one half of the needful supplies, it is then bound to keep flowing this stream of charity, on the confidence of which the people's lives are now committed, so long as this can be done with a due regard to every other righteous claim, and in any case till a securer method has time to take its place, if this should fail. It would be very idle sentiment to create a trust in a voluntary benevolence that afterwards would not bear the strain it had invited, and let the weight of misery fall unrelieved even for a single day. And it will be a very noble victory of right sentiment if, as all the signs would indicate, voluntary benevolence, having taken up this burden, shall justify itself, and bear it unto the end. My duty here relates solely to your exertions for this purpose, not only in the greater effort you will make to-day, but also in the sustained, though smaller, stream you will continue weekly to supply, as long as the occasion lasts. And this duty I must discharge as best I can, though I know well that this is one of the matters on which many of you are far better qualified to instruct me than I am to enlighten you. I have, therefore, now to refer to those considerations which go to prove that in the facts of the case, as they are shaping themselves before us, there is everything that ought to sustain, and nothing that ought to obstruct, your liberality.

There is, as yet, nothing invincible in the nature of this calamity,—no difficulty that cannot be overcome. If it had prevailed against us, it would have been through no want, but a want of the charity that never faileth. It is the work, not the food, of a large district that has been cut off; the evil, therefore, is not beyond a remedy; it is not like the case of Ireland either in extent or in character. The country is teeming with all the supports of life; bread and cloth-

ing are in abundance ; money will procure them to any amount, and money is not wanting in any part of the province of this distress : all over it, it has flowed in from the labor of the hands that now can find no work, — flowed in to our merchants and tradesmen *here*, — flowed in to mill-owners *there*, who, in many cases, have long received in one person the double profits of manufacturer and of merchant, and even latterly have gained in one of these characters what they have lost in the other, — flowed in everywhere upon the land-owner, whose once outlying fields are returning the rentals of towns, who is reaping what he did not sow, who has simply stood still and received the golden flood that has poured in upon his acres. Other men labored, and he has entered into their labors. No blame to him for this : he has simply received, as we all would be ready to receive, at the bountiful hands of God ; only let him acknowledge his stewardship when God thus asks him for his own again, and he will quite justify before both God and man the unparalleled prosperity for which he neither worked nor paid, and which is a portion of the reserve that Providence has laid up for such a moment as this. God has not stricken the country with barrenness : there is plenty of all things needful to keep men in vigorous life, — money and money's worth ; and God, too, is mercifully averting from us the worst of all calamities, that innocent people should pine and perish, not through the leanness of the land, but through a leanness in men's souls, through the poverty of hearts long fed with the bread and water of abundance. Of course I do not mean that the country is not the poorer for this calamity ; I mean that the reserve fund that God, out of his bountifulness, had provided for this time, would not even in this county, if the burden was equably distributed, be sensibly diminished, — sensibly, I mean, in the decreased comforts of those who are its stewards.

Again, there is no obstruction to your liberality, either in the way the sufferers are meeting their sufferings, or in the

way their natural helpers are bearing the burden with them.

Of the noble bearing of the operatives,—for dignity and meekness unparalleled in history,—I will only say, that we ought to be gratefully drawn towards a people of whose virtues under such trial these words could be used with universal acknowledgment of their truth. At a great parish meeting in London, it was said by the presiding rector, “We must all feel that these men are higher than we are in moral dignity.” It was said by an eminent statesman, remarkable for his religious reverence, that “he had no scruple in applying to these men what was first spoken of the Apostles,—that they were more than repaying us in spiritual things for our temporal things.” I prefer to give you evidence of this kind, as not myself entitled to speak from personal knowledge; and I rejoice that many of you had the opportunity last Sunday of hearing such testimony more than confirmed by a highly qualified witness, who lives among this strong people, and knows them well. “One touch of nature makes the whole world kin”; and this great suffering will bring exceeding gain, even to those who suffer most,—to *us* at a price not worthy to be named,—if it makes *all* ranks feel, as they never felt before, the fact of human brotherhood,—if it makes *us* acknowledge, with an elevating humility, that in all which in the sight of God constitutes worth these men are our superiors. This distressed people are now the real instructors of the nation; they are at this moment the highest Christian teachers in this land. Preachers and professors might go and sit at their feet. And this they are all the more truly, that they have never dreamed of such a function; and God forbid that any one should spoil their unconscious elevation by suggesting to it a lower motive, by whispering to them that this is an attitude in which it would be to their praise and their glory to stand. They are now our benefactors, in a far higher sense than if they were robbing the world in the fabrics of their hands; and this they are in the simplicity of their minds, and because they think of no

such thing. What they are now doing—for the whole country, for a higher Christian feeling, for a truer appreciation of the one human heart that is in us all, and of the one standard of human worth—is inestimably more precious inestimably more deserving of gratitude, than anything that the country is doing for, or deserving from, them.

There was a time, it is not a distant one, when this would not have been. We and they are reaping quickly from the seed sown in these latter days of education, of reform, of equal rights, of diffused knowledge, and a cheap press, of commercial legislation irrespective of class interests. If the food of the country was now under pressure of restrictive laws, no power on earth could save this land from violence—no throwing open the ports in the moment of extremity could then give us our present cheap abundance; and as the conscience of the people would not justify their rulers, the passions that come out of suffering and wrong would spring to their natural height. It is the instructed helpfulness that has come to them, through the training and influences of recent years, that now sustains this tried class in patience and endurance. They understand their own position; they understand the position of the masters; they understand the position of the country in relation to America. They are calm and reasonable, because they know that circumstances like the present cannot be overruled by human power: and though Southern sympathizers* have been busy among them expecting cold and hunger to make ready tools, they have been found deliberately opposed to intervention as, if effectual at all, only in the service of a cause which they detest. These great sufferers from the war have repelled the perverted sympathies which seduce so many of the more prosperous classes in England to speak smooth things of a power seeking for slavery an unrestricted field. These men are among us the vindicators of the national sentiment, the true

* "Companion to the British Almanac," 1863, p. 45.

martyrs of human freedom. Natures like these will not yield to the demoralizing power of temporary charity, or of enforced leisure, so long as any reasonable amount of sympathy and brotherly feeling is extended towards them. Their sensitive independence may often have led to jealous mistakes, for great vitality is liable to err; but it will enable them now to bear their burdens without unjust complaint or loss of self-respect, as long as nature can hold out. They must have seen how this brave and gentle bearing has drawn the nation towards them,—that good citizens have everywhere recognized noble citizenship. Many healing, many chastening influences are now at work, with honest-minded men compelled to reflect on their opportunities in the past, that will bear good fruit in the good time coming, if only sustained and quickened now by the generous kindness of society. Now is our time for extinguishing in them forever all class distrusting. If in their prosperity they had too few relations with their employer except economic ones, and were held by no moral tie to his service, unless it served themselves, they have, at least, honestly accepted the consequences of that position when now it works against them; they have claimed nothing from the masters, as a right; *they* have never said, what has been foolishly said for them, that their employers were bound to maintain them by economic obligation; they have, therefore, taken what has been done for them as a free gift, with a warm and grateful heart,—not as the debt of capital to labor, but as the higher debt, willingly acknowledged, of brother to brother, and of man to man. It is said, too,* that the sight of a few of the more self-respecting of their own body, who have been able to face and outlive this trouble, has produced a deep effect on some of their less striving and self-denying brethren. Never before could it be more signally true, though, under the rule of a Heavenly Father, it is always true that the sorrow of man is only for the opportunity of God.

* "Companion to the British Almanac," p. 46.

And now the cloud is passing away which obscured for a time what men were doing, or covered the suspicion that any class in this rich county were closing their hearts and shrinking from their duties. Of the three great bodies within or near the area of distress, on whom, as the largest reapers on the field of its prosperity, the burden of its relief most rightly falls,—the mill-owner, the land-owner, and the Liverpool merchant,—it is now conspicuous that in individual sacrifices the manufacturer, as indeed his nearer place first demanded, has borne the weight of this necessity. As a class, the exceptions are only enough to show the rule, the single ground of complaint the country has against them is the rare and strange one, that they were too silent about their own good deeds. Lancashire masters, like Lancashire men, are an undemonstrative body, doing much and saying little. Yet in this silence there *was* cause for just complaint; for the country rightly looked to them, not only for the performance of their individual duties, but for light, guidance, and advice,—for such open and conspicuous leadership as would free from fear every generous, and from excuse every ungenerous heart. For there is a time for all things. There is a time to conceal a thing, and a time to make it known. There is a time not to let the left hand know what the right hand doeth; and there is a time to be as a city set on a hill,—to let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in heaven. Yet is it well with a class whose chief offence consists in this, that it did its alms and sounded no trumpet.

And, in addition to this inspiring satisfaction with the class relieved, and so largely with the classes relieving, the energy and ability of the central and executive committees, and the perfectness of the local organizations for the distribution of relief, are now inspiring universal confidence, that the nation's charity may flow freely, without fear of missing its mark, or of being wasted by the way. I find it stated in

an elaborate paper in the *Companion to the British Almanac*, that in Preston alone, there are a hundred and twenty unpaid visitors; and that, if everywhere the value of unremunerated services were computed, it would surpass the amount of money contributions.

Yet no satisfaction with what is doing, or has been done, must cause us to forget that there will remain a necessity for the continued onflow of charity, even were we to suppose the working hands provided for,—for the sake of the trades-people, the clerks, the overlookers, the various agents and officers, who are now, and must daily more and more be, brought within the reach of want; and who must be generously and delicately helped, if helped at all. There is too, if we dared to hope so much, a possibility of replacing, at the end of this calamity, some small portion of the hard-earned and hard-kept savings that have now drained away under a necessity that no prudence could have averted. It is said,* that relief is refused to those who have any funds remaining, however small, in savings banks or in co-operative societies. It will be hard if those who raised themselves by constant self-denial are brought to a common ruin with the wasteful and the self-indulgent, who consumed all as it came in, and are now no worse off than the best. The real difference between the two classes, it is true, will remain ineffaceable. The self-respecting have not lost everything: they have saved character and honor.

There are, too, medical aspects of this distress, whose terrible threatenings only a large beneficence, wisely administered, can keep in check. “A worse thing may come upon us,” if we do not rush in with full hands to stop it,—the pestilence that waits on want. We should soon be too thankful to have only famine to contend with, if our shortcomings left the way open for disease.

Nor will just adequate supplies of food and warmth meet

* “Companion to the British Almanac,” p. 31.

the whole necessities of the case. When, in what nearest parallel to this trial, ships' crews are detained in Arctic regions, long before any needful provision has appeared there comes a sinking of the heart, a fatal sinking of the animal spirits, and they are the true savers (real captains among men, who can then apply some stimulant not to the body, but to the mind. In this long struggle, hoping against hope, watching vacant hours wearily, watching vacant, sorrowful faces, — no mere patient negative endurance, will supply the necessary life; but some fresh spiritual interest will do so, — some animated feeling, — some newly excited consciousness of human kindness and fraternal good-will, — some exercise, which, to those who are unaccustomed to it, is as hard and as healthful work as bodily labor. Instruction, education, which is a different thing, the springing into action of unknown powers, — some mind or heart interest, — were possible, some newly awakened deeper feeling of the value of existence, — employment, if only for an hour or two a day, then at a fair wage per hour, and not with degradation of underpaid labor; all these are as necessary especially as against the depression that invites disease, food, clothing, and fire. Schools, then, in all their forms for men and women, for girls and boys, for work or leisure — social meetings, — lectures and discussion, — their gatherings together for reading and conversation, for hearing the Bible, for singing their religious hymns in their own music, with the memories of happier days now wisely regarded, and a sense of the goodness that was of old coming to their hearts, — are among the strongest weapons with which to fight this battle, and turn its evil into good, and all who are wisely devoted to these vital efforts deserve a liberal support.

I am not ignorant of the large claims which here at Manchester and that your charity by being stretched must lose none of its substance or warmth at home; but this is a new

sion, and must have an effort of its own. It is no new distribution of the old annual amounts of your beneficence, but a fresh spring of sacrifice, that must meet this case. God leaves a reserve in all our hands for these unexpected calls; and upon this we must deeply draw, keeping sacred our constant sum of sacrifice. If, as St. Paul testified of the Macedonian Christians, in the first case in all history in which one community helped another, a fact in itself enough by the clearest signs to mark a new kingdom of God coming into the world, to impress on the Lord Jesus Christ the image and superscription of the Father, we, "in this great trial of affliction, are found willing of ourselves, up to our power, yea, and beyond our power," then we shall not make our own poor at home involuntary sharers in our display of charity abroad; our new offerings shall retrench nothing from the old ones, whilst the old need remains. We must lengthen our cords, not merely shift the coverings, if fresh numbers are to be fed and lodged within our tents. We must be honest in our charity, not making two appearances at the expense of one. "These things ought ye to have done, and not have left the others undone."

And one word in this connection on the religious value of sacrifice. We here disown the whole theology of asceticism; we dread as presumptuous, self-righteous, and irreligious, the whole theory of manufacturing sacrifices for ourselves, — of making ourselves acceptable to Christ or God by self-imposed sufferings; but yet we here acknowledge with our whole souls the worth of sacrifice, the saving health of self-oblation; and the more we shrink in the recoil of our filial faith from the dark superstition of voluntary suffering, the more are we bound by the principles we profess to accept the sacrifices that are not of our making, but of God's, — to accept them with an eager readiness, as tests of the vitality of that loving faith on which our Father has fed us, as the clear occasions on which our Husbandman, God, comes looking for fruit on us, the trees of his planting, whom for the

sake of such fruit he has watered all our days with the living grace of his own spirit. Here, then, is an occasion of God for *healthy* self-sacrifice, even to the limits of self-privation, a sacrifice from all who can bear it, not merely to assuage suffering, to stop cold and hunger, but, far beyond this, to sustain in their self-respect, to uphold by the spirit in which you help them, a noble people who are keenly jealous of their honor. Is there any sacrifice of *wealth* that would be too much to prevent the degradation, the demoralization, the lowered courage, the permanently relaxed and embittered heart of that grand Lancashire people, unmatched anywhere else in the land, who never knew before what it was to live on charity, and who feel it now as their acutest pang, — who are willing to receive a brother's help offered with a brother's heart, but many of whom would rather silently die unseen than be ranked with paupers? Rather than such irretrievable downfall, such a blow to God's purposes, through a want of Christian sympathy in us, would it not be better for us that Liverpool should become a fishing village again, and have to run its course anew? The material prosperity would be more easily overtaken and restored, than *here* the spiritual stain wiped off, and *there* the spiritual rank regained. This is an occasion on which, in the sight of God, we, not they, are on our trial. They have already vindicated themselves, and "are conquerors, yea, more than conquerors, against tribulation and distress, famine and nakedness"; and we, not called to suffer, are only asked to bless, called to honor ourselves by claiming leave to do a brother's part to brethren of whom we should be proud, to wash the feet of men whom Christ would have served with joy. And in the days that are coming, this nation would have to remember as the year of its darkest shame, what may be the year of its truest glory, if it failed, as it everywhere shows it will not fail, to walk in the clearest way that ever God made for a people's feet, if it failed to lay hold upon this opportunity, this ladder now manifestly set up be

tween heaven and earth, for the angels of mercy to pass to and fro, with the Lord God standing above and looking down.

And now, before your offerings are taken, I have a single remark to add. We shall pass from this service to the communion of Christ; and that communion would disgrace its name if it gave me any idea that those of you who do not outwardly join us in it will less feel the force of my remark than those who do. The essence, then, of Christianity, of Christ's fellowship, is in this; that the Lord Jesus Christ, through his great love, is so a partaker in every man's sorrow, that, to the feeling of Christian hearts, *he* lives, suffers, and pleads in every member of the body of humanity. "*I* was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; *I* was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; naked, and ye clothed me; sick, and ye visited me. . . . Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

"THE river that runs slow, and creeps by the banks, and begs leave of every turf to let it pass, is drawn into little hollownesses, and spends itself in smaller portions, and dies with diversion; but when it runs with vigorousness, and a full stream, and breaks down every obstacle, making it even as its own brow, it stays not to be tempted by little avocations, and to creep into holes, but runs into the sea through full and useful channels. So is a man's prayer: if it moves upon the feet of an abated appetite, it wanders into the society of every trifling accident, and stays at the corners of the fancy, and talks with every object it meets, and cannot arrive at heaven; but when it is carried upon the wings of passion and strong desires, a swift motion and a hungry appetite, it passes on through all the intermediate regions of clouds, and stays not till it dwells at the foot of the throne where mercy sits, and thence sends holy showers of refreshment."

MATINS.

LET in the smiles of the early light !
Ay ! raise the curtain, so close and white,
To welcome the dawn at this holy hour,
As it silently comes in its magic power.

The stars are twinkling yet in the skies
In that ocean of depth which above us lies,
While the earth is still, with her millions now,
Asleep in her bosom around and below.

O Father ! we come, in this light divine,
With reverent hearts before thy shrine ;
'T is a holy time for prayer ; and here
We quietly gather in love and fear ; —

In *love*, for we know thou 'rt the soul of love,
And *goodness* alone from thee we prove ;
In *fear*, for we feel thee just and true,
And thine eye doth pierce us through and through.

But what is so beautiful, what so sweet,
As to rest us, pilgrims, in peace at thy feet ?
Then gird up our strength in thine armor bright,
And go forth bravely, as sons of light !

The sun comes beaming in glory now,
And shadows are fading from every brow ;
We give ourselves wholly to Heaven's high will,
And only ask, " Father, be with us still."

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BETHLEHEM.

"PERCHED like a bird's-nest among the green hills of Palestine," six miles to the southwest of Jerusalem, was Bethlehem, a city small in size, but with a marvellous history, which makes it not the least among the cities of the world. Of its founding and earlier history the Bible is silent. It is only said, that Salma the father of Boaz settled there; and as he is called the "Father of Bethlehem," he may have been its founder. If so, it was not then a place of antiquity, nor could it have been more than a hamlet among the hills, though it is called a city, and had gates and walls, rendered necessary, perhaps, by the then unsettled condition of the country. It stood among fertile vineyards and green fields, that clothed the slopes of the hills, and probably received its name, which signifies the *House of bread*, from the plenty which its various harvests yielded.

Incidental mention is now and then made of Bethlehem earlier in history, but the first special mention we have of it is found in the Book of Ruth,—at that time when the Judges ruled in Israel,—probably about the time of the good priest Eli, to whose charge the young Samuel had been intrusted. It would seem that a famine had occurred in that region,—a thing not infrequent among a people whose wealth consisted largely in flocks and herds, dependent upon the rains and the heat of the seasons, and too ignorant of the principles of agriculture and thrift, to guard themselves against bad years. When these years of famine came, it was the custom of the people, rude and migratory in their habits, to go with their household stuff,—the simple tents and dresses of skins, and the few necessary implements of rude housekeeping, all easily packed and easily carried,—seeking food and pasturage. Discouraged at the prospect before him, a harsh death for himself and those he loved looking him in the face, one of the villagers, Elimelech, took

His wife, Naomi, and his two sons, Mahlon and Chilion, and turned his face toward the land known for its fertility, that lay to the south at the foot of the mountains of Moab. Here, among an idolatrous people, they settled themselves; but the death they had evaded in one form came to them in another. Elimelech soon died, and then both Mahlon and Chilion, leaving Naomi alone, with her two Moabitish daughters-in-law, Orpah and Ruth. Probably they had forsaken their idolatry, for instead of returning to their own, they still cleave to Naomi, sharing in sorrows that were common to all, and feeling, perhaps, the need of that sympathy they were not likely to get from those around them. Naomi, it is evident, was no common woman; and much that is lovely in Ruth no doubt was drawn from her example and precept. Separated from all she had early known and loved, a homesick yearning takes possession of the now childless widow, and after ten years of absence she turns her feet northward again, over the same way she had come. Her heart was sad with its memories. She was leaving the bones of her dearest in the land of the stranger, and she was going to the home that would be desolate now without them.

Together the three set out in the way, — they, apparently, with the purpose of attending her a little on her journey, and she with the thought that the parting with them was but a little delayed. They went silent and sad, till at length Naomi, turning to them, bid each return to her mother, praying the Lord that he would deal kindly with them, as they had dealt with her, and with the dead, and with a truly noble and unselfish spirit wishing, as she kissed them, that each might find rest in the house of her husband. Overcome with their emotions, the two young women lifted up their voice and wept, and declared that they would return with her to her people. Touched with their devotion, Naomi lays before them the reasons, strong in those primitive days, why they should go back, and Orpah, weeping and embracing her, turns slowly away to her gods and her people. And now

the story becomes inexpressibly tender and beautiful. The two stand there by the way, watching the retreating steps of Orpah, while beyond are the mountains of Moab, the green fields of their home, and the cave where is buried their all. The mother rouses herself from her musing, untwines the arms her daughter had thrown round her, and, looking sadly into her sad eyes, bids her again go with her sister-in-law back to her gods and her people. But in that hour the gentle Ruth had formed her purpose. Pleadingly she returns that sorrowing look of her mother, and, again twining her arms about her, in low, sweet accents replies, "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." And the record says, "When Naomi saw that she was steadfastly minded to go with her, she left off speaking unto her." And the hills of Moab faded away into the southern horizon, and these two, hand in hand, drew near to the old home in Bethlehem.

It was early spring, the time of the barley harvest. Naomi had been known and mourned, and no sooner is she seen again entering Bethlehem, than all the people gather about them, somewhat uncertain if this could be she who had gone from them long ago, now coming alone, without husband or son, with only a stranger, and in her aspect and manner the traces of sorrow. One of another they ask, and of her, "Is this Naomi?" Sadly she answers, "Call me not Naomi, *happiness*, but call me Mara, *bitterness*; for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me. I went out full, and the Lord hath brought me home empty. Why, then, call ye me Naomi?"


Settled in their old home, it becomes necessary to find some means of subsistence; and Ruth goes out with the young men and maidens to glean after the reapers, and by

chance enters the field of a prominent citizen, who was a kinsman of Elimelech. During the day, Boaz, the owner, goes into his fields to watch the progress of the harvest, to see that it is well with his crops and well with his servants. What a beautiful picture this is of primitive pastoral simplicity and faith. Shall we find anything like it in the civilized, Christian intercourse of master and servant to-day? Boaz enters his field, not as a lord and master, harshly to command, to complain, or to hurry, but as a friend. He greets his reapers, "The Lord be with you"; and they, as loving the man, reply, "The Lord bless thee"; and indeed he shows himself worthy of their blessing; an honored son of an honored lineage,—his grandfather, the first to respond to the demand made of Moses for gifts to the tabernacle; his father, the husband of Rahab, who hid the spies when the children of Israel entered Canaan; himself to be, with Ruth, the direct and not unworthy ancestor of David, the King, and Jesus, the Christ. Standing there and watching his workmen, he is struck with the appearance of Ruth, unlike the Jewish maidens around her in manner and look, and inquires of his overseer who she may be. When he knows that she is that "Moabitish" damsel that came back with Naomi, he turns to her himself, and with courtly kindness gives her the freedom of his fields, and bids her stay with his maidens till the harvest is over. Amazed at this mark of attention, she throws herself on her face, and begs to know how she, a stranger, has found such favor in his eyes. "It hath fully been showed me," he answered, "all that thou hast done unto thy mother-in-law since the death of thine husband; and how thou hast left thy father and thy mother, and the land of thy nativity, and art come unto a people which thou knewest not heretofore. The Lord recompense thy work, and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust." To Ruth's modest expression of gratitude, he still further replies by bidding her draw near at meal-time and eat of the bread and dip her morsel into the vinegar with his own work-

men, and when she is thirsty, not to go and draw water for herself, as the other gleaners did, but to take of that already drawn by the men; and going away, charges his young men not to molest her, to let her come without question, through the harvest, and to drop for her handfuls among the sheaves.

Returning at evening, Naomi questions Ruth as to her success on this first day among strangers. When she shows her her store, and how it had happened, her mother blesses him who had been kind to her, and when Ruth had told her, "The man's name with whom I wrought to-day is Boaz," she breaks into a thanksgiving at the coincidence, — "Blessed be he of the Lord, who hath not left off his kindness to the living and to the dead"; and turning to Ruth she added, "The man is near of kin unto us, one of our next kinsmen."

The work of the harvest was over, and Naomi, anxious for the permanent settlement of her daughter-in-law, acquaints her with that old law of Moses, which required that, when a man died childless, the next of kin should marry his widow. The story that follows may seem strange and indelicate, and to clash a little with the idea we otherwise form of Ruth, but it must be remembered how rude were all manners and customs in those days; how simple, unspoiled, and in many ways truthful the people. It was the law given of Moses, which Naomi taught and which Ruth followed. Boaz is absent from home, at the threshing-floor, — a level place of hard clay on high ground in some remote part of the fields. Here he was attending to the winnowing of his barley, — an operation performed in the edge of the evening, when a light breeze generally sprang up, just sufficient to separate the grain from the chaff, as it was tossed in the air and beaten as it fell with a stick. Washing and anointing herself as her mother had bade her, when the evening was come Ruth took her way to the threshing-floor, and when Boaz had finished his meal, and laid himself down on his sheep-skin at the end of the floor for the night, she quietly laid herself at his feet.



That was the place and the attitude which it was the custom for servants to assume when they had a favor to ask of their master. Waking in the night, Boaz perceives at once that he has some petition to hear, and, with that kindliness which is so striking a trait in his character, he speaks that he may at once hear and decide and relieve. He is surprised to find that his petitioner is Ruth, and his reply to her hint as to his duty shows how deep the impression her conduct has made upon him: "Blessed be thou of the Lord, my daughter; for thou hast showed more kindness in the latter end than at the beginning, inasmuch as thou followedst not young men, whether poor or rich. And now, my daughter, fear not. I will do to thee all that thou requirest; for all the city of my people doth know that thou art a virtuous woman. And now it is true that I am thy near kinsman; howbeit, there is a kinsman nearer than I. Tarry this night, and it shall be in the morning, that if he will perform unto thee the part of a kinsman, well; but if he will not do the part of a kinsman to thee, then will I do the part of a kinsman to thee, as the Lord liveth." And Ruth laid herself down content, knowing she had found a friend, and perhaps dreaming of the great kindness of the great man to her, as she lay there with a great hope dawning in her heart; and before it was day, with six measures of barley which Boaz had given her, she hastened back to her mother.

Naomi was confident that Boaz would not rest till he had finished the thing he had promised. As the people went out at the gate, in the early day, he was there; and seeing the kinsman pass, he called him aside, and, taking ten men of the elders of the city, they sat down in the gateway together. This was the custom at that time, and long after. All business of a public nature and all administration of justice took place at the gates, at the hours when the people were passing to and fro between the fields and the city; the presence of witnesses answering the purpose of records, and insuring the fulfilment of the bargain or decree. In the presence of the ten, Boaz states the fact that Naomi, the widow of Elimelech,

is about to sell a parcel of land which it is this kinsman's duty to redeem. He expresses his willingness, but when he learns still further that he must marry "Ruth the Moabitess, the wife of the dead," he refused, lest it should injure his own inheritance, and, casting his shoe down before Boaz, in the presence of the elders, signified that he relinquished all claim to the land and to the woman. Then Boaz solemnly assumed all that was Elimelech's, all that was Mahlon's, all that was Chilion's, and declared that he took Ruth the Moabitess to be his wife; and all the elders and all the people rejoiced in the gate, and solemnly invoked the choicest blessings upon them. And Ruth, the tender and loving, received her reward,—a home in the land of the stranger and the heart of the people. She was taken to the home and the heart of her first benefactor, and when her child came to her, Naomi was there to nurse it, and the people, still sympathizing with her, called the boy "Obed,"—the nourisher of her old age.

In among the accounts of wars and iniquities, this little pastoral episode comes, full of beauty, of truth, and of peace, as an angel might come amidst the contentions of men. Fitly it opens the eventful history of Bethlehem; sweetly it speaks of goodness and virtue, of true love and faith. It is the most exquisite gem in the world's literature. None other is like it. It is said that Dr. Johnson once read it before a club of literary men, who, after exhausting their eulogies upon it, demanded where he had found it! It had a charm for sated men of the world, and was a power with those who had exhausted the resources of ages and genius. It was the simple tale of a simple girl, who lived long ago in Bethlehem, a little town snuggling among the hills of Judæa, out of which was to come the Ruler who should rule Israel. Bethlehem is yet to see great changes and be witness to great things,—a little one reserved for special honors. But in all she will not find one whose name shall be so surely associated with the best affections of the human heart, as the Moabitish damsel, Ruth.

J. F. W. W.

CORRESPONDENCES.

MRS. WARE'S "THOUGHTS IN MY GARDEN."*

THERE are four theories of nature, and as we adopt one or another, our style of thinking on all subjects will be shaped and colored.

There is the theory, considerably prevalent in the modern Church, that God created all things out of nothing by his arbitrary fiat or word. There was a time when Nature was not, but God rose of a sudden and spoke it into being. "The work of creation," says the Assembly's Catechism, "is God's making all things of nothing by the word of his power in the space of six days, and all very good." Cogitated in this way, the universe exists outside of God, is governed by a power entirely foreign to it, and not immanent in it. God enters it only by traversing time and space according to his sovereign will. The Divine government, providence, and revelation, and the whole work of redemption, grace, and retribution, will be apprehended more or less under this notion of creation out of nothing, as the arbitrary fiat of the Divine will.

There is the theory of Pantheism, which never separates God from his works, but identifies him with the unconscious life that rolls through them. Its last logical formula is, that Nature is God, and its only worship is the dreamy apotheosis of its dumb and impersonal energies.

There is the theory of the Gnostic and the Manichæan, that Nature is not the creation of God, but of inferior and imperfect beings, and is therefore essentially evil. It originated in the East, but its doctrines infested the early Church, waked its fiercest controversies, and had a prodigious influence in the development of its theology. Read Mr. Norton's

* *Thoughts in my Garden.* By MARY G. WARE, Author of "*Elements of Character.*" Boston: Crosby and Nichols, and Wm. Carter and Brother. 1863.

third volume of Evidences ; or, what is a good deal better, read Bauer's History of Gnosticism. The monasticism of the Greek and Roman churches grounded on the idea of the essential evil of matter ; celibacy and asceticism are the portentous shadows of Gnosticism, in its partial eclipse of Christianity. The death-struggle between Athanasianism and Arianism was a conflict between Christian and Gnostic ideas. The world said Arius was created by Christ, who was himself a creature *made out of nothing*. Therefore the material world does not image to us the perfections and glories of the Godhead, but the attributes of a dependent finite being. The Divine incarnation becomes an impossibility and an absurdity, and an eternal gulf lies between God and the universe.

Athanasius opposed to this dreary and disjointed system the formula, that the Son was not made, but *eternally begotten of the substance of the Father*. He did not originate this idea ; he found it in the Church already, and wielded it with destructive power against the Arian absurdity. The Logos is not a creature out of nothing, but a substance eternally begotten of the Father, from which he made the worlds, and in which he became human, and was clothed in our nature : this was the gospel of the Catholic fathers, and by it God was seen yielding himself to his universe, and revealing his glory in all his works as in a mirror. God is essentially in his Word, or Logos, and in this he creates all things visible and invisible, all grades of being, angelic, spiritual, human, animal, and Nature below the animal, spreading out her plane as the termination and basis of all. Thus God, though differenced from his universe, is immanent in it, and ever bringing it into unity with himself. This creation of Nature by the Logos of God, distinctly announced in St. John's proem, and elaborated by St. Paul, was the ground of the cosmogony of the early Church, and Clement and Origen have drawn it out at length as their theme of unfailing delight. The Logos is the Reason of the Father, — not as a mere attribute, but as

an essence, or *hypostasis*, of the Divine nature ; and as such is the ground-life or substance of all created things. It is the higher reason lying within all human reason ; it is the supreme wisdom working in all the forms of nature, the fundamental life whence all its excellence and beauty unfold and blossom.

This is the doctrine of Swedenborg ; but he has drawn it out with a scientific precision, and both with a comprehension and detail such as we do not find in Clement, Origen, or Athanasius. He insists upon the logical absurdity of the formula, that God created the universe out of nothing, and opposes to it the doctrine that he created all things out of himself, through his Wisdom or Logos. The divine life does not flow down through nature as an impersonal force ; there is a divine understanding that first receives it, stamps it with design, and determines it into all forms of beauty and beneficence ;—just as a wise and good man never acts from goodness as a blind instinct, but his goodness is moulded by his reason, and so appears in an orderly and beautiful life.

The divine life, however, does not flow down into nature *continuously*, but by what Swedenborg calls *discrete degrees*. While within the divine consciousness it is essentially divine, and so Christ the Logos is *ὁμοούσιος*, or consubstantial with the Father. But the divine energies flowing beyond the sphere of the divine self-consciousness cease to be divine substance, and become spiritual. Flowing still further, they cease to be spiritual, and become material, growing more inert as they recede from the divine centre of being. Thus the spiritual worlds were first formed from the divine Logos, but make a lower platform of existence ; then material worlds, forming a still lower one ; all created of the divine substance, but not themselves divine, because without the sphere of the divine self-consciousness. There are angels and spiritual beings clothed in angelic and spiritual forms, with a world about them, spreading abroad its scenery with all adaptations to their mode of life, — a world not shadowy, but real, — more

real than ours, because nearer in degree to the divine substance itself. And there are men clothed in material bodies with a material nature about them, adapted to their grosser wants, and reflecting, though more remotely, and on a lower plane, the spiritual world and the perfections of the Godhead. So, then, the creation is not a continuous *extension of God*, but his life flowing downward spreads out planes of being lower and lower. There is divine substance, spiritual substance, material substance,—each step downward being by discrete degrees, the lower not being of the same nature as the higher, but answering to it by fixed analogies.

Thus nature is created, not out of nothing, nor immediately out of God, but mediately through a spiritual world. But the spiritual world is both heavenly and infernal. Some receive the divine life purely, some corrupt and invert it; hence the heavenly and the infernal scenery. Hence Nature, which is created mediately through the spirit-world, is the image and ultimatum both of heavenly and infernal things.

Hence the “doctrine of correspondences,” which the New Church applies to the interpretation of nature and revelation. Nature is not God, but is formed mediately out of him. So all things good and sweet and healthful in nature are the imprints and ultimations of heavenly realities. All things foul and noxious are the imprints and ultimations of infernal life, and show its qualities. Through Nature’s gentle and beneficent wooings and gleamings we get openings into heaven, and thence farther upward into the divine glories of which heaven is the nearer type and image; and through Nature’s foul and noxious things, the poisons she secretes, the snakes and vipers she produces, we get openings into hell, and into man, so far as he admits hell into himself.

While Swendenborg, however, affirms with great emphasis the doctrine of the Catholic fathers, that God created all things from his Logos, and nature mediately from a spiritual world, we must connect with this his doctrine of “influx,” in order to get his whole thought. There is mediate influx

through the spiritual world into the natural, always creating nature and making its forms and appearances representatives of spiritual things. But this is not all. Into the *inmost* of all created beings and things there is the *immediate* influx of God. But this comes not into the consciousness of rational beings, since if so it would destroy their freedom, which God guards sacredly as the apple of an eye.

Thus God is immanent in all his works without being identified with them, and all natural things which he has made are living transparencies of spiritual; earth is the image of both heaven and hell, and heaven is the image of his Logos, or his divine humanity. The Bible is written in strict agreement with this economy. Its metaphorical style is not human rhetoric employed at random, but the employment of natural symbols by unerring divine inspiration, so as to set forth the eternal verities of the spirit-world and the Divine nature.

Mrs. Ware's "Thoughts in my Garden" is simply an outlook, or rather an inlook, through these natural transparencies into the kingdom of divine truth. To one who loves nature as the open book of God, what so abounding in beneficent types and heavenly suggestions as a garden? Its weeds and plants, its flowers and fruits, its opening buds and falling leaves, its insects that harm and kill, its bees winding their "small but mellow horn" in search for garden sweets, its birds, that sing to the sunrise, the cool crimson air of the morning bathing the temples and coming like God's fresh benediction upon the face of the earth,—these and a thousand other matters draw the spiritual mind from types to realities. Mrs. Ware does not make any attempt to amuse her readers merely; she writes with a serious purpose to do them good—to show them the nature of spiritual evil from its correspondences in natural evil, and from natural good and natural beauty to show them the openings inward and upward, and give them dissolving views of heavenly things. Her book is written with the same purpose as Harvey's *Meditations*,

work quite popular a few years since. Those who have read it will recall particularly his "Meditations in a Flower-arden." But Mrs. Ware's book is better both in style and matter, as the analogies for the most part are not fanciful, it real, the style compact as well as clear and beautiful, without being florid.

The opening essay is entitled "The Dawning Day." The next and the lesson from it are thus finely stated and drawn: —

"In the warm summer mornings I love to stand in the midst of my garden and see the sun rise, bathing the landscape with a refulgence of beauty such as no other hour of his course ever bestows. What the rose-bud is to the rose, the early morning is to the rest of the day. There is a freshness and purity in the aspect of the landscape then, that resembles nothing else so much as an opening bud of the queen flowers. There is a brilliant, crystalline clearness in the atmosphere, too, that gives a distinctness to the outlines of even distant objects, which is never produced by the glowing light of noon, nor the hazy gleam of the evening twilight. It is Nature's most genial hour, when her face glows with warmest welcome to her lovers, unobscured by any of those veils of earthly miasm, that are sure to dim the lustre of her beauty at a later hour.

"I think I am right in believing that there is a correspondence between this peculiar beauty of the early morning, and the commencement of the regenerate life. When the soul is first roused from its stupor of worldliness and self-love, a door seems suddenly to have opened, through which we look into the fair light of that city which has no need of the sun, and we feel as if we should never turn away from it to follow after the dim, earthly flame that has hitherto lighted our pathway. A vision of celestial beauty beckons us to go with it into the New Jerusalem, and we think we shall never tire, while our day of life lasts, of strewing palm-branches along the way, and singing psalms of joy and praise. This period is of short duration. The rising of the natural sun soon causes the vapors of the earth to ascend, and dim the transparency of the atmosphere, even in the fairest days; and so, in like manner, the spiritual sun shines in upon our souls, and, as it rises higher and higher, reveals to us more and more of the noxious evils that permeate every fibre of our being.

The warmer the sun shines, the more quickly the vapors rise, and the more distinctly the evils of our nature become revealed to us. It may be, that, as the day advances, we shall forget our own vision of the morning, and, blinded by the mists that wrap us round, succumb to evil, until we lose our faith, so that our noon shall be shrouded in darkness, and our sun go down in the blackness of despair. Such cannot be the result of a genuine conversion. If the light and warmth of the early dawn awoke a sincerely answering love in the soul, the memory of that first vision of the heavenly life will go with us through every moment of the day, kindling a faith that shall give us light, though thick clouds overshadow our path; giving us a rejoicing hope for brighter hours in store for us; and finally, burning with the steady flame of charity, shall keep the heart warm and the head clear in every trial and emergency life can bring."

These are pregnant hints and openings for the thought's upward pathway, without intending to exhaust the correspondences of the morning. They would fill a volume. Childhood and youth are the morning of life. This is not figure, but analogy. In our state of natural innocence and trust, our evils are quiescent; nature lies upon our minds in its unsoiled freshness and unfaded charms. As we advance towards noon, we "travel from the east." Our innocence is lost, our evils wake up, a glory has vanished from the earth.

"I have lost — O many a pleasure,
Many a hope, and many a power,
Studios health and merry leisure,
The first dew on the first flower."

But though the first natural innocence is lost, it may be more than regained through regeneration. Our hot and weary noon, with all our evils aglare in the consciousness, passes into a second state of innocence. Our evils have been resisted, and fade off into twilight and oblivion, and we are prepared for a new sunrise on the soul more clear and fragrant than the first. So we wait at tranquil evening for a new dawn:

"Till another open for me
 In God's Eden land unknown,
 With an angel at the doorway,
 White with gazing on the throne;
 And a saint's voice in the palm-trees singing, — ALL IS LOST — and won!"

A complete cycle of spiritual experience is called a day, — ending in black midnight with the incorrigible and unrepenting; ending in mild evening with those who deny their evils, to be succeeded by a new and more glorious dawn.

Our first crude notion of heaven is that of a fixed, unchanging noontide from God. Swedenborg expunges this notion. Angels as well as men have their morning and evening, passing through cycles of change. When a new cycle commences, God is vivid in the consciousness, the selfhood is lost sight of, and the soul with all its scenery is bathed in morning sunshine. But the selfhood emerges again into the consciousness, the light grows dim, the evening comes on, the faculties fold in with heavenly rest like flower-leaves at night, only to open again, however, to a new dawn of God in the soul. So the angelic days are changes of state through which they rise from glory to glory.

Mrs. Ware's chapter on Birds is very charming and very instructive. The thoughts and imaginations always flying up out of the heart, are the birds of our spirit-realm. The reader has only to watch the fancies teeming within him, and winging their way out of him every moment, and to imagine these embodied in visible form, to know what spirit he is of, whether, if he saw his thoughts out of himself, their plumage would be white and fair, or whether the moral air about him is always winged with birds that are noxious and unclean.

"Walking lately along the border of the intervale that stretches away for two or three miles to the north of my garden, I observed a pair of red-winged blackbirds flying near me. I suppose I had approached their nest, from the manner in which they flew around me in rather a wide circle; but keeping sufficiently near to show that I was an object of suspicion to them. Sometimes their flight was

rapid, with a quick fluttering of the wings ; then they would close the wings entirely, and dart a considerable distance through the air, descending a little and looking more like a fish than a bird. When they were preparing to alight, they floated downward with a movement so graceful, and withal so gentle, that it could be compared to nothing but that of a wreath of smoke. They almost always chose some slender weed for their alighting place, which one would have supposed too feeble to sustain them, but which swayed so slightly under their weight that it seemed as if there were some secret sympathy between the plant and the bird, by which the one became strong to bear, while the other became light to be borne.

"The way in which the crimson feathers of the outer side of the wing came into view, and then disappeared, as the birds circled round me, was very beautiful. Sometimes only the jetty black of the under parts of their little forms could be seen. Then a sudden turn in their flight would bring the crimson feathers flashing in the sun, and make them gaudy as butterflies.

"While I stood watching them, a crow came in sight, and sailed heavily over the meadow, pursued by a little bird who, having mounted into a higher region of the air, and being much quicker in its movements than the crow, was able to torment him by darting down and striking his back with its bill, in a way that evidently tormented the great, clumsy bird ; but from which he seemed quite unable to escape.

"The grace and elegance of the blackbirds, the ponderous weight of the crow, and the agile combativeness of the little bird, thus brought into direct contrast, offered an interesting illustration of some of the doctrines of correspondences, as they have been given us through Swedenborg.

"All winged animals correspond to thoughts, true or false, wise or foolish, pacific or combative, pure or unclean.

"Endlessly varied as are the tribes of insects and of birds, even so varied are the thoughts that throng the brain of man. The old Greeks, when they called man a microcosm or little universe, comparing him with the macrocosm or great universe, uttered a literal and precise truth. It is probable that this truth was handed down orally from the most ancient church that dwelt in Eden, and the wise Greeks could see, in a general way, that it was a truth. In the light of the New Church we are enabled to perceive this truth

with a particularity to which the Greeks could not have attained, and which fills the natural sciences with a life and interest hitherto unknown.

“ There are discords as well as harmonies in the universe ; things noxious as well as beneficent ; fearful as well as lovely. These, too, exist from the power of God, but by his permission, not by his approval. In them are mirrored the traits of man’s soul, distorted by love of self and love of the world. Passions like wild beasts, that hide themselves from the light of day in dens of falsehood, to prowl secretly in darkness and destroy the neighbor. Lusts that crawl like reptiles upon the earth, defiling it with their touch. Thoughts that soar with strong wing, as if to scale the heavens, but in reality only the better to scan the earth for living prey, or, baser yet, for carrion. Fantasies soaring in clouds like locusts, obscuring the light of the heavenly sun, and then falling upon every green thing that sun vivifies, leaving nothing in their track but desolation and famine.”

That all truth and all error are seed grain, and that the human mind is a field in which it takes root to spring up and bear fruit and become a place of weeds and briers, or else a blooming and fertile garden, is a correspondence that falls to the common apprehension of men, and which our Saviour has drawn out at length in the parables of the sower and of the tares of the field. Mrs. Ware’s chapter on “ The Sowing of Seed ” is very finely elaborated, and the analogies which are drawn forth are not only lessons of caution, but lessons of rare encouragement to parents and teachers, whose patience is severely tried in sowing seed and looking in vain to see it germinate.

“ Seeds have many ways of springing. Some of them come up almost immediately, and in a few weeks are covered with bloom. Others come up, but remain of little worth during the first year of their life, blooming only the second. Others again require long terms of years to bring the time of the blossom and the fruit ; and it is the plants of the greatest value that, for the most part, require the longest time to arrive at perfection. In one point they all agree. Before there is any growth upward into the light and air, there is always a growth downward in darkness and secrecy. The delicate

rootlets must first clasp the earth, and be prepared to draw nourishment from it, before the tender blade begins to grow. All this corresponds precisely with the growth of the principles of truth in the human mind; and all this should teach us to sow patiently, and wait the Lord's good time for the springing of the seed and the whiteness of the harvest. Our touch is too rude to permit our opening the ground with safety; and we must content ourselves with letting the seed go through the first stages of growth in the secret places of the soul, that can be penetrated only by the eye of Omniscience.

"In like manner, we must be patient with ourselves. We understand little, if anything, more of the growth of truth inward in our own souls than in the souls of our neighbors; but this inward growth must, nevertheless, take place before there can be any outward sign. We cannot tell whence or how the Holy Spirit breathes the breath of life into the soul. There are times when we feel as if we were making no progress. Our minds seem so dead that nothing can grow there, just as the earth lies in our gardens when long, cold rains come after seed-sowing. We must wait and watch, sustained by faith that the sun is behind the clouds, and will after a while prevail over them.

"Probably every person who has reached mature life has experienced the sudden and unexpected quickening of truth that had lain inert in the mind, and almost forgotten. The being placed in new circumstances, bringing out new wants or capacities in the mind, or setting in motion new trains of thought, will often recall some text of Scripture, or some wise saying of man, which we long since heard or read without giving any special heed to it, but which now rises in the memory and suddenly expands into a growth of beauty and of power that fills us with surprise and delight.

"In the tribulations and bereavements of life, when the heart bowed down and bruised and torn in every fibre, so that it seemed impossible its wounds can ever heal, after days and weeks, perhaps months of despair, all at once, we know not how or why, some phrase of consolation will rise in the memory like a strain of soft music, and subdue us into listening silence, as the stormy waves sunk in quietness at the 'Peace! Be still!' of the Lord. We had, perhaps, known the words from our childhood, but they had never been of a personal interest to us before. We had not thought of them, it is

be, for years. Now they come to us with a tender pleading that cannot be resisted, and suggest new trains of thought, and open new sources of emotion, and there is a great calm in the tempest wherein we had been struggling so long. We are lost in wonder at what manner of power this is that has suddenly taken possession of us and subdued us to His own paternal will, till our anguish and our want of submission are lost in the enfolding arms of Eternal Love. The little seed, so small we had never before given it a thought, has grown into a great tree, overshadowing our whole being.

"Some years since I planted a handful of the red seed-vessels of the sweet-brier, without being aware how slowly they germinate. I looked for them all through the summer in vain, and supposed they had perished in the ground. The next season the earth was dug up without any regard to them, and other flowers were planted over them that grew and blossomed more readily, but no sign came from the briars. The third year I was carelessly weeding the spot, not supposing anything of worth was there, when I perceived the peculiar odor of sweet-brier. I was puzzled for a moment whence it could come, as there were no plants of it in the garden that I knew of. Then I remembered that here was the spot where I had so long since planted the seeds, and on carefully separating the weeds I found ten little briars, which, though scarce an inch in height, filled the air all around them with delicious fragrance. They have grown and flourished since into tall and graceful plants, and as I look upon them they preach me this sermon."

The essays on "Squirrels," "About Seeds," on "Disappointments," "Drought," and "The Power of Circumstance," are specially good. All the essays are full of wise suggestion in the work of spiritual culture, and if the reader thinks when he begins that the comparisons are merely fanciful, he will be pretty sure before he ends to turn his eye inward and find some spiritual want revealed and confessed. The book will be itself a handful of precious seed-grain to those who will read it with a good purpose. Young readers need more works of this kind, rather than those of mere precept or dry abstraction or endless story-telling. Our Saviour taught chiefly by parables, and the time will come, we are persuaded, when

spiritual things will be mirrored so clearly in things natural, that the material world, instead of hanging darkly between us and heaven, will abound everywhere with windows through which the believing mind will see the glories of immortality, and gaze on the adorable perfections of God.

8.

 ASPIRATION.

O HOLY Truth, dwell in my inmost soul, —
 Pervade, illumine, and sanctify the whole ;
 That, piercing through each veil, *His* searching eye
 No faintest shade of falsehood may descry.

O blessed Love, become my constant guest ;
 Make thou thy home within my longing breast ;
 Direct each word, each secret thought imbue,
 Bid each emotion to thyself be true.

So may that inner light, from day to day,
 O'er all my pathway shed its heavenly ray ;
 Each selfish aim subdue, each wish refine,
 And make the joys of others doubly mine.

Thus, like my Saviour's, be my daily food —
 My spirit's life — the joy of doing good.
 Though small my wealth, my strength, my talent small,
 To holiest ends I'd fain devote them all.

More of that grace that highest stands in heaven,
 To sanctify my earthly life be given ;
 So may this faltering, erring soul of mine
 Reflect some brightness from the Love Divine.

†

RANDOM READINGS.

NEW ENGLAND.

THE six New England States, which some politicians propose to leave out on a reconstruction of the Union, contain a population of 3,118,000,—about the same that the old thirteen comprised at the time of the Revolution. It has contributed largely to colonize the Western and Northwestern States, insomuch that all Northerners are called Yankees by the rebels and their English sympathizers. With a steady stream of emigration westward the New England States increase every year in population, the increase between the years 1850 and 1860 being 390,000.

There is a public debt to be paid by and by. It appears from the census and statistics of 1860, as we find them quoted by the Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, that Massachusetts alone returns *one seventeenth* part of the real estate of the loyal States, and *one eighth* part of the whole personal estate. It appears, too, that the annual productive industry of Massachusetts is \$350,000,000; that is, her labor earns over a million dollars per day. Though only one eighth as large as Virginia, her fields and work-shops produce annually more in value than the whole cotton crop of the South. On the same authority it appears that Massachusetts produces one sixth of the aggregate manufactures of the Union, claims one sixth of the iron-works, two thirds of the fisheries, one sixth of the imports, one tenth of the exports, one third of the whole ocean tonnage, and four fifths of the whale-fisheries. The interests of science and education cannot be put into dollars and cents, though these also are to be "left out" in the reconstruction. If, however, New England is to be left out because she will not work in comfortably to a great slave republic, she will probably be comforted in the faith that she will be withdrawn by a guiding Providence from the awful doom involved in national sin. Such a reconstructed Union would have in it more elements of explosive ruin than any nation whose wrecks now lie scattered along the courses of time.

CAPACITY OF THE NEGRO.

WHAT will be done with the emancipated negroes, and who will take care of them, are questions which begin to be agitated. When they are really free, we shall see whether they can take care of themselves. That some of them can take care both of themselves and other people we have had abundant proof. We find the following incident cited in a speech made a few years ago by the Hon. Edward Everett, which bears upon this point. Mr. Everett remarked, that the slave here referred to "ought to live in marble and in brass," and so we do our part in perpetuating his memory.

"When the news of the discovery of gold reached us from California, a citizen of the upper part of Louisiana, from the parish of Rapides, for the sake of improving his not prosperous fortunes, started with his servant to get a share, if he could, of the golden harvest. They repaired to the gold regions. They labored together for a while with success. At length the strength of the master failed, and he fell dangerously sick. What, then, was the conduct of the slave in those far-off hills? In a State whose constitution did not recognize slavery, in that newly gathered and not very thoroughly organized state of society, what was his conduct? As his master lay sick with the typhus-fever, priest and Levite came, and looked upon him, and passed by on the other side. The poor slave stood by him, tended him, protected him; by night and by day his sole companion, nurse, and friend. At length the master died. What then was the conduct of the slave in those distant wastes, as he stood by him whom living he had served, but who was now laid low at his feet by the great Emancipator? He dug his decent grave in the golden sands. He brought together the earnings of their joint labor; these he deposited in a place of safety, as a sacred trust for his master's family. He then went to work under a Californian sun to earn the wherewithal to pay his passage home. That done, he went back to the banks of the Red River, in Louisiana, and laid down the little store at the feet of his master's widow.

"There is a moral treasure in that incident. It proves the capacity of the colored race to civilize Africa. There is a moral worth in it, beyond all the riches of California. If all her gold — all that she has yet yielded to the indomitable industry of the adventurer, and all that she locks from the cupidity of man, in the virgin chambers of her snow-clad sierras — were all molten into one vast ingot, it would not, in the sight of Heaven, buy the moral worth of that one incident."

"THE pupil dilates in the night, and at last finds day in it; even as the soul dilates in misfortune, and at last finds God in it." — VICTOR HUGO, *Jean Valjean*.

DRAMATIC PIETY.

"PIETY which springs from a heart at repose in God, which feels that it possesses all things in possessing him, — in short, Gospel or Christian piety, which consists in bestowing one's peace and contentment on all around, is of course the loveliest possible adornment of the human spirit. But the piety of an unreconciled heart, a piety which is ambitious to qualify itself for the Divine acceptance by becoming something it intrinsically is not, — in short, legal or Jewish piety, — is awfully deleterious. You know how offensive all popularly accredited saints are apt to become. The obvious reason is, that their piety is dramatic and interested, instead of being real and contented; that it is generated from ostentatious, instead of working ends; that it is, in short, its own end, and therefore inwardly destitute of the Divine love and benediction; and piety which is its own end, which is not worked off, which is not continually wrought into the sparkling and joyous woof of life, is sure, like unworked steam, to become gaseous and attenuated, and finally to explode in ways very destructive to social continuity and comfort." — HENRY JAMES.

SAINT ANTHONY AND THE COBBLER.

THE Congregationalist points an excellent moral from the following legend of Saint Anthony, who was thought to be the pattern of all sainthood. He and the cobbler illustrate the difference between "dramatic piety" and the piety "wrought into the sparkling and joyous woof of life." The legend of Anthony runs thus:—

"One day, as he sat by the side of his hole in the rocks, absorbed in meditation, a voice spoke to him out of the breeze that was blowing by, saying, 'Anthony! thou art not so perfect a man as the cobbler that is in Alexandria!' Amazed, Anthony took up his staff, and started on his journey, his long white beard blowing against his breast in the fresh breeze that swept off the Mediterranean, until he came, after many days, to Alexandria, and searched out the cobbler's stall, — a narrow place; a little, dried-up, meagre man; yet with something bright in his eye, and something sweet even in the wither of his cheeks. Amazed to see so venerable a form as that of Anthony, the poor cobbler bowed, and almost trembled before him. 'Tell me,' says Anthony, — 'tell me what you do, — how spend you your time?' 'Verily, sir,' replied the little man, 'I have no good works. I am a poor, humble, hard-working cobbler, with little time to think, and no time to go forth to any great thing. I am up at the dawn, I pray for the

city, my neighbors, my family, myself; I eat my scanty victuals, and then I sit me down to my hard labor all the day. And when the dusk shuts down, I eat the bit I have earned, and thank God, and pray, and sleep. I keep me ever, by God's help, from all falseness, and if I make any man a promise, I try to perform it honestly. And so I live, trusting in Him, and trudging along the narrow path before me day by day, never fearing that, if I walk in it honestly, it will not bring me out, at the last, into the everlasting light.'

"Then turned away the long-bearded saint, and the voice in the breeze sighed, 'Ah me, that one life should be so humbly full, and another so proudly empty!'"

"BUT so have I seen a fair structure begun with art and care, and raised to half its stature, and then it stood still, by the misfortune or negligence of the owner; and the rain descended and dwelt in its joints, and supplanted the contexture of his pillars; and having stood awhile like the antiquated temple of a deceased oracle, it fell into a hasty age, and sunk upon its own knees, and so descended into ruin. So is the imperfect, unfinished spirit of a man; it lays the foundation of a holy resolution, and strengthens it with vows and arts of prosecution; it raises up the walls, sacraments and prayers, reading and holy ordinances; and holy actions begin with a slow motion, and the building stays, and the spirit is weary, and the soul is naked and exposed to temptation, and in the days of storm takes in everything that can do it mischief; and it is faint and sick, listless and tired, and it stands till its own weight wearies the foundation, and then declines to death and sad disorder, being so much the worse because it hath not only returned to its first follies, but hath superadded unthankfulness and carelessness, a positive neglect and a despite of holy things, — all which are evils superadded to the first state of coldness, whither he is, with all these loads and circumstances of death, easily revolved."

"HE that says he will take care he be no worse, and that he desires to be no better, stops his journey into heaven, but cannot be secure against his descending into hell."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

A Talk with my Pupils. By MRS. CHARLES SEDGWICK. Published and sold for the Author, by John Hoppin, New York. — This little volume, dedicated by one of our most widely known and successful teachers to another whose life has also been given to the calling, will be greeted with especial pleasure by the pupils to whom it is addressed.

To them its practical suggestions and affectionate and sensible advice will come laden with memories of a past to which many of them owe so much. Familiar thoughts and expressions will recall the kind and friendly tones which have given aid before, and a personal association will enhance its value.

But though written for "my pupils," it should not be confined to them. We recommend it to parents to put in the hands of their children, to teachers for *their* pupils, and to all thoughtful young women who wish aid in forming their own characters, and advice in shaping their course in life. Indeed, people of all ages will find timely suggestions for the daily duties of life, and matter for more thoughtful consideration. It is pre-eminently a wise book, — wise and simple. It bears throughout the impress of that outward and inward truth, — real truth of character, which the writer so continually and earnestly inculcates. The chapters on "The Love of Nature," "Days of Mourning," and "Moral Courage" will especially repay perusal.

Ten Chapters on Marriage, its Nature, Uses, Duties, and Final Issues. By WILLIAM B. HAYDEN, Minister of the New Jerusalem Church. Boston: William Carter and Brother. — We read this book with the same delight that we do everything which comes from this writer's pen. We give the titles of the ten chapters, assuring the reader that they are worthily treated: The Dual Creation, The Implanted Law, The Betrothal, The Uses of Marriage, Means of Union, Mutual Duties, What of the Future Life? The Conjugal Relation in the Life after Death, The Two Ways, or the Called and the Chosen, The Vision of Beatified Ones. s.

The Parting Spirit's Address to his Mother. By WILLIAM EDWARD WYATT, D. D., Rector of St. Paul's Parish, Baltimore. Illustrated edition. Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1862. — A beautiful exterior, and worthy of better contents.

The Congressional Globe, containing the proceedings of the first session of the Thirty-Seventh Congress; the *Report of the Smithsonian Institute for 1861*, and the *Art of War in Europe in 1854-55*. — Exceedingly valuable documents, for which Hon. Henry Wilson has our thanks.

The Rector's Vade-Mecum: a Manual for Pastoral Use, compiled chiefly from the Book of Common Prayer. By a Presbyterian of the Diocese of Massachusetts. Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1862. — An exceedingly attractive and useful little book, which many who do not walk in the "Presbyter's" way will find often in their hands, and be glad to take with them in their parochial walks, especially to homes of bereavement and sickness. We wish to say, in this connection, that the packages of hymns issued by the same firm are made up of a very choice selection of sacred poetry, and will be found to contain the very words which the pastor would often leave in the hands of a friend upon whom the burden of our days is pressing heavily. E.

The Sunday-School Prayer-Book. By J. TREADWELL WALDEN, Rector of Christ Church, Norwich, Conn. Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1862. — A charming little volume, both inwardly and outwardly. E.

PAMPHLETS.

The Fear of God. A Sermon preached in Unity Church, Chicago, on Sunday morning, Nov. 9, 1862. By Robert Collyer, Pastor to the Church. Published by some who heard it.

Proceedings at the Inauguration of Liberia College, at Monrovia, Jan. 23, 1862. Published by order of the Legislature of the Republic of Liberia.

Report of a Meeting of the Massachusetts Soldiers' Relief Association, held in Washington, D. C., Dec. 8th, 1862. By the Committee of Arrangements.

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BETHLEHEM.

(Continued from the February Number.)

FIFTY or sixty years pass away, and no mention is made of Bethlehem. The country is gradually settling down into a more definite and compact government. The days of the Judges are passed, and Saul reigns the first king in Israel.

But Saul has not obeyed the commandment of God, and the Divine displeasure is turned against him. He is warned by the old Prophet Samuel, who still lingers as a good angel, watching over Israel, — apparently exercising some of his old authority, or still powerful among the people by virtue of the reverent love they have for him, — that God has rejected him from reigning over Israel. Rebuked by the same voice that had first proclaimed him king, dispossessed of his power by the hand that had anointed him, stung by conscience, perhaps, Saul became a restless and selfish, and at times, no doubt, an insane man. Though he still, for some time, sat upon the throne, he knew that the sceptre had passed out of his family, while the good old man who had rebuked him, who had before been of so much service to him, returned to his own house in Ramah, and saw him no more until his death.

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From his life of inactivity and sorrow, consequent upon Saul's infidelity, he is at last roused by a command from God, bidding him rise, and fill his cup — or horn, as it is called, a common vessel, carried by all — with oil, and go to Bethlehem, and seek out Jesse, from whose sons he is to anoint a successor to Saul. Appointed again to his old task of king-making, the old man arose, grasped his staff, and took his way along the road which lay between Ramah and Bethlehem, some ten or twelve miles.

Now Jesse whom he was sent in search of was the son of Obed, who was the son of Ruth, the Moabitish damsel, whose fortunes and history we have already followed. He had probably inherited the fields in which his fair ancestress had gleaned, and dwelt in the same house to which Boaz had taken the young gleaner when he took her to wife; for in those simple days estates descended, generation after generation, from father to son; and it was the pride of the son to remain on the spot where his fathers had lived, and which was sacred to him as the place of their rest. Here Jesse remained in the home, among the fields of his fathers, — already an old man, — and growing about him, in the glory of manhood and the beauty of youth, eight sons. With the possessions of Boaz he had undoubtedly inherited somewhat of his character, while the people continued to him the same honors; and he was now a man well known, and held in repute.

Sitting in the gateway with the elders of the city, — the general place of concourse at the end of the day, — he sees advancing by the way from Ramah a man whose venerable aspect at once attracts attention, while his nearer approach excites in them all some emotions of fear. Many times they had seen him before, when he had come there in discharge of his duty as judge. Many times had he sat at the gate and inquired into the cause that he knew not, and administered the simple laws of the land; and though they could not but welcome the man, they could not dissociate him

coming, after so long an interval, from the administration of justice; and they tremble lest he shall have some judgment against them. As they rise and greet him, they ask, "Comest thou peaceably?" He reassures them at once, by answering, "Peaceably"; and then shows that his visit is connected with the other part of his duty,—with his office of prophet, not that of judge,—and, as he had in other cities of the land, so was he come there to sacrifice; for the Temple was not yet built, and the times were so troublous that these sacred duties seem to have been performed but irregularly, and only at the coming of a Prophet. "I am come," he says, "to sacrifice unto the Lord. Sanctify yourselves, and come with me to the sacrifice." And, turning to Jesse and his sons, he sanctified them, and bade them go with him.

When the sacrifice was over, Samuel, with no small curiosity, begins to examine the sons of Jesse; for the Lord had as yet given him no sign by which he should know for which the honor is reserved. They stand by their father, seven comely youths, clothed in the simple peasant garb, the glory of Bethlehem. One of these God has selected to be the king over Israel. Which can it be? Closely he scans each form and feature,—turns from one to the other, and then back to the first. At length he singles out one, Eliab, the oldest, and says within himself: "Surely, the Lord's anointed is before him. But the Lord said unto Samuel, 'Look not on his countenance, or on the height of his stature, because I have refused him; for the Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.' " Then one and another stand up, and of each his judgment is, "Neither hath the Lord chosen this." And when the seven were all passed before him, he turned to Jesse, to whom he may have given some private hint of his purpose, and said: "The Lord hath not chosen these. Are here all thy children?" Now there was another; but Jesse had not thought to speak of him. If God would choose a king from out his family, surely it could not be his shepherd-boy,

away out among the fields, looking after the sheep. When Samuel puts the question, he answers, in some surprise, and, we may imagine, with hesitation: "There remaineth yet the youngest; and, behold, he keepeth the sheep." Now it was the custom with those who had the care of the sheep to remain by them, leading them to fresh pastures as the old became exhausted or dry. They were out in the fields by day and by night, through the season, as we find the Bethlehem shepherds still are when Christ is born. So the young David was not at the city gate with the others, at the close of the day; nor had he entered the father's thought, nor the thought of those seven young men, so proud of the Prophet's notice of them, so curious as to what it might mean. But Samuel sees now for whom God hath reserved the honor, and, turning to Jesse, bids him "send and fetch him; for we will not sit down till he come hither." Much, and mayhap with some jealousy, must those elder brothers have wondered, as they found the venerable Prophet refusing to sit at meat until the boy David is come; much more must have been their surprise, and deeper that jealousy, when, as the young David drew near, — ruddy with health, his beautiful countenance flushed with eager inquiry and wonder at his summons, — the grave old man went forward, and solemnly poured the horn of olive-oil upon his head, and anointed him king in the midst of his brethren. From the manner in which his eldest brother speaks to him several years after, in the camp before the Philistines, I suspect this visit of Samuel was remembered and treasured up in that home, somewhat as Joseph's brethren remembered and treasured his dream. The old man himself, his errand completed, silently and alone departed to Ramah.

This anointing was only significant of the intention of God, — a foreshadowing of what should be by and by. Saul was still king. David returned to his flocks again, as Saul himself had done after his own anointing. For some years yet he minded his father's sheep along the hillsides about

Bethlehem. And I suppose Jesse and his sons kept to themselves the secret of Samuel's visit.

And what was there about this boy David that should make him, in his fifteenth summer, the chosen of God for great purposes? We gather but little from the record. Samuel, who had been at once struck with the stature and the bearing of Eliab, seems to have been still more impressed with the appearance of David. He had a "beautiful countenance, and was goodly to look to"; and if the child was any way father to the man, if the character and the genius that lay slumbering within were any way written upon that countenance, it must have been beautiful and goodly to look to. He who afterward wrote Psalms that are truly immortal—that can be forgotten only when the soul forgets itself, only when God shall have swept all worlds, all souls, into oblivion—must have borne on his brow, in his face, some tokens a prophet might read. He was a boy, too, of courage and resource,—qualities a king always wants, which his country then needed. His vocation had its hazards. It led him away from men, among dangers which, as a good shepherd, he was the one to face. And he had faced them as few of his years would have faced them, and in that life gained the skill and the self-reliance which led him confidently to the attack of the giant before whom the whole army and the king quailed. For it seems, by the record, that when his three eldest brothers had joined the army, he had gone back from Saul, in whose employ he had been for a season,—at least, this is the only way of reconciling statements which seem to conflict,—to his old calling among the hills outside of Bethlehem; and his father, desiring to send provisions to his sons, and a present to their captain, and to know how it was with them, sent him to the camp. Arriving there, he finds all in dismay; and while he talks with his brethren, Goliath, the Philistine of Gath, comes up, repeating his threat and his boast. The young soul of the shepherd waxes impatient within him. One man to set at naught the

hosts of Israel and scoff at the living God! None to go in the name of the Lord, and stop that braggart tongue or perish in the attempt! the whole host of Israel dumb and trembling before the insulter! His purpose is taken. While he talks with the men, his eldest brother comes up angrily, and asks: "Why camest thou down hither? and with whom hast thou left those few sheep in the wilderness? I know thy pride, and the naughtiness of thine heart; for thou art come down that thou mightest see the battle." And the clear, calm eye of David is fixed upon him, as he grave replies: "What have I now done? Is there not a cause?"

And there was a cause; and the people began to feel, somehow, that here was the champion. One spoke with another about this stripling, and his strange words and manner, and then it was carried to the king. And the king sent for him and when he was come, lo! the same beautiful boy, who had soothed the frenzy of his madness with the sweet music of his harp! Astonished, he exclaimed: "Thou art not able to go against this Philistine, to fight with him; for thou art but a youth, and he a man of war from his youth." Then David rehearses the facts of his shepherd experience, calmly, courteously, and modestly: "Thy servant kept his father's sheep; and there came a lion and a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock; and I went out after him, and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth; and when he arose against me, I caught him by his beard, and smote him and slew him. Thy servant slew both the lion and the bear; and this uncircumcised Philistine shall be as one of them, seeing he has defied the armies of the living God." And David said moreover, "The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine." He had remembered his anointing. He was in the service—the chosen—of the God who had been defied. He felt that the duty was his, and his humble experience among the hills had given him strength and skill for the battle. And what else he needed God would give.

These are the glimpses that we get in the record of the shepherd-boy of Bethlehem. One feels with regard to it, as with regard to the lives of all the great and good in the Old and New Testaments, regret that he cannot know more.

Years pass away, and David is king; and there is war again with the ever restless and powerful Philistines, and David is sorely pressed. While preparing the city of Jerusalem, which he had just taken from the Jebusites, for the city of his residence, he is surprised by a secret movement of the Philistines, who suddenly appear in great force in the heart of Judæa, and throw themselves into Bethlehem before David is able to make any resistance, keeping a garrison there, while the main body of the army is encamped in the valley of Rephaim, which stretched out at the foot of the hills lying between Bethlehem and Jerusalem. With such a foe in such force so near, he deems it advisable to retire to the cave of Adullam, lying not far from either, which had before sheltered him in his earlier troubles with Saul. Here, with a few of his most reliable friends, he lay watching the course of events, ready to seize on whatever should favor his cause.

The cave of Adullam is described by travellers as a spacious natural cavern in the white limestone rock, consisting of many small chambers, like different rooms of a house, and capable of containing a number of men. Perched like an eagle's nest on the front of a rock, with a precipice on the opposite side of fifteen hundred feet in height, it is almost inaccessible, and probably was entered by David and his soldiers, as it is now by travellers, upon their hands and knees. From this eyrie, central, yet secure, he could lie and watch the movements of the main body of the enemy, encamped in the plain beneath him, and receive communications from, and send instructions to, his scattered forces, or strike a blow when it offered.

It was the harvest season. Pinched for room, suffering from heat, scantily supplied with provisions, weary of the

monotonous waiting his condition entailed, his thoughts, for no doubt by the familiar scenes in the midst of which he was shut, — scenes of his boyhood, — ran back busily upon the past. There were the hill-slopes where he had pastured his sheep, and where, in the night-time, he had considered the heavens; there was the spot where he stood when the messenger came, breathless, and said that his father and the Prophet desired to see him at once in the gate of the city where he had missed the one lamb of the flock, and there he had plucked the destroyer by the beard; under that tree, in the shade of that rock, when the sun was fierce, he had thought of the Rock that was higher than it; or when the sun was sunk in the west, and the moon and the stars had come out, he had told to his harp what the moon and the stars said to him of God; and just there, lower down, dearer than all, lay the old home, scene of so many pleasures and joys, now compassed about and held by an army, but an army that could not keep off the intruding steps of his memory. It was evening again. Neighbors and friends were gathered about the well by the gate. Laughing maidens drew water for their thirsty sheep; he could hear the impatient bleating of lambs; he could recall the faces, and the forms, and the tones of long ago, — the aged and the young who used to be there, — and he could feel again the old lingering reluctance at leaving the spot as the stars came out by one, and called all to rest. Then suddenly all these memories took form in one great longing, — it came surging over him as a flood, — and unconsciously his reverie uttered itself, “O that one would give me to drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem that is at the gate!”

Scattered about the cave, busied in their own thoughts lay the tried friends of his misfortune; stern men of war, but men whose hearts throbbed with reverent love for their king. Not a word was uttered that might lead David to suppose that they had heard his desire; but it had fallen upon the ears of those who were ready to die for him, — his passion

whim, even, was a sacred thing to them. At once they stole out from their hiding-place, broke through the host of the Philistines, drew the water out of the well of Bethlehem that was by the gate, took it, and brought it to David. Astonished at what they had done, the risks they had run, the love they had shown, David took the water. Its sparkle recalled the old well. It renewed the longing, and his whole soul yearned for one drop upon that aching tongue. Long he stood gazing at it, as one gazes at a thing long desired, suddenly possessed. He would not lift it to his parched lip, but slowly, reverently poured it out upon the ground, a libation to God, saying, as they stood by, hardly appreciating his mood, disappointed, perhaps, at the result: "My God forbid it me that I should do this thing; shall I drink the blood of these men that have put their lives in jeopardy? For with the jeopardy of their lives they bought it." And so Bethlehem is associated with one of the noblest acts of unselfish heroism which the pen of the profane or the sacred historian has recorded, and with one of the most touching instances of the surrender of a selfish desire to the great principle of duty to God. Greater is the fugitive David, as he stands there pouring out the water before God, than the David successful, mighty, honored, sitting on the throne and making the glory of Israel. Would that he had never swerved from his integrity, that no deep stain marred a life of so much beauty in conduct and faith!

Bethlehem has yet a further history. So far it is only bright and beautiful, — there is other brightness and beauty to come. One cannot but marvel at the much that is immortal that it has pleased God, passing by the great places of the world, to bring out of that "little one."

J. F. W. W.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT WOMAN.

(Concluded from the December Number.)

THE type of female piety, as seen in the Protestant Church, will be stamped with the peculiarities which distinguished this great branch of Christendom. Protestantism separates itself from Romanism in emphasizing personal experience and inward principle apart from ecclesiastical organizations. It is moral and spiritual, as contradistinguished from the priestly and sacerdotal. Hence it follows that its ideal of womanhood must have those features which are the legitimate product of its own spirit and ideas. The Protestant Christian woman is not a nun or recluse, but lives among human relations, and her piety, charity, and reform has to do directly with life, and her activities are employed for the improvement and increase of character, and for the establishment of a better and happier life on earth as well as in heaven. For the definiteness of comparison let us take illustrations which will most nearly correspond to those we have already given. For this purpose we have chosen the second Mrs. Judson, Mary Ware, and Margaret Fuller. As the biographies of these three women are so well known, reference will only be had to those traits in their characters which bear on our present theme.

Mrs. Sarah B. Judson was born in one of our humble New England homes. A scholar above the average, with a deep natural enthusiasm, and an abiding spirit of piety, that, even before her conversion, awakened in her mind an interest in the conversion of the heathen. When her religion developed into a personal experience, enriched by the indwelling spirit of God, she only needed to come in contact with the young missionary to have her deepest nature stirred. She gave her heart both to the man and his work. Her human affection and sacred consecration blended into one all-absorb-

ing sentiment. Her piety, having its source in the love of God, was strengthened by the deep undercurrents of human love. The sweet and sacred natural affections were not crushed, but had free play. The wife and the mother were not lost in the saint. When sorrow came, she shed the tear of human grief; but the baptism soon cleansed the heart, lamentation passed into resignation and trust, and the bruised affections found a cure in the hope of reunion and deeper joy in heaven. Though a stranger in a strange land, cast down, pressed out beyond measure, by affliction, she must go about doing good. Life to her was not to be spent in visionary dreaming and ecstatic transports, but in the tug and toil of lowly service. And when the fruit of weary labors seemed nearly ripe, and the hour of harvest, with its promised rewards, drew near, her most sacred anticipations were blighted by the death of her first husband; but amid this gloom she did not spend her strength to destroy human affection, but to sanctify it, make it more rich and holy.

Another feature in the piety of Mrs. Judson, in contrast with that of the female Catholic saint, is the union of the religious sentiment and a practical cast of mind. By nature she was a poet, yet her sentiment of piety did not run riot with intoxicated feeling. All the details of daily life were engaged in as religious duties. Feeling was subordinated to principle, and never took captive the judgment; and the natural affections, nurtured by the hallowed influences of an exalted faith, blossomed into a diviner beauty. When death came, it was not welcomed with rapturous enthusiasm, but with calm joy. Reflection kept the soul in poise, and faith, instead of riding rough-shod over the reason and conscience, sanctified them in their normal development. Her piety, in fact, had an air of reality, and spent itself in harmony with the soul's natural faculties and human relations.

If Mrs. Judson's religious experience is in marked contrast with St. Clara, so the piety and charities of Mary Ware are wholly unlike those of Elizabeth of Hungary. The one

was chiefly almsgiving, and looked to the relief of suffering; the other aimed to reach the mind, and through alleviation to rouse the moral and religious sentiments. In a remarkable degree, the biography of Mrs. Ware illustrates the religion of common life. It is homespun, and has for its groundwork the materials from which ordinary female lives are woven. Her sentiments are kept in reserve, and shrink from public expression. They are so unobtrusive that you cannot find her profusely spreading out her feelings, even in her private journal. Piety is synonymous with goodness. The practical and moral features of character are more prominent than the sentimental or ecclesiastical. Her activity was spent in common scenes and in the details of daily life. Her aim was to do the duty of the hour. Religion found expression in living for others instead of the luxurious enjoyment of pious emotion, and compassion did not rush forth as a blind feeling of pity, did not luxuriate as an exotic, but was intelligent, calm, and self-sustained. A character like that of Mrs. Ware could not spring up out of the Roman Catholic Church. By the devotee of the ancient faith she would be regarded as cold and moral, but lacking in the higher elements of piety. Its great staple is goodness. The feminine qualities are free from extravagance, and religion, being a conviction and principle more than a sentiment and passion, as a guide of action, is sustained and constant.

Margaret Fuller is the female type of Protestantism run to extremes. She was a woman of remarkable mental power, and holds somewhat the same intellectual relation to the women of her age as did St. Theresa to hers. Possessed of a marked individuality of character, so intense as to run into egotism, with unceasing activity of thought and restless aspirations, she is one of the most distinctive and original women of modern times, and an expression of some of its most radical tendencies. Had she been born in Spain, and in the sixteenth century, the spell of romantic literature, and the influence of the lives of the saints, would have taken captiv-

her brilliant genius, fired her vivid imagination ; and, under the guidance of the prevalent faith and ideas, her unwearied activity would have found scope and vent within the realms of the Church. But a child of New England, reared in the nineteenth century, at a period when transcendentalism sprouted, and the human mind, in its recoil from the established faith and arbitrary authority, was swinging to the verge of license, she ranged herself with the radical phases of opinion, and became, in the modern sense of the term, a reformer. She started from self, and made self-culture her chief aim of life. Self-development was the central thought of her being. "Very early I knew," is her language, "that the only object of life was to grow." With a wide range of learning, intellectual grasp of thought, and brilliant conversational powers, scarcely equalled, she expended her energies in the enlargement of her mind. With the heart of a woman and the head of a philosopher, she was profoundly agitated with the most difficult problems of thought and life. Her impassioned utterances, in their fervor and ecstatic tone, remind one of the Catholic saints. The same great struggles of woman's nature, the powerful hues of the human heart, only painted in different colors and on a different background. "I am weary of thinking. I suffer great fatigue from thinking. O God, take me ! I love none but thee. All this beautiful poesy of my being lies in thee. Deeply I feel it. I ask nothing. Each desire, each passionate feeling, is on the surface only : inmost thou keepest me strong and pure. Yet to be always going out into moments, into nature, and love, and thought ! Father, I am weary ! Reassure me for a while, I pray thee. O, let me rest awhile in thee, thou only love ! In the depth of my prayer I suffer much. Take me only awhile. No fellow-being will receive me. I cannot pause : they will not detain me by their love. Take me awhile, and again I will go forth on a renewed service. It is not that I repine, my Father, but I sink from want of rest, and none will shelter me. Thou

knowest it all. Bathe me in the living waters of thy love." This is the picture of a soul with incessant unrest. Ever goaded by high aspirations, and a heart throbbing with the mysteries of a feminine nature, she was not at peace. Thoroughly in earnest, morally and intellectually truthful, and with strong religious yearnings, she yet failed to reach a deep and calm joy. The strength of her intellect takes from imagination its warmth, and from the heart the rich glow of womanly affection, so that her thought, as refracted through her genius, becomes almost a white light. Her passionate utterances sometimes remind one of the fervid expressions of Rousseau. Her religion of self-development failed to bring spiritual harmony and peace to her soul, and her life rises up before us as an exemplification of the results of the extreme tendencies of Protestantism. In this respect, she is the complete antithesis of the Catholic saint, not so much in the features of character as in the forms they take. She is the Protestant personification of the female radical free-thinker and reformer.

In the two general types of womanhood which are furnished by these examples we see that the essential idea of the one is that of asceticism. Now the life of abstinence, fasting, and austerity, when blended with religion, produces an essentially imperfect and radically false piety. Such an one may impress the vulgar imagination, and fascinate the impassioned devotee, but is not consistent with the best rational Christian conception or the highest expressions of God's will. The genuine Protestant idea is the opposite of asceticism. It gives a wider scope to woman's activities, and opens up a more comprehensive sphere of action. Instead of a life in the convent, it takes woman into the world, and gives her work. It teaches that home is the centre around which her affections must cluster, but would not make this home a prison for her faculties. Protestantism hallows the ties of domestic love and consecrates toil. It would not separate earth from heaven, but spiritualize our earthly lot. The

enjoins "that we should put the cup of gladness to us, and yet be unintoxicated; to gaze steadily on all its sur, and yet be undazzled; to feel its brightness, and fly its thrall,"—making common duty the ground of life, and prayer the quickening impulse of religious m.

real type of womanhood will be seen in a beautiful harmonious Christian character. In some important particulars it will differ from the genuine type of manhood. Where in nature there is a generic difference in the

Solitary exceptions may occur; but the general law of difference is stamped on all human races, every species of created beings, and in vegetable life. Hence, in the estimation of the qualities of womanhood, which can claim alike a scientific and religious basis, reference must be had to the facts which actually occur in the case. In any given company of men, strength and courage will predominate; in a like number of women, tenderness and reliant affection will prevail. The man's opinions and actions will be influenced more by calculations of prudence and interest; the woman will more readily yield to generous and spontaneous impulse. The man will reach truth through reflection and reason, the woman rushes upon it through the feelings, rapid perception, sudden flash of insight. Before the advent of Christ, the traits which are distinctly feminine were held subordinate to manly characteristics. Christ reversed this. "The red cross of Christ," says Robertson, "shed a splendor of heaven upon a new, and, till then, unheard-of order of man, that which may be called the feminine order,—weakness, endurance, long-suffering, the passive strength of martyrdom." Hence, since the Christian era, woman has assumed a higher place in the world, and as the influence of our holy religion shall be more felt and recognized, her condition and position will be still further improved. A new view of the relation of the Gospel to woman opens up profound questions concerning her education and position

in society. We cannot here enter fully into the discussion of these great problems, and will only add a word. Christianity designs, and will most assuredly secure to her, a wider range of activity than is now afforded. Every advance civilization gives her faculties a freer scope. Her capacity for useful toil should be determined by experience, and not be prejudged by prejudice. God does not waste his creative force; and every talent or power he has given woman will be given for use; and why she should not have the free unfolding and use of every endowment, an opportunity for education and development equal to man, when judged by the light of reason and the most reverent faith, is a marvel. Because nature has stamped a generic difference in the two sexes, is no argument for hedging woman with conventional restraints, or dwarfing her God-bestowed faculties; and as we are moving in the pathway of true religion when every artificial barrier to her elevation and progress is overthrown. "Unless," adds the vigorous and far-sighted preacher Brighton,—"unless we are prepared to say that the truth which has been growing clearer and brighter for eighteen centuries, shall stop now exactly where it is, and grow no clearer,—unless we are ready to affirm that mankind will never learn to pay less glory to strength and intellect, and more to meekness and humbleness and pureness, than they do now,—it follows that God has yet reserved for womanhood a larger and more glorious field for her peculiar qualities and gifts."

Since woman owes so much to Christ, she is bound to him by the most sacred sentiments of gratitude and love. His religion calls on her to ennoble, spiritualize, and refine the routine of daily life,—to light it up with purer ideals, to fill it with a diviner tenderness and a holier consecration to God,—and thus, by faithful service and true devotion, to live as to be glorified by the indwelling presence of Christ. Thus will the world be enriched by the genuine graces and radiant loveliness of Christian womanhood.

S. W. B.

THE GRAVEYARD OF BUNHILL FIELDS.

If we may judge by the letters which get into print, comparatively few of the many Americans who visit London, and seek out its famous places, are drawn to what ought to be, to a descendant of the Puritans, one of the most attractive, — the Dissenters' Cemetery of Bunhill Fields. It is not easy, either, for those who determine to visit it to find the locality. Though it lies in the very heart of London, it is not near to the fashionable places of public resort. The highway which passes by it, once a great northern thoroughfare, has become, since the railways were opened, only an ordinary street; and you inquire in vain of the shopmen on the Strand, or the landlords of lodging-houses along the Thames, for the site of the ancient burial-place of heretics. A good map and a sharp observation are the only sure guides; and even with these there is danger of mistaking for the enclosure that you seek the more sightly enclosure of the Wesleyan Chapel-yard, or the more spacious area of the Artillery-ground, both of which are hard by.

The name of "Bunhill Fields" would indicate a large rural cemetery. Remembering its origin, one would naturally expect to find it remote from the haunts of men. This expectation, however, is by no means realized. A walk of ten minutes on the street which runs due north from the Bank and the Exchange brings you to the gateway of the yard. The aspect of the enclosure is anything but cheerful or beautiful. It is much too small for its celebrated name, — hardly larger than the Granary burial-ground in Boston, which it resembles, in being surrounded by the high walls of adjoining buildings. Only a few trees shade the ancient stones, and the larger part of the yard is as open to the sky as are the common graveyards of New England villages. The stones are numerous enough, and probably every foot of the ground holds human remains; yet few of the monuments

are striking, either for their beauty of form or their beauty of inscription, and it is provokingly difficult to find the graves which you are most anxious to find. The first impression is of a very ordinary burial-place, not wholly neglected, since some of the monuments are new, and interments still are made there, from time to time, but with very little in it that is quaint, striking, or suggestive. Nevertheless, this dull spot in the roar and rush of the great city has a history more touching than the history of the parks and squares and places of resort which the guide-books describe. It began to be a place of burial when, in the great plague of 1665, it became necessary to set apart a field of *Aceldama* for the promiscuous interment of bodies which could find no place in the vaults of the churches. Such a beginning might predict its after-use, as the fit sepulchre of those who were strangers in the household of faith, having no right to lie near to a consecrated altar. Whether the Dissenters chose this plague-cursed "potter's field," or whether they were compelled to accept it, we cannot now tell. All that is known is, that before the century had passed, it was marked as the Dissenters' Cemetery, and that eminent men in the ranks of the various schismatic sects had been laid to their rest in that field. Before room was found there for the mother of Wesley, many dear and venerable names had hallowed the spot. Not the most eminent names, certainly, in the heretical companies are associated with Bunhill Fields. Milton's remains rest in the chancel of St. Giles, Cripplegate. In vain you seek in the Dissenters' Cemetery for that strong inscription which has given fame to the gravestone of Baxter: that "he was the enemy of kings and bishops, and the very bond of rebels." The bones of the regicides, of course, are not there; and of the solid divines, not more than two or three are known to have left their names in the enclosure. The most of the graves are of men in humble life, whose only distinction for after ages is, that they were confessors of a creed on which the Church had set its ban.

The most conspicuous of the ancient monuments of Bunhill Fields is an "altar" tomb, on the east side of the enclosure, which bears the name of Dr. John Owen. It is a singular instance of posthumous retribution, that one who was rewarded with a lucrative living, for his zeal "against heresies," should have made his grave along with the heretics. Few even of theological students read now the works of the former Chancellor of Oxford and champion of the faith. His great treatises on the Perseverance of the Saints, on the Mystery of the Gospel, and on the Glory of Christ, with all their large and recondite learning, are finally entombed in folios which no one disturbs. Yet through the stormy period of the Revolution, few men of England had wider influence than the sturdy Independent, John Owen. From all the region around they came to hear his bold and strong sermons; and the favorite preacher of Parliament was the iconoclast who had dared, as a student, to resist the mandates of the chief ruler of the Church. It was Owen who preached before Parliament on the day after the king, Charles I., was beheaded. He was some time chaplain to Cromwell, and went with the Protector to Ireland and to Scotland. Only an express order in council prevented him from emigrating to America, and accepting the invitations which he received from two American seminaries. No man of the Puritan party was more enthusiastically praised, more ardently loved, and more variously honored. Even enemies confessed his fairness in judgment, and the cause of religious liberty found in this victim of intolerance a firm and resolute friend. The scholarship, the eloquence, the services to the state, and the services to the Church of this "Prince of Divines" would have fairly entitled him to a monument in Westminster Abbey, which he would doubtless have received, had he died twenty years earlier or twenty years later. As it is, he has only a stone and an epitaph in the neglected cemetery of the "City Road."

Another of Cromwell's chaplains, buried in this enclosure,

was Dr. Thomas Goodwin, a member of the famous assembly of Westminster Divines, and Rector of Magdalen College, a Oxford. He, too, in his day, was a bright and shining light of the Independent party. Five folio volumes contain his collected works, where those who are curious may study his genius, if they have patience for the task. Yet it is remarkable, that the great sermon which he preached, at the opening of the Protector's Parliament, in September, 1654, so complimented by Cromwell in his subsequent address, is not to be found in these folios. And, indeed, the fame of Goodwin rests now chiefly in the fact that he attended Cromwell in his last hours, and gave, by his reply to Cromwell's subtle question,—if one who had been converted could fall from grace,—a hope to the dying ruler. All Goodwin's polemics now are dismissed to oblivion, but the anecdote of Cromwell's death-bed is preserved.

In Bunhill Fields, too, was laid the body of Charles Fleetwood, general in the army of the Commonwealth, hero in the battle of Worcester, and husband of the daughter of Cromwell,—that Puritan of whom Macaulay writes, that "cried, in the bitterness of his soul, that the Lord had hid his face from him." The statesman and leader, who at one time held in his hand the destinies of the realm, was glad to purchase, by the silence and obscurity of his last years, an exemption from the penalty which so many of his brethren in arms were called to pay. The conqueror of a king might consider it an act of royal grace, that he could find a grave even with the fanatics and the preachers. The monument which once marked Fleetwood's grave has been removed, and there is no longer any sure sign to distinguish it. Of the last days of Cromwell's life, one of the most striking notices is in the Journal of George Fox, where he tells of an interview, in which the Protector "quizzed" him about his "self-esteem," and says that he "saw and felt a waft of death go forth against him," as he was riding in Hampton Court, at the head of his life-guard. The conceited Quaker, of whom

Cromwell made sport, became the companion, at last, of the dear and pious members of Cromwell's household. The long wanderings and multiplied pains of the ascetic apostle of the Inner Light, ended in the peace of Bunhill Fields. Tradition has kept the place of the grave, but there is no monument to distinguish it. It would have offended the memory of him who rebuked the show and pride of the world to have set any sign upon his grave. Not far in the cemetery from the supposed grave of the Quaker Fox is the supposed grave of the Baptist Bunyan. This, however, has a worn stone, with an inscription, which serves to recall the genius, the zeal, and the suffering of the author of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, neglecting, happily, to say how much he hated Quakers. The son of the tinker died two years earlier than the son of the weaver, else one who detested George Fox as much as he loved John Fox would probably have rejected, as harder than martyrdom, the thought of burial in such society. Posterity has quite forgotten the antipathies of these worthies, and sees rather a fitness in the adjacent graves of a pair whose fortunes, whose trials, and whose spirit were so similar. Another grave in Bunhill Fields, which the curious visitor will try in vain to find, is the grave of the author of *Robinson Crusoe*. It is De Foe, in his "*History of the Plague*," that tells us how this burial-place was first set apart. It was not far from his early home, for his father was a butcher in London, and the Smithfield market was in open sight from the Artillery-ground. The earliest recollections of the boy were of the scenes of the plague,—of the ominous cry, "Bring out your dead." De Foe was not a saint in his habits, or in his style of controversy; but he earned the right to a place among the martyrs and the godly, by perseverance in the cause of religious liberty, and by suffering for the sake of righteousness.

The name of John Dunton, attached to another grave, was famous among the oddities of London in the earlier part of the last century. He was at once author, editor, bookseller,

poet, and philanthropist. In his monthly magazine, the "Athenian Mercury," which extended to twenty volumes he answered all sorts of questions that were proposed to him by anonymous writers. Often he would go by night, under the protection of a constable, to the taverns and dens of infamy, to remonstrate with and rescue the victims of debauchery. One of his tracts bears the quaint title of "The Funeral of Mankind, proving that we are all dead and buried"; another is styled, "The Double Life, or a new way to redeem time by living over to-morrow before it comes. Alas, poor Yorick! The wit of John Dunton has found no longer interest than the learning of John Owen; and no one cares for those "frolics in verse" which delighted the worklings of the court of the First George.

Another grave in Bunhill Fields bears the name of Daniel Williams. For a century and a half, his library, in Redcross Street, has been open to the free use of all Dissenting ministers. The improvements of modern scholarship have superseded most of the old books of this library, and now it is rather curious than valuable to the theological student, and few avail themselves of its privilege. In works relating to the history of the Reformation, however, and in rare tracts it is exceedingly rich. It is one of the curiosities of London which no descendant of the Puritans should fail to visit.

In the centre of the cemetery are the tomb and monument of Isaac Watts. This, more than any stone in the ground, has been a centre of pilgrimage. Of all the company of pious and zealous men whose resting-place is here this sweet singer of the Christian Israel has the purest fame. The novel of De Foe has found successful imitators; the allegory of Bunyan is no longer a necessary aid in a religious household; but the hymns of Watts still supply the devotion of the home and the sanctuary, and are as dear to children as to elders. Yet it is singular that the *pastime* of this wise man, so skilled in the sciences, so apt in theology, a diligent student for so many years in the most abstruse lore of the

schools, should have become his highest praise. The well-trodden path has guided the feet of pilgrims to the grave of the poet and the psalmist, not of the doctor in divinity. His memory is kept, not in his sermons, which no one reads, or in his logic, which is no longer a text-book, or even in that excellent treatise on the "Improvement of the Mind," but in his songs, which are immortal, and which are, by general consent, first and best in the worship of God where the English tongue is spoken.

Other names of the tenants of Bunhill Fields might be noticed;—of Whitehead, the Welsh poet; of Ritson, the irritable antiquary, whose quaint collections of old poems, and whose fantastic habits of diet, Walter Scott has celebrated; of William Blake, the visionary artist, whom Charles Lamb called "one of the most extraordinary persons of the age," and Mrs. Jameson describes as the best painter of "Angels" after the Scriptural pattern; of Thomas Stothard, the painter and designer, to whose genius so many illustrated editions of the English poets owe their charm; of Thomas Hardy, tried for sedition and treason;—these, and how many more of men known in their day, but now forgotten, are gathered in their rest in that obscure field of the great city. The bicentenary of non-conformity, remembered in the year just passed by new foundations of charity, and in innumerable sermons, could not have been better kept than in restoring the beauty and the honor of this home of the dead.

C. H. B.

"THE kingdom of God consists in wisdom and righteousness, in peace and holiness, in meekness and gentleness, in chastity and purity, in abstinence from evil, and doing good to others;—in these things place your labors; for these things are profitable to men and pleasing to God."

THE BAPTISTS IN BURMAH.

THE history of the Baptist missions in Burmah presents much that is of romantic as well as of Christian interest. The tale has often been told, and has won the admiration and sympathy of all who heard it, how the brave and devoted Judson penetrated to Ava, "the Golden City"; how he won the favor of princes, and seemed on the point of achieving eminent success, when the breaking out of war between the English and the Burmese disappointed his hopes, and made him the tenant of a loathsome prison; how his noble wife ministered to his necessities, and besought the powerful for his sake; how, when his deliverance was effected, her own strength gave way; and how her form reposes in the land she labored to save, beneath the shadow of the tree then known as the emblem of hope.

There lies before us a volume, issued last year from the Baptist press in Philadelphia, bringing to us recent intelligence from that distant field of Christian labor. It bears the encouraging title of "Great Expectations Realized, or Civilizing Mountain Men." Its author, Mrs. Mason, is the wife of a Baptist missionary now in service there, and has herself, after a visit to this country, recently returned to his side. But, though happy in such station, she seems more qualified beyond most of womankind to stand alone. Her artless narrative has not the air of boasting; but as it is the tale of her own experiences, it necessarily exhibits the strength of faith and courage, and the fertility in resources which have given her, by God's blessing, the successful records. We offer some extracts from the narrative, believing that we cannot better aid the cause of a truly "liberal" Christianity than by diffusing among its adherents the knowledge of what other denominations are doing to extend the kingdom of the Redeemer.

Before commencing our extracts, however, something must be said of the field of labor to which they relate.

the war of 1826, which terminated the efforts of Dr. Judson at Ava, opened for him and other missionaries a safer mode of employment in the provinces which it wrested from Burman territory, and annexed to the British. To these extensive additions were made by the conquests of 1852 and 1853; so that now the regions on the eastern side of the Bay of Bengal, scarce less than those on the western, are open to the efforts of Christian philanthropy. In some respects, indeed, access is much more easy; for the chain of caste does not press upon the worshippers of Boodh as it does on those of Brahma, and the English, governing these provinces by the right of conquest, are not withheld from encouraging efforts for the good of the inhabitants by that fear of offending their prejudices which has so greatly retarded the progress of missions in India proper. The high character of Dr. Judson, and the eminent services he was enabled to perform in settling the terms of peace in 1826, gained for him, and those who followed him, the respect of the English authorities, which has been continued and increased by the example of those to whom it had been given.

Among the Burmans, properly so called, the success of the missionaries has not been remarkably great. But it is otherwise with the people known as Karens,—a different race, speaking a different language, and chiefly inhabiting the mountain districts. Among these, the preaching of the Gospel has met with a reception such as probably was never accorded to it before, since the days when the barbarians of Northern Europe thronged to embrace the faith of the Romans they had subdued.

At the time thus referred to, the Goths and Franks were drawn to Christianity by reverence for the greatness of a rising empire. With the Asiatic races the attraction is stronger, for the Christian power with which they are brought in contact is that of steadily advancing conquest. Even by the Karens, apparently, the English were regarded as conquerors than as deliverers. Mrs. Mason, after

relating a tale of misery, from the history of an invasion by the Siamese, adds the remark: "Indeed, there was no end to the sufferings of these poor Karens, who were always hunted by the Burmese, Talaings, and Siamese, until the English, their 'Sons of God,' gave them peace and protection."

This remark is followed by the singular story of the conversion of a woman of high rank.

"One day, Guapung was in a shanty by the Salwen river, when she saw a 'Flying Ship' come up the river. It was about the year 1827. She ran down to see the 'Flying Ship,' when a tall, handsome, white foreigner stepped on shore, and coming right up to her, extended his hand, asking in Burmese if she was well.

"Ma, th' kyen, — well, my lord,' she replied, with native grace. The stranger had only time to ask after her business, and say, 'Go in peace,' when he returned to the 'Flying Ship,' and she stood gazing after in mute amazement.

"Soon her brothers came, and she says:

"I've seen one of the Sons of God!"

"Did he speak?"

"Yes, and he gave me his hand."

"Did you take the hand of a foreigner?"

"Yes, for he looked like an *Aing*,' — angel.

"The brothers took her home to A Wah, — 'White Patriarch,' — (her husband,) the highest chief or king of Dong Yahn. He was a heathen, and though he adored his beautiful Guapung, his jealousy was aroused, and he beat her, as he often did in a fit of drunkenness. That night she was called to attend the ceremony of the 'Dead bone burial.'

"No,' said this modern Semiramis, — for she was one indeed in majestic beauty, with one of the finest brows and richest eyes ever created, — 'no; ever since I was a child I have served Satan and Shen Gaudama, yet they have never stopped my husband from beating me once. This white man spoke to me kindly, and gave me his hand. His God must be *The* God. Hereafter I will worship him.'

"True to her purpose, she began that very night to pray to the unknown God of the white foreigner, and this was her prayer:

"Great Aing! mighty Judge, Father God, Lord God, Uncle or Honorable God, the Righteous One! In the heavens, in the earth,

the mountains, in the seas, in the north, in the south, in the east, in the west, pity me, I pray! Show me thy glory, that I may know thee who thou art.'

"This prayer, she told me, she prayed for several years,—I think seven years,—never once again making offerings to idols or demons. After a long while, another white teacher visited her village, when she ran and sat down at his feet for nine days. Then a white woman appeared, that indefatigable American Phebe, Eleanor Macomber, whom Guapung hailed as a goddess, and escorted to her home, as, she said, like Venus right from the heavens, come to deliver the women of Dong Yahn from their oppressive masters; and indeed she did, under God, for the arrack-pots were soon cast out, and the men, from being a whole village of bacchanalians, became a sober, God-fearing people.

"Guapung, with Miss Macomber, was the means of raising up at Dong Yahn a flourishing Christian church, that became the parent of two other Pwo churches which Mr. Bullard organized in that province. All this was the result of a little human sympathy towards woman. Guapung knew that in her land woman was regarded as a slave, fit only to bear burdens, and never walk beside her husband or brothers; and this was why the simple act of giving her hand left such an indelible impression. Verily, this was Dr. Hudson's Great Sermon, for it was he who gave the hand; and if his unsundered soul could now speak from the spirit-land, would he not say to his brethren, '*Pity heathen women*'?"—pp. 47–49.

That the convert so strangely made received her new religion in spirit as well as in form, appears from the following incident:—

"One day, a woman in great distress came some five miles to Guapung, for a charm to cure her husband from running away. Guapung sat down, listened to her sad tale, then said, 'Yes, sister, I have a charm,' and repeated to her the story of Christ, of his forbearance, his humility, and his love for his enemies.

"Now go,' says Guapung, 'and ask your husband home, and don't scold him again, and see if he don't love you.'

"About three weeks after, a man came over from that woman's village to see 'Guapung, the big teacheress, who had the charm'; and he understood that Jesus Christ's religion did not allow women to scold their husbands! The unhappy woman, he said, was living

quietly with her husband, and the men of the village were all anxious to have their wives join the Christians.

“‘Ah,’ said Guapung to me that night, ‘if Jesus Christ’s women only make home happy, the men won’t oppose them.’” — p. 62.

The following extract introduces to us two interesting classes. The Jew is found in all countries, but the Anglo-Indian, or Eurasian, is the peculiar and unhappy offspring of civilized vice and heathen ignorance.

“A very pretty, intelligent Anglo-Indian young woman became my Bible-reader. Her name was Jessie. She visited more than a hundred and fifty Burmese women with me, besides many of her own people. Jessie had known sorrow, and was therefore fitted for the work. No person whose heart has not been bowed by grief is prepared for it. Lessons in sorrow are just as necessary to the Bible-reader in heathen lands, and in Christian lands, too, as discipline in language or arithmetic.

“‘Miss Jessie, have you brought your Jesus-book to-day?’

“‘Yes, Rabbi.’

“‘Well, read, Miss, read. Don’t speak. I’m sick; read.’

“It was Mr. Ezekiel of Maulmain, the favorite Hebrew there. Jessie could read the tone. She was much surprised at the command, for he had always forbade her opening her New Testament; but she obeyed at once, asking no questions. Slowly, distinctly, she read on, the fifth chapter of Matthew, then the story of Nicodemus, then of the young lawyer, then the parable of the sower, the husbandman, and much more. The Hebrew had turned his face to the wall, and uttered not a word. His wife sat by and listened, swinging her infant. She, too, so silent, they could hear every drop of the pattering rain. Finally, Jessie closed her Jesus-book, pressed the sweet Jewess’s hand, and went out.”

Describing a meeting, some time afterward, with this Jewish family and others, Mrs. Mason says: —

“The discussion was prolonged until a very late hour; and after all the others had retired, I saw Ezekiel standing with his friend Mr. Cohen, apparently preaching to him Jesus, the Holy One of Israel, while Mr. Cohen’s excited tone, eye, and manner expressed

all the scorn of the Pharisee. They were speaking in Arabic, but I could distinctly hear Ezekiel saying the 'Mesheah,' the 'Mesheah,' and pointing him to Isaiah. It was a moment of the deepest interest to me; and the officer told me that Mr. Ezekiel did acknowledge to him, alone, that he had a New Testament in his own house, and had read it twice through. Moreover, that he did sometimes doubt, and scarcely knew what to believe about their long-expected Messiah. 'But,' he added, 'suppose we believe this book. What can we do? We are dependent upon our business. If we confess Jesus to be the Christ, we shall surely be cast out of the synagogue, and then not a Jew will do business with us.'

"Do people think what it was, what it is now, to be put out of the synagogue?"

"As I looked on my friend, Ezekiel, in the saloon of the *Burmah*, thought went back to Jessie and my Eurasian friends in *Maulmain*. One eye after another rose around the cabin beaming with hope, love, and high resolve, till I laid my head down and wept for Jessie and my old Sunday school. The pupils and teachers of this school were very dear to me, and Jessie was my principal helper. Thrilling scenes and discoveries did we meet in our visitings among the Eurasian children and their heathen mothers in *Maulmain*.

"One Burman woman insisted that she was married, that the white man ate pickled tea with her, which is the same as joining hands in English; but a third, the mother of three little children, looked up and said: 'My mother sold me when thirteen years old. The father of my babes will never marry me; I am not his color. I dare not ask it. He never promised it. What can I do? If I leave him, my children die. Lady,' and the big tears stood in that heathen woman's eye, — 'lady, it was a Christian who bought me; will not the Christian's God pity me?'"

"At another place we found a woman sitting upon the grass, beating her bosom, and moaning most piteously. Her curly-headed, blue-eyed boy had been taken from her, — stolen from her in the night, — and sent across the ocean for an English education. She would never see him again, or if she did, only to be cursed by him. She was a *maniac*." — pp. 71, 72.

Our lady missionary understands the connection that the Gospel has with cleanliness and energy.

"When I began teaching the Karens of Dong Yahn, they refused to wash their own clothes, but insisted on my hiring a washerman for them. I insisted on their doing it themselves. Then they wouldn't bring their clothes at all; so I was obliged to go to the rooms of each pupil, for I then had men, women, and children. Finally, it occurred to me that they held it as degrading because we hired a dhoby. So one Saturday I called all together, placed the children over the fires and the well, and took the mothers to the wash-tub; I got out my children's clothes and went into the soapsuds in earnest. 'There,' I said, 'you see how book-women can wash.'

" 'Mama makes herself a *cooley*,' said one of the preachers, with unutterable scorn.

" 'And what, Bahme, did the Son of God make himself?' I asked, when he walked away. The example moved them all, and proved a decided success; so that from that time no more washermen were called for my school, and even after I found they washed every week regularly in the jungles. One had gone so far as to get a flat-iron, and even ironed her husband's jackets." — p. 73.

The effect sometimes produced by a single tract is illustrated in some interesting narratives, of which this is one:—

"One day I was talking to a houseful of women, through my interpreter, for I could n't speak Burmese, when a tall, handsome man rose up from the door where he had been sitting unnoticed in the crowd.

" 'Lady, lady, let me tell that,' he exclaimed; and he began, and narrated a history of the creation and fall, as perfectly as any Christian could.

"Mr. Mason was deeply interested in this man. He stated that he was an officer in the last war with the English and Burmese. That his son was killed by a shell on the taking of Shwadagon. He was seeking for his dead boy on the battle-field, when he saw a white book on the ground. He clapped it into his bag, and after interring the remains of his son he started back in his boat for Tounghoo. There, lonely and sad, the white book recurred to him. He took it out. It was the first paper book he had ever seen, and he was led to notice it on account of its whiteness, and its being there so like a spirit, he thought, beside his boy.

"Wonder if Moung read this?" he says to himself. Throws aside the oar, flings his mat down on the bottom of the boat, and there drifting on the river alone with his God, he read that Christian tract. It was 'The Balance,' by Dr. Judson. He reached home. His wife and daughter came, eagerly inquiring for the son.

"Gone,—gone with the dead. The god let him die. Why should we worship?" and then he took out the book and read to them. It comforted them too, and so whenever they felt distressed about their dear boy, they would take out the white book, which seemed almost to take his place in their affections.

"To our great surprise and joy, this man's wife, and a beautiful daughter, I should think of sixteen, came forward and corroborated all the officer had stated; and he immediately said, like the Ethiopian officer, 'See, here is water, what doth hinder me to be baptized?' I have ever since wished that they had been received, but it was so sudden, and Mr. Mason just leaving, he counselled them to study the Scriptures and defer the ordinance until he should return. The wife, and daughter, too, came forward right there before our houseful of Burmese, and applied for baptism. The daughter had learned to read on purpose to read the white book herself, and I have no doubt is now a hidden Bible reader in the interior of that dark empire.

"On our return we found the family had gone; had been driven away without doubt on account of their new faith, for the magistrates well remembered the man, and spoke of him as that Yasu Kriek man.

"We heard of him in Baumo trading, but he still had the tract, and went everywhere reading to the people, so that he was known as the 'White-Book man.'"—pp. 123, 124.

The singular resemblance of the Karen traditions to the narratives of the Bible is thus noticed:—

"'Who is this Yuah you tell of?' I inquired of the Karen minstrel, when he repeated a stanza of poetry, perfect rhyme, embodying their old traditions, saying Yuah made the heavens, the earth, the sun, the moon. Yuah made man, and all things, just as we have it in Genesis. Passing strange this, for the minstrel had never before seen a Christian teacher, or heard of Karen books, yet he had the very same traditions that we had found in Tavoy and Maulmain, two and four hundred miles distant; while his dialect was so different from the Karen dialects of those regions, he could not understand five words.

“‘Where did you learn this?’ I inquired.

“‘O, far back, anciently.’

“‘Who taught you these things?’

“‘The Fathers. Old people.’

“‘Who told them?’

“‘The Mau.’

“‘Who were the Mau?’

“‘Don’t know. Prophets; good men, inspired by Yuah.’

“This was just what the Pwo Karens had told us everyw
When I first met Guapung she told me the same story, and a
chief down in the Mergui jungles told me the same.”

“The Biblical traditions of the Karens are singularly clear
pure. The story of the first man and woman, of the temptatio
God having dwelt with man, and of salvation by the One God,
have handed down, they say, from that ancient skin-book.” —
160–162.

Respecting this “skin-book,” the following note is gi
elsewhere: —

“‘The Book’ of the Karens, the only one they seem to have
remembrance of, and this one contained the words of Jehovah. T
wise men say there were seven brothers, and they, the younger,
God’s word on skins. They were careless, laid it at the foot
plantain-tree, and the white brother carried it off, and by it be
the favorite sons of God. This looks much like the story of J
and Esau. They fully believe the white brother is to bring it
to them, which points to northwestern lands.” — p. 141.

Our energetic “Teacheress” visits Calcutta, is recei
with respect and favor by persons in high authority th
including the English Bishop, and Viscountess Canning,
lady of the Governor-General. She obtains a grant of l
and pecuniary assistance for the establishment of a g
school among the Karens. The converts go to work, u
her supervision, to erect the intended building. An
other favors, she had received permission from the gov
ment to cut fifty large logs of teak. These were to be
cured from a distance up the river, and floated down to
site of the proposed school. The men “went out by do

anties, working a month at a time, supplying their wants and mostly their own provisions." But the building enterprise did not run smooth. Con- authority still remained in the hands of native officers, and one of these pronounced the logs con- sider the pretence that the people had cut ten more been granted. After applying to a friendly British s. Mason found that the best way would be for her he forest herself, and count the logs. With her consent, therefore, — let none blame the excellent continuing his translations, and leaving the ele- to a lady so competent, — she set forth; her first seedings being described in a letter to him, which follows: —

My Husband, — Now do you want my journal? Well, you , on the day I started I received a note from a certain , I am sure, must have forgotten the first clause of the e in the fifth chapter of Ecclesiastes, for he wondered the n't move systematically, forgetting that in this land there r-mills, but all have to be worked by hand, and go upon ist like the long saws the Karens use. But, subduing my it at such forgetfulness, I attempted to take a seat on the e of the elephants, when both flapped their great fans and eir trunks in unutterable scorn. The moment I touched 'd go; and if he thought I had got on, he'd begin and all his might to throw me off, like the elephant in your : Talaing Joan of Arc, which would n't go near the con- l because she was inspired."

Elephants and their objections seem to have been unmountable, and the lady betook herself to the her many difficulties, they reached the encamp- heir Karen friends.

As we reached the camp, I started out with one of our d of Managers on an elephant, crossed the river, and mb; and climb we did indeed, for nearly an hour. Now gh a deep ravine, then up again, until we reached the a mountain far distant.

“ ‘Dear me! not far enough yet?’ I asked.

“ ‘No, mama.’ So down we plunged again into a deep, deep gorge, and there, between two almost perpendicular ridges, lay one of the monster logs that had been such a trouble to them. Around this three or four more, all too large to be ever pulled up the mountain or through the gorge. The Karens have tried to hire the Burmese to saw them in two, but they demand four rupees each, so they are trying their own skill; and they wanted me to see their management. ”

“ I don’t much enjoy tramping over these jungles myself, or having the Karens, for I half expect a tiger-leap at every turn. Still we must do it, and we are going in another direction to-morrow where I am told a few trees have been felled,— a whole day’s journey there and back. Good night. I’m going to read Deut. xii. and you please tell the boys to read Luke xiii. 19.” — pp. 292–293

Our authoress has the gift of poetry, too. Of her verses scattered through the volume, the following is a graceful specimen. Its subject is an Indian tree, “that queen trees, the *Amherstia*.”

“ Ho! Trockla, thy tide
Hath a beautiful bride,
The child of an iris-wreathed shower;
With a veil flowing down
From her emerald crown,
While its fringes unfold
In scarlet and gold;
A glorious sight,
Ever graceful and bright, —
The Queen of thy Salwen bower.

“ Tall, sweet-blossomed trees
Are wooing the breeze
O’er every Indian glade;
But though they allure
With their fragrance so pure,
The *Amherstia* is fairest,
The noblest, the rarest,
Nor all the rich flowers
Of Albion’s bowers
Can vie with its purpling shade.” — p. 84.

But we must take leave of this book, interesting and instructive, notwithstanding some faults of style. It tells us (page 31) that, "In all, there are on the Burman coast twenty-two American missionary families, with about four hundred and fifty native preachers and schoolmasters, and some twenty-six thousand baptized converts. Of these, about five hundred and fifty are Burmese and Talaings, and twenty-two of the preachers; the others are mostly Karens." Such has been the ample measure of success granted to our Baptist brethren in that distant field of labor. May the Divine blessing be continued to their efforts, and may we be kindled to a generous emulation !

S. G. B.

THE HEIR.

I AM not poor ; I own the seas,
The earth, and all its boundaries.
These gracious skies, that o'er my head
Serenely float, for me were spread.
For me this sun goes blazing through
Its path of light ; for me the dew
Fills morn and eve its chalice up ;
The tulip paints for me its cup.
Mine every flower that decks the glade ;
For me the singing birds were made ;
The winds that blow, blow soft for me,
For me they pipe their stormy glee.
The great woods hang their banners out
To hail my coming thereabout.
At my poor feet, all sweet and brown,
They drop their nutty treasures down.
The squirrel — honest fellow he,
For all his tricks — goes halves with me ; —
He shares my nuts, and I his glee.

I feel a very millionaire,
Such wealth have I ! The earth and air
Pay tribute to me everywhere.
To feed me, Nature hangs her store
Of summer fruits about my door.
See where her loaded trees incline
Their fruited boughs ; — to pluck is mine.
I ask not how her plums unfold
Their globes of purple and of gold,
Nor how her sun-bright cherries grow,
Whether they toil and spin or no.
Small thought have I ; I but outreach
My hand, and lo ! the golden peach,
Sweet with the sweetness of the south,
Drops honeyed ripeness on my mouth !
Nature, kind mother, — I her heir, —
She cares for me without my care.
For me her rosy apples blush,
Her perfumed pears grow sweet and lush.
From every vine her finger drapes
With green she pulls me purple grapes ;
She makes the ground I walk on sweet
With blackberries beneath my feet !
She plants my path with flowers ; she nods
And smiles to me in golden-rods
And painted buttercups ; she throws
Rich odors round the musky rose ;
Or, coyer grown, hides faint perfumes
In violets and arbutus blooms,
And laughs, through all her realms, to see
How sweet her breath is unto me !
She syllables in meadow-brooks,
And sunny glades and sylvan nooks,
Lore such as never was in books !
Sweet priestess, too, she reads to me
Her liturgies from every tree ;
She chants her solemn service where
Her bluebells call to praise and prayer,

And breathes, through her eternal calms,
 Her inarticulate, sweet psalms.
 She makes me earnest, grave, or gay,
 As suits her mood, and yet alway
 She ministers to mine; she knows
 I love all bright things, so with shows
 Of glittering gold and crimson sheen,
 And purple, draped with richest green,
 She lights for me her solitudes,
 And paints my way adown her woods.
 She calls her squirrels out to greet
 My coming with their frisky feet;
 Her merry crickets, too, to stir
 The silence with their tuneful whirr.
 She bids her birds with jocund song
 Pipe music to me all day long;
 For me their prodigal, sweet notes
 Leap liquid from their golden throats!
 Thus fare I at her hands,—and so,
 With feast and song and royal show,
 She waits on me where'er I go.

E'en Winter pays his tithe of joy
 Into my lap. I love the boy!
 He comes with boisterous, honest mirth,
 And lights the fire upon my hearth;
 And while the blazing embers shine,
 I crack my nuts and drink my wine
 Of sweet content, rejoicing still
 To let the urchin have his will.
 What though he piles my path with snow?—
 I take my shovel down, and go
 To earn my meal of morning air;
 The veriest clown with me may share,
 Nor pay a farthing for his fare.
 And then I take it back in coin
 Of health and strength,—this toil of mine.
 I get, in payment for my pains,
 A healthier flow through all my veins.

My cheeks a richer carmine show
Than French cosmetics could bestow ;
A subtle grace my lithe limbs gain,
That rules of art might teach in vain.
Nor this alone the urchin pays
To offset his uncanny ways ;
For, look you ! every frosty morn
He comes with jewels to adorn
Each tree and shrub beside my door :
I gaze ; I am no longer poor ;
I walk a king ! My cottage-shed
No longer shelters me ; instead,
A palace roofs me, rich and grand,
Dizened with gems from every land.
A thousand glittering rubies shine,
Like great, rich drops of frozen wine,
Beneath this royal roof of mine !
The diamond and the opal flame
Anear me ; jewels wanting name, —
So bright they be, so rich and rare, —
Flash splendor round me everywhere.
I shut my glory-blinded eyes
For sheer relief, and straight arise
Thoughts of that glorious vision told
By John : the city made of gold
Stands open to my gaze ; I see
That too was built for me, — for me !
I hear the angels singing sweet,
I see them cast at Jesus' feet
Their burning crowns ; — O ecstasy !
I see my crown laid up for me !
I see the palm that I shall bear ;
The white, white robe that I shall wear ;
And while my spirit faints away
For very joy, sweet voices say :
" Thine is the fair, fruit-bearing tree ;
Thine is the burning jasper sea ;
Thine the white robe, the crown, the palm ;
Thine Heaven's serene, eternal calm ! "

* * * * *

The vision fades ; I take again
 Life's duties up, like other men.
 But O the perfect calm, the peace
 That wraps me, and shall still increase,
 Until, this happy journey o'er,
 My feet shall touch that shining shore, —
 Shall touch, and leave it nevermore !
 So live I on, — contented still
 To go or stay, as suits His will ;
 And singing in my heart this song
 Of sweetness as I pass along : —

Great God of nature and of me !
 If such my earthly legacy,
 And such the glorious glimpses even,
 The faint foreshadowings of heaven,
 The *taste* of sweets in store for me,
 What shall the full fruition be ? —
 And what the *treasures* of thy love
 And grace laid up for me above ?
 I cannot tell ; I but believe
 No tongue can speak nor heart conceive
 The sweetness, the surpassing bliss,
 Of *that* world, far transcending *this* !
 I cannot tell ; I only know
 I own all things, above, below :
 All things, — and still, through gain and loss,
 Through hero's crown and martyr's cross,
 I see but one bright promise shine,
 I read but one illumined line,
 I know but this : — all things are mine,
 For I am Christ's, and Christ is thine.

A CHARGE.*

You ask me, my brother, to give you your charge in this ministry of the Gospel. You have heard it already from no human lips. You will be hearing it, I trust, from this time forward, every day of your life. I can only try to help you a little in your effort to interpret the Divine Voice. To attempt to unfold, in these few moments, the whole duty of the Christian minister, would be as unseasonable as vain. We have both of us yet to learn what that is, and we shall learn it only as we are doing it, a little at a time, and as we are found faithful. Let me only strive to catch and emphasize the refrain to which, through all his various teachings, the Holy Spirit, who is the guide of the Church, still returns, the burden of his prophesyings to us, which he lays upon our souls, and which we must roll off. "*This one thing I do,*" saith the Apostle. So let us say. We have our special work. Let us magnify and do it. It is an evil of our times, that, whilst in many other callings the division of labor is profitably carried to a great extent, the clergyman is often misled into an attempt to serve his generation in many ways besides that which Providence has made his own. There is no remedy save as he shall be occupied, possessed, by the proper spirit of his high calling. Then, and then only, what is foreign to his purpose will be dropped, whilst what is subordinate, though helpful, will take a lower place.

Never forget, then, my brother, that you are a minister of Christ, a steward of the manifold mysteries of God, and that to you amongst men has been committed the word of reconciliation. Only by virtue of this solemn trust have you a right to be numbered amongst the world's busy workers.

* As none of our friends have put a sermon into our hands, we offer to our readers a Charge delivered at the Ordination of Mr. Charles W. Buck, as an Evangelist, December 14, 1862.

I propose, with God's help, to meet the deepest and most long want of humanity. You believe, and you will believe more and more as you live and labor in the true spirit of the calling, that a man's life consisteth in the abundance of his spiritual and moral wealth, that what he needs always is everywhere, and more than all else, is God, and that in fact, God comes to dwell in him and walk with him, to make his world holy and beautiful and blessed. No man who lacks this faith is a minister of the Spirit, and in the apostolic succession; and if the flock of Christ turn away from him impatiently, and will not be fed upon the chaff which he offers, he has no right to complain. True Christian preaching, from the beginning, has been the utterance of Christian experience. *We know!* say all true Evangelists. Let your own life be hid with God in Christ. Ever invite men to come, and sit down and go forth with you in the heavenly places, praising the Invisible and the Everlasting, and obtaining help from him at all times. "*Ye that are spiritual,*" saith an apostle, not as one who would glory, as one who would acknowledge a divine gift and stewardship. You may find that some of those whom you will be called to address do not crave the Gospel, and do not care for its testimonies; nevertheless, never try to entertain them with something else, and give them a religion with no religion in it. This is as foolish, and is sure to be as fatal in the long run, as it would be for the surgeon to amuse his patient with a merry story, instead of cutting off the limb just ready to mortify. No matter how many who come in their own name are received. Christ is not received. It is of no consequence that you or I personally should be heard. Be true to your calling, only discharge it more earnestly and wisely. Dig deeper, continue in prayer, and watch in the same. Come back laden with more of the treasures of the Kingdom, and you shall get an audience which was justly refused to pompous places and conventionalisms. Never venture into the house of God, or forth into the parish, without that prepa-

aration of the heart which is from the Lord. In a term of years men and women will come together only that they may pray, and speak, and hear in the Spirit. How preposterous else to ask them to gather about you for worship and instruction twice in every seven days. What orator of this world the most eloquent, would think of making such a demand for audience? Have the Spirit, that you may minister the Spirit! The celebrated scholar, Porson, would not take orders, because, as he declared, he could not have settled in fifty years what preachers for the most part take for granted. He might as well have said five hundred as fifty, and it is the Spirit that leadeth into all truth, and shows us that only the hundredth part of things much vaunted as essential is essential.

But lest I should seem to speak only in generals, let me say further, my brother, that in accepting and magnifying your proper calling you will best secure yourself against all serious errors of detail in the way of ministerial duty, and will be prepared to answer the various questions as to form and modes of labor.

Shall the minister aim to be a scholar? it is asked. I answer: Cherish beyond all else the Spirit of Christ; and if you have the gifts and the opportunities, you will surely become a faithful, useful, large-minded, large-hearted Christian student, not ashamed to read to your people the Parable of the Talents; able, with Christ and Paul, to discover the meaning which the letter of Scripture often hides from the undiscerning; to gather tribute for the treasury of the Lord's house from Jew and Gentile; to interpret the history of the Church and of the state, which also is in some sort a church to show the men of letters and of science wherein the foolishness of God is wiser than all their wisdom. You will find that in these days, and in our altered circumstances, the Spirit biddeth and doth not forbid us to meditate beforehand what we are to say of that Invisible Power, which is Love and of the privileges of the Gospel.

Again, it is constantly asked, How wide shall be the minister's range of pulpit topics? and the answer still is: Say nothing which you cannot say in the name and for the love of Christ; and say the whole of that without taking any counsel of flesh and blood. Such words may give offence; but the scandals of the Church are they who have not the heart to utter them; and men will bear a great deal from those who are earnestly and chiefly engaged in their proper work, and who, because they are, first of all, *Christians*, deal with every great moral question, not in the temper of the platform or of the caucus, but as those who believe in a Kingdom of Truth and Love, which cometh not with observation, and cannot be established by force, and serve Him who did not strive or cry, or suffer his voice to be heard in the streets. Reprove the sins of the world you live in, but not in the temper of the world you live in. Take your instances from your own town, and not from Nazareth and Jerusalem. Do not let the heated partisan, as he looks up from the pew to the pulpit, be able, through your smart and flippant word, to fling defiance and scorn about him,—defiance and scorn of some fellow-worshipper to-day, but as likely as not of you to-morrow,—as he sits in the house of God. Do not bring street quarrels into the sanctuary. There is much cant, yet also much truth, in the demand, that the minister shall preach the Gospel. Let him not forget in his zeal for the application of Christianity, that many of his hearers, spite of birth and baptism, have very little Christianity to apply; and that his first business is to awaken Christian faith,—to lead the soul into a clear consciousness of duty. They say that this war gives the ministers something to preach about. It is true. Do not decline a topic so solemn and instructive. But I think that you will not lack a theme even when the war shall be over, and slavery shall be at an end. You will still find it needful to say, Be ye reconciled to one another and to God! Receive that unspeakable gift of eternal life which is by Christ Jesus. Let Christianity interpret the signs of the times, because it

belongs to all times, and cannot be brought under the power of any. Let every one who crosses the threshold of the house of prayer feel that he has crossed the threshold of eternal things, and that God is in his holy temple!

And yet once more it is asked, Shall the minister be a man of society? I answer: He must minister the Spirit wherever and whenever he can find those who need it. There are those who cannot come for the gift, and you must carry it to them, as the Romish priests bear the host to the sick and dying. There are many who need private and personal speech of sympathy or instruction before they can gain aught from your sermons. There are those who will be wearied with your words until they have seen your works and your labors of love. So, for your Master and with your Master, you will go forth, — not a Christless gossip, fortunate if you are not a mischief-maker, — but a Christian friend, in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of peace. Go in the Spirit, my brother, and you shall carry your reward with you, and you shall never grow weary of your work. If men tell you that the age of miracles is past, and that he who goes to Damascus as a persecutor, will not any more return to Jerusalem as an apostle, believe it not. That is the heresy of heresies, infinitely more fatal than any questioning of records and outward tokens. Shall we believe in the Scriptures, and not believe in the Spirit that writes them? Signs and wonders are yet to be wrought in our world in the name of God's holy child Jesus. If you fail, it will not be because the world hears no more the word of faith and hope and love. Men have an ear for that more than they ever had before. Could they only have it spoken to them!

My brother, I have done speaking, yet listen on! — not for the poor counsels of man, but for that wisdom which is altogether wise. One alone speaketh with authority, and never leaves us comfortless. Hear him, my brother, and the work of the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls shall ever prosper in your hands.

E.

VARNHAGEN VON ENSE.

VARNHAGEN VON ENSE was born in Düsseldorf on the 21st of February, 1785, and died in Berlin on the 10th of October, 1858. One of the best known of German writers, and the most influential, if the least active, of German politicians, — preserving in the midst of the political reactions of this later period those liberal sentiments, if not those destroying tendencies, which imparted so powerful a stimulus to the turbulent epoch of his youth, and produced so remarkable an effect upon the calmer, consolidating period of his manhood, — his character and his career alike enforce the sentiments he cherished, and illustrate the age he represented. Upon the death of his wife, the celebrated Rahel Levin, in 1833, he withdrew from active participation in public affairs, and lived in retirement in Berlin. But his earnest sympathies and his social habits did not permit him to sink into melancholy seclusion. Alive with all the hopes, if sensitive to all the shortcomings of the age, he found a refuge from grief and a solace for loneliness in the society of the scholars and the wits, of the philosophers and the poets, who dwelt in the Prussian capital, or adorned the fatherland. Thoroughly a man of the world, yet with quick affections unchilled by the atmosphere of courts, and an abiding charity unshaken by a large experience of men, he was neither a great statesman nor a profound thinker. Educated in the school of revolution, and ever eager for progress, he had learned neither to wait for the silent operation of moral causes, nor to distinguish between the forms of political change and the spirit of national regeneration. Yet he was a keen observer of events and of men; understanding well enough the world he looked on and lived in, with all its littleness and shams, with its cruel rivalries and more cruel oppressions, with its gross materialism and its rank fanaticism, with its mockery of the infinite and its despair of faith. No man could live as he

had lived, — soldier, poet, historian, statesman, in the midst of all the fermenting evils and all the noble struggles of his age, — without a sharpening of the intellect, if haply without some contracting of the heart. “A most experienced man,” wrote the poet Heine, in 1846, in a letter yet unpublished; “well acquainted with men and the condition of things: take heed to what he says, — and also to what he does not say. His speech is instructive, — his silence is culture.” But the man of the world is not the highest type of man. In that profounder deepening of the soul, in that larger insight and that grander analysis, in that vaster sweep of thought, as in that childlike simplicity which characterize the greater writers and make the greatest men, Varnhagen von Ense had no share and found no consecration. As a master of style, however, he had no equal among living writers. Clear and vigorous, with a grace of manner and a charm of language which few German writers have ever equalled, and none but the Dioscuri surpassed, Varnhagen was not undeserving of the reputation which he early won, and of the love which he never lost. “I count him among those,” said Goethe, “who have the power and the will to bring our nation into literary unity.” If Germany had had a Versailles, Varnhagen von Ense would have been its Saint Simon. But, except in its frivolity and conceit, the court of Wilhelm IV. offers little resemblance to the daring extravagance and the sumptuous vice of that of Louis XIII. There was no such concentration of power in such abasement of the people. But there was the same wide, unchanging field for the observation of the philosopher, the same delight in calumny, the same passion for wit. If there was less secret history of events, there were more subtle causes of change underlying the currents of the nation’s life and controlling the development of individual character.

It is in his more finished writings, however, that the peculiar qualities of Varnhagen von Ense are best displayed.

The *Diaries** which have suggested these remarks have little merit of style, and none of composition. Yet, diffuse and trivial as they are, the garrulity of age, aggravated by the querulousness of frequent illness, or the unstilled memories of a disappointed life,—full of wearisome repetitions and monotonous commonplaces, bitter and angry, seldom enlivened by an anecdote or redeemed by a jest,—a record of weakness, of repining, of scoffing predictions and distempered fancies,—they possess a certain fascination, and may claim a permanent interest. The applause, indeed, with which the publication of the work was greeted by the people, and the exasperation which it caused the government of Prussia, is the strongest testimony to its importance and the best guaranty of its veracity. Beginning in 1835, the diaries, as thus far published, end with the year 1849. Their historical importance is in the picture they present during this period of the court of Berlin, and of the influences which were at work to bring on the revolution of 1848,—of which event also they contain a detailed account. It is an interior view, as it were, of the spread of those opinions and the growth of those convictions which threatened the existence and shattered the fabric of the Prussian monarchy, as of the character and the motives, the fatuity and the folly of the men who attempted to destroy, and of those who succeeded in restoring it. “People act,” he writes, “as if a revolution would introduce the golden age; but that idea has not been realized in history. Revolutions are steps in the progress of the world,—one step leading to another, and only the last to the consummation.” A constitutional government,—so often promised and so long denied,—the liberty of the press, and the right of representation,—not the English Sunday, or a Bishopric of Jerusalem,—were the immediate reforms he craved, to be quietly, generously conceded as a tribute to

* Aus dem Nachlass Varnhagen's von Ense. Tagebücher von K. A. Varnhagen von Ense. [6 vols.] Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus. 1862.

the aspirations and the virtues of the people, — not extorted from the despair or the tyranny of the king, in one of those fierce uprisings of which he knew the terror and foresaw the possibility. To that end he lived and wrote, — refusing office when it threatened to compromise his convictions, but solicitous of popularity and ambitious of power when it could serve to extend his influence or maintain his principles. Yet, with that “deep sense of individuality” which Hegel remarked in him, there was nothing vague in his opinions, nothing chimerical in his plans. Clear in his aims and persistent in his efforts, moderate in his expectations and master of his passions, he combined many of the qualities of the wise reformer and the successful statesman. But there was one thing lacking: there was no basis of religious faith in his character, no vital belief to mould his life. Born of a destroying era, and cast upon a conserving time, there was a confusion in his relations and a contradiction in his career. A type, in many ways, of the wits of Berlin and the writers of Prussia, he is the best representative also of that peculiar enlightenment which began in France by ignoring the spiritual elements of our nature, and has ended in Germany by idealizing its material necessities. The French culture, indeed, early introduced and long fostered by Friedrich II., who could find nothing to praise and little to encourage in the scholars of Prussia or the literature of Germany, found a ready welcome and a permanent sphere in Berlin, where, out of France, its effects for good and for evil are best illustrated and easiest understood. With its negation of faith and its exaltation of reason, with its polished wit and its ceaseless inquiry, with its arrogant dogmatism and its heartless levity, it has enlightened, but not deepened the people, — developing a certain restless temper, and a profound discontent with existing institutions, without affording a basis for the better ordering of society, or the means for the more active progress of the people. But the political reformation and the moral regeneration of Germany have saved it from the effects of so

one-sided and so unhealthy a development of that which characterized the age of Friedrich, and found its logical result in the Red Terror of Robespierre. Conscious of its power, and alive to its mission, the slumbering energies of this great Teutonic people, vitalized and in union, have asserted the moral independence, and will at last achieve the true career of Germany. It is in this fresher development of character, in this intense earnestness, in this higher life, that the strength of the Germans and the charm of Germany lie to-day. And in all this it differs as much from the Germany of Friedrich II. as from the France of Voltaire. For it is a fact, little heeded in the season of our own rapid growth, that Europe has been, for the most part, made over anew since, at Waterloo, "the great bell of time sounded out another hour." It is not only that old institutions have disappeared, but a new life has been infused into the people. If the increase of population has brought new perplexities, the general diffusion of wealth has created new sources of alleviation. Quicker communication has undermined national prejudices, and with a greater community of interests has developed an organic life. In spite of inherited dislikes and of national differences, of variety of race and of diversity of character, there has arisen in Europe a definable and pervading unity of opinion and of object. And it is in this combination of forces, with this play of diversities, that the strength and the peculiarity of the modern civilization consist. The Roman ideal of unity in political administration is replaced by the European doctrine of self-development; the mediæval dogma of conformity by the modern law of toleration. The increasing consciousness, indeed, and the stimulating influence of this larger life and this illimitable activity, are among the most powerful elements and the most striking characteristics of our time. And not a few of these results, doubtless, are due to the struggles of the last deistic age, to the honesty of its philosophers, and the protests of its poets. But much more do they spring from

diffused intelligence and intimate acquaintance, from humaner sentiments in politics, and purer conceptions in religion. Yet, taught as we have been by the terrible disappointment of our civil war no longer to prophesy the millennium, or to forecast the designs of Providence, it is not for us to analyze the elements or to determine the conditions of this European life, — unable to solve the problem of our own. It is only for us, while accepting the facts of the present, to judge of the character of the past, not to write the history of the future. It was for the most part in the spirit of this wiser philosophy that Varnhagen von Ense labored, guided in his aspirations and cheered in his efforts by many of the greatest men and many of the noblest women of his country. To have been the husband of Rahel, indeed, and long to have enjoyed the friendship of Goethe and the intimacy of Humboldt, was enough for happiness, — is enough, also, for fame.

H. J. W.

“WHEN the pressure upon faith comes chiefly from without, this very pressure forces up the life in a direct, unswerving line, like that of the palm-tree, lifting up its golden abundant crown to heaven; the same life would now resemble that of a banyan, touching earth at many points, but at every one drawing forth fresh life and vigor; less commanding in austere majesty, but more resembling the tree of prophetic vision, ‘a harbor for fowl of every wing.’”

“MAN cannot see Christ at all except by light from above; on the hill, as in the valley, we are in darkness until the dawn breaks; but if sunrise finds us upon the mountain-peak, is it not evident that the prospect its light discloses must be infinitely wider and more glorious than if it had overtaken us many degrees lower down?”

RANDOM READINGS.

RELIGIOUS SNOBBERY.

THERE is a capital story in circulation, which would be a good one for Carlyle in his next essay on "Clothes Philosophy." Pending some funeral ceremonies in a fashionable church in New York, a man came in having on an overcoat somewhat time-worn and seedy, and took a prominent seat. The sexton went and beckoned him out of it, and showed him back to a free seat by the door. Presently came in a dashing lieutenant, shining in gold lace. The sexton, with extreme politeness, bowed him forward into the seat which the plain overcoat had vacated. During the prayers, however, the plain overcoat was thrown back a little, and disclosed from under it the stars of a 'major-general. That altered the case. Prayer-books were offered and urged upon the stranger, and polite invitations to "come up higher" into a more respectable pew. The imperturbable stranger, which was none other than General Banks, coolly declined their offices, finished his devotions, and walked out in silence, musing, doubtless, on the flunkeyism of fashionable religion, with that look of dry humor which he sometimes has in the enjoyment of the ludicrous.

CHRISTIAN COURAGE IN THE SOLDIER.

ASIDE from mere physical temperament, Christian courage alone raises one above the fear of death, and inspires the manhood that makes the soldier truly brave. The war is illustrating the truth abundantly, that the best Christians are the best soldiers, while those who in peace were least to be depended on are the skulkers and deserters in times of danger. It is said, we know not how truly, that there have been seventeen thousand desertions from the army of the Potomac since the battle of Fredericksburg. Even so, it may well be doubted whether the army will be found any less efficient in the coming strife. The following extract from a letter, written by an officer of the Seventeenth Maine Regiment, who was in General Franklin's division at the battle of Fredericksburg, describes his feelings and those of one of his men, and shows in brief the sources of

genuine heroism. The writer describes himself as naturally "not brave by nature," and only cool under the inspirations of religious faith. The extract is from *Zion's Herald*. It reminds us of the "psalm-singing" regiments of Cromwell.

"Shot and shells struck in front of us, bespattering us with mud, trimmed the trees above us, burst in the air, and sent jagged bits of cast-iron pattering down among us. But a kind Providence protected us, and no one, as yet, was hurt. Close to me, and where I could watch the expression of his countenance, lay one of the wickedest and vilest men in our company. His face wore an expression of the most abject fear, amounting to positive agony; his hands were tightly pressed upon his ears, and as every shell howled over, he cringed, trembled, and seemed trying to shrink into the earth. 'Ah! Tom,' said I, putting my hand on him, 'it is a good thing to be a Christian to-day!' I felt it so, and in the midst of the tumult burst out triumphantly singing:—

'God is my strong salvation,
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My Light, my Help is near.
Though foes encamp around me,
Firm in the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me
With God at my right hand?'

"The hymn is doubtless familiar to you. I always loved it, but never *felt* it,—never sung it with the spirit, and the understanding also, as then. A bit of shell, perhaps three inches square, struck within two feet of my toe, and buried itself in the mud soon after I had ceased singing. Some of the boys looked wild. 'A miss is as good as a mile,' said I, to encourage them; and I think my object was gained."

FIGURES OF SPEECH.

ALL but book-men must use a language, when deeply in earnest, whose imagery comes from their trade, profession, or occupation, or from their own observation of the processes of nature in her calms and storms. "My thoughts are passions," said a preaching blacksmith, "which leap from my mind like white-hot bolts of steel." Such persons use language sometimes in shocking bad taste, and very irreverent to those who draw their figures from choice reading, but they use such as God and nature has given them, and they prove very effective.

A contraband, who had been some time on a railroad, made his escape, leaving his wife and children in the clutch of the rebels. It was just before New Year, and he had heard of the proclamation. The poor fellow thus poured forth his supplication at a prayer-meeting, from a full heart, and it may be doubted whether any prayer from respectable churches went up more earnestly. Henry C. Wright reports it in a letter to the *Liberator*:—

“O God Almighty! Keep the engine of rebellion going till New Year’s! Good Lord! Pray don’t let off the steam! Lord, don’t reverse the engine, don’t back up, Lord! Don’t put on the brakes! But, pray! Good Lord! Put on more steam; make it go a mile a minute! Yes, Lord! Pray make it go sixty miles an hour!” (“Amen!” “Do, good Lord!” responded the brethren and sisters.) “Lord, don’t let the express-train of rebellion smash up till first of January! Don’t let the rebels back down; but harden their hearts hard as Pharaoh’s, and keep all hands going till the train reaches the Depot of Emancipation.”

POLITENESS.

We admire the people who never lose their courtesy, and whom the most trying circumstances cannot shake from their propriety. Charles the Second, who was a model of politeness, looked around his bedside in his last moments, and apologized to his friends for being such an “unconscionably long time in dying.” But we doubt whether even this is more remarkable than the case of an excellent lady we know of, whose example we desire to keep before us in sore difficulties and sudden emergencies. Mrs. H. one afternoon heard a gentle knocking at her front door. She went and opened it, and her neighbor, Miss D., was standing before her.

Miss D. How do you do, Mrs. H.?

Mrs. H. Pretty well. How is Miss D.?

Miss D. Very well, I thank you. Is Mr. H. at home?

Mrs. H. I believe he is not far off.

Miss D. Well,—our house is on fire. We would like to have him come over, if it won’t trouble him too much.

This politeness was quite as naïve as that of the servant-girl at the Astor House, who waked up two gentlemen in an upper room, by knocking at the door, assuring them that the house was on fire, and begging pardon for disturbing them.

INCURABLE LUNATICS.

WE believe that it is something more than partiality for a class-mate which leads us to call attention to the admirable Report upon the condition of the State Asylum for the Insane, at Northampton, by the Superintendent, Dr. Prince. It seems to us that his plan for the colonization of incurables, as explained in the following extract, deserves special attention, and we are glad to do our little towards bringing it before the public. E.

"Of the three hundred and thirty-two patients now in the hospital, two hundred and twenty are foreigners, mostly Irish, and but very few are recent cases. The great majority of them are cases of chronic dementia, most of them from the other hospitals in this State, and they had probably passed that stage of the disease in which any relief was to be expected from remedial treatment long before they became inmates of this institution.

"The ultimate disposition of this class of patients must before many years become a question quite interesting, both from a humanitarian and an economical point of view. Their rapid increase during the last ten or fifteen years would seem to indicate that the accommodations at present afforded by the Commonwealth will soon be entirely insufficient to meet the demands of this unfortunate class. The already enormous expense of supporting so large a number of insane foreign paupers would cause our tax-payers to receive with great disfavor any proposition to increase the number of institutions or to increase at any considerable expense the accommodations now existing. And yet, before the lapse of many years, something will be required, and perhaps a judicious system of *colonization*, as practised in some European countries, may be found equally beneficial to the patient and the treasury of the Commonwealth. That these patients are not entirely unproductive, as a class, the industrial statistics of some institutions clearly show. A few trials, entirely experimental, made during the year now closed, lead to the belief that much good, with little risk, would result from a carefully conducted series of experiments in this direction, under suitable skilful supervision.

"It may be urged, in answer, that each institution now in operation should be expected to make available all the productive power within its walls. But one easily sees, that, while the judicious employment of labor as a means of restoration to health, or a means of preserving the remains of health, is within the proper scope of such an institution, it would be an entire perversion of its beneficent powers to convert it to any extent into an industrial organization. Few superintendents can spare from other pressing and higher duties the time and attention necessary to give any hope of success in industrial occupations in their hospitals.

"May I not venture to say, without incurring the charge of proposing any utopian scheme, that an experimental institution such as is here hinted at might legitimately and appropriately find in its kindly bosom a fit resting-place for many of those truly unfortunate, and too often unjustly censured, cause diseased, sufferers, — *the possessed with the demon of intemperance*. Here could best be supplied that first and greatest need, that indispensable condition of radical cure, — constant, systematic, and congenial employment. Here the mild but firm restraint so necessary, — here the kind consideration for weakness, the charitable construction of motives, the appreciation of manly struggle so seldom accorded by the world, but without which no cure is possible, and relapse from temporary relief almost certain, — here also that persevering and hopeful patience which 'seventy times seven times' cannot discourage or disturb, could find a legitimate and hopeful sphere.

"In my report of last year, I took occasion to refer to the wants of this class of unfortunate men *and women*, and to express the hope that their necessities, and those still more dire of their families, might not be neglected in the rush and turmoil of the times. Drinking and fighting are equally the results of organization. It is just as natural for one man to drink to intoxication, especially if he inherits a predisposition to it, as it is for another man to fight. We are all inclined to fight on sufficient provocation, and we all have a favorite beverage, unfortunately not always innocent. Indulgence of both these natural appetites seems to place those who yield to either temptation in the same category before Him who has assigned the penalty to him 'who says to his brother, "Thou fool."' We care tenderly and properly for the victims who yield to the one temptation, and turn coldly from those who do not withstand the other. Certainly none demand more tender care than those who offer life or limb on the altar of duty. At the same time none deserve more pity, or require more instant help, than those who offer not only life and limb, but the immortal soul itself, with all its glorious possibilities, a sacrifice to the Moloch of intemperance. One sees the dying soldier going, with exultation in his closing eye, to receive his reward, and feels that he who dies for his country dies well. But no one can look upon the horrible wasting away of a drunkard's *soul*, as one by one its powers are drowned out, — the eye of conscience finally losing to all perception of light, — with any feeling but one of awful commiseration, and of horror at the infinite capability of suffering with which it is ended."

ANECDOTES OF DR. BEECHER.

GENIUS has almost always an ingredient of humor, and Dr. Beecher, like Emmons, Wesley, and Luther, had a decided infusion

of it, and this often gave point and edge to his argument. He had the power of wit and satire, very dangerous to the possessor unless there is sterling sense and a Christian temper along with it, but very useful sometimes in puncturing follies and shams, which it would take up too much time to reason with. Rev. Dr. Brainerd, of Philadelphia, relates the following in the New York Evangelist:—

A brother minister was making a lame argument in Presbytery. "Brainerd," said Dr. Beecher, sitting near him, "*I had rather be before that gun than behind it.*"

Another minister of the Presbytery, who, by the way, was a New-England man, but greatly alarmed for the orthodoxy of the Church, had a habit of looking up and swinging his head to and fro. "Brainerd," said the Doctor, "did you ever know a man *who looked to heaven so much for light, and got so little?*"

The following is afloat from some other source, and quite characteristic. On some public occasion of special interest, an ill-mannered brother insisted upon standing, stretching up his whole length, regardless of the rights of those who sat behind him, among whom was the Doctor.

"Please to be seated, sir," said a friend of the Doctor, anxious for his accommodation.

"No matter, no matter," said the latter. "*I can see through that man at any time.*"

This humor is a very useful faculty in alleviating trouble, as any one may find who has applied it in domestic and household matters. The following was related of the Doctor while living, illustrating this characteristic. He was riding with some of his family, when some mishap upset the vehicle. Gathering themselves up, one of his daughters remarked, "We ought to thank God we are hurt no worse." "Speak for yourself, if you please," replied the Doctor, rubbing his bruise, "*I'm considerably hurt.*"

Dr. Wilson had him tried for heresy. Dr. Beecher's plea on his trial is worth studying. Not Choate himself could have equalled it for subtile and brilliant tactics. Dr. Wilson thought his task was very short and simple. He quoted the Assembly's Catechism and other orthodox standards, and then Dr. Beecher, putting them side by side, which read as point blank contradictions. "Ho!" answered the Doctor. "Are not the creeds to be interpreted?"

And he went on to lay down the principles of interpretation. First, they must not contradict the Bible ; secondly, they must not contradict themselves ; thirdly, they must not contradict common sense. From these premises, Dr. Beecher proceeded to overwhelm Dr. Wilson and his orthodoxy, and extinguish them in their own absurdities.

Dr. Wilson thought Dr. Beecher ought to be convicted on common fame of heresy in the West. The latter replied, that this common fame was made by Wilson himself. "*One wolf*," said he, "*will howl on the mountains in so many tones you'd think there were a dozen.*"

COLENSO LITERATURE*

PROMISES to be voluminous. In our last number we noticed a reprint of one of the zealous Bishop's books, in which he attempts to present his difficulties with reference to the commonly received views of the Pentateuch, and here we have a Translation of the Epistle to the Romans, with a running Commentary, an earlier publication than the work on the Five Books of Moses, which has brought upon the missionary such a storm of indignation. The Bishop is said to be no great Hebraist, and we have had no time to form any estimate of his skill and attainments as a Grecian ; but he does seem to have one of the first essentials of the expositor, a large measure of the spirit of the writer whose words he is endeavoring to explain for us. This book, like the other one, is brimful of heresies, as the dogmatists must needs judge, and yet better than any commentary that we know of does it set forth the large, truly catholic, and eminently brave mind and heart of the great missionary Apostle. Moreover, as to its amount of learning, we doubt whether it will answer to treat the book with contempt. At any rate, a soul which can entertain the great fundamental principles of religious truth is far more likely to present Paul's teachings in their power and integrity than the mere word-scholar. Whilst students are disputing about the particles, the same heart to which the Apostle ministered eagerly catches and holds his fervid meaning. We want something besides a good knowledge of Greek to make "Romans"

* St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans : Newly Translated, and Explained from a Missionary Point of View. By the Right Rev. J. W. Colenso, D. D., Bishop of Natal. New York : D. Appleton & Co. 1863.

interesting. Children should lay the Epistle aside. They will come to it in due time as their religious experience widens and deepens. Full of the deepest and most serviceable wisdom, it may not be for us at first. "We have nothing to draw with, and the well is deep." Colenso will help every one who is putting, unconsciously, the very questions that Paul puts and answers, to see that he is a "Roman," and that the Apostle is treating precisely his case, and he will find that the Bishop's comments contain as little as may be of what is merely conventional, and are rich in the treasures of a deep religious experience. Earnestly do we hope that the Church of England may find room for such a wise and true-hearted Christian amongst her laborers. So far as he has fallen into errors, (and how natural and almost inevitable it is that he should, in the first zeal of inquiry, after a life of mere assent!) he is open to conviction, and doubtless ready to retract when convinced; meanwhile, his earnest spirit cannot be spared, and it were better to excommunicate a whole cloud of clerical know-nothings and do-nothings than to silence this loving Christian. We wish that we had space to lay before the reader some extracts from this Commentary, but we hope that the book itself will find its way into their hands. It will awaken some antagonism as they read. Some, perhaps, who have been heretics a little longer than the Bishop, will not go so far as he does in one and another direction, and yet all will be edified and brought into loving sympathy with a missionary who, whilst with all his heart he prizes the glorious redemption through Christ, and realizes our deep and unspeakable need of it, does not feel authorized to tell his converts from heathenism that their parents and children have gone to hell to be burned forever.

AND here we have the Bishop presented again.* Dr. Mahan, who really might join hands with him, and does not himself accept the Pentateuch after the manner of the people, does well in reminding us that the Bible was given, not to be in every sentence an oracle, that Moses teaches religion, not science, and that one who is not as good as figures as Bishop Colenso, may speak by the Spirit of God. The

* The Spiritual Point of View; or, The Glass Reversed. An Answer to Bishop Colenso. By M. Mahan, D. D., St. Mark's in the Bowery, Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the General Theological Seminary. "Spiritual things are spiritually discerned." New York: D. Appleton & Co.

reply is written with a good deal of ability, and in a lively style. It presents, as it seems to us, a substantially true view of the claims of the Pentateuch; but why must the writer quarrel with the Bishop? Why, save that they are really upon much the same ground? Had Mahan been near Colenso in Natal, neither book would have been written. The Bishop was trained in the popular notion of inspiration, which Dr. Mahan has somehow emerged from. Instead of his (as it seems to us) shameful assault upon Colenso's sincerity and Christian earnestness, we ought to have had from him a statement of the considerations which made it possible for him to accept the Pentateuch, with all its acknowledged difficulties, as the Word of God. They are valuable considerations; Colenso will find great force in them; they deserve eminently to be brought forward; but they ought not to have been flung into the face of a poor man, who with much sorrow of heart is trying to tell what he believes to be the truth. One of the strongest proofs of the divinity of our religion is the fact, that the rancor of its adherents cannot disgust the world with the faith which they profess.

E.

OBITUARY.

REV. RICHARD PIKE

DIED at his residence in Dorchester, on the 18th of the last month (February), after a ministry of twenty years to the Second Unitarian Congregational Society of that town. We have known Mr. Pike, not indeed intimately, and yet for many years and well, and we never knew and never heard anything but good of him. He had won the respect, and the confiding affection of his parishioners, not by any singular attractiveness as a preacher, so much as by his Christian simplicity, evangelical wisdom, and hearty devotion to the cause of Christ in the Gospel ministry. He was a workman that needed not to be ashamed, and one of whom his people needed not to be ashamed. Thoughtful and studious, a lover of good learning, especially the learning of his chosen and cherished profession, so thoroughly a scholar by nature that he was willing to submit to many privations for the sake of obtaining a liberal education, he was none the less a faithful pastor, and the love which he gave was abundantly returned to him during the years of a slow decline. Earnest in his own convictions, he was bound to no sect, and won the esteem of Christians of every name. Ministers of several denominations followed him with reverence and love to the last earthly resting-place. A Christian by the grace of God, he became by reflection and careful study of Scripture a Unitarian, with strong leanings to

the old forms of Christian doctrine; and as he lived he died, with no desire to confound the heart's confidence in Christ with any dogmatisms or ecclesiasticisms.

Mr. Pike's funeral was attended on Friday, the 20th ult., and his life and character were admirably sketched by his neighbor in the ministry, Rev. Nathaniel Hall, of Dorchester. Unless the sermon should come before the public earlier, and in another form, we hope to be permitted to give it to our readers in the next number of the "Monthly," persuaded that they will eagerly welcome a tribute at once so affectionate and so true to a well-known and valued contributor to these pages and a thoroughly good man. E.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Employments of Women: a Cyclopædia of Woman's Work. By VIRGINIA PENNY. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Company.—The author's name, in time to come, and by the critics of the future, will be accounted unhistorical, and purely symbolic,—Virginia Penny!—manifestly expressive of Southern chivalry and Northern thrift;—impossible that any real woman could ever have been called by it! an undoubted myth! But it will not be so easy to get over the facts and figures of this very valuable volume, and we hope that so much useful information will be welcomed and appreciated by the sisterhood, and will bring a return to the author in a multitude of the only coins which, for many a month, we have been privileged to handle, our excellent, and indomitable, and faithful, and most metallic United States pennies, or, if you will, cents. E.

PAMPHLETS.

A Tribute to Major Sidney Willard. Delivered in West Church, December 21, Forefathers' Day.

In Memoriam. A Discourse preached in Worcester, October 5, 1862, on Lieutenant Thomas Jefferson Spurr, Fifteenth Massachusetts Volunteers, who, mortally wounded at the Battle of Antietam, died in Hagerstown, September 27, following. By Alonzo Hill.

Two Sermons preached in the First Congregational Church in Milton, on the 15th and 22d of June, 1862. Suggested by the Centennial Celebration of the 11th of June, 1812. By John H. Morison, D. D.—Late in acknowledging, we are not behind in appreciating these sermons, each in its way so honorable to our brethren, the authors, and so valuable for instruction and consolation. Who shall say that the pulpit is not a power in New England, or that the Holy Spirit speaks no longer by the lips of her ministers? E.

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THE CHURCHES OF PARIS.

Most persons think of Paris as a city given over wholly to "the world, the flesh, and the Devil." Piety here is not expected, and any marked evidence of it is a surprise. The notion is, that the churches are few, are more for show than use, and are monuments rather of pride than of faith. St. Geneviève is the last name that the visitor to the Pantheon remembers; and though the Christian title has been restored by public decree, the Pagan name still clings to a temple in which science and letters and arms are honored more than sanctity. The historical and the symbolical sculptures of this edifice seem to discredit, if not to despise, religion. The figures are of infidels and blasphemers, such as David the painter, Rousseau, Voltaire, and Mirabeau, and the bass-reliefs under the portico represent Genius, Science, Art, Legislation, and Patriotism, the five points, one might say, of the Parisian creed. Most strangers, too, go on Sunday to the Church of St. Roch; but they go as they go to the opera, to enjoy the fine music; and not one visitor in a hundred connects the church with any religious association, or cares to know who is this saint with the singular name. The Madeleine is frequented as a gallery of sculpture and painting, a Parisian

Pinacothek and Glyptothek, and not as a place of prayer. And these three, with the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame, are the churches of Paris which have the most significance and attraction. They are splendid, imposing, vast, and costly, but very worldly, sacred to the nation and its vanities more than to God.

The associations of these churches, however, by no means fairly represent the real religion of the capital of worldliness. Paris has, in spite of philosophers, revolutions, and the Goddess of Reason, many churches, — if not as many in proportion as Rome and the Italian cities, yet better filled on Sunday than most of the Italian churches. One who takes pains to enter on Sunday morning the principal churches of the several arrondissements, may convince himself beyond a doubt that the Catholics of the French capital are quite as much interested in their worship as the Protestants of the English capital, certainly in the churches of the English Establishment. He will find no such emptiness under the arches of St. Eustache as under the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, and he will come upon a crowded congregation within walls where the barefooted friars prayed more than two centuries ago. It is frequently as difficult to find a seat (or rather a kneeling place) in the Parisian Church of St. Vincent de Paul, as it is in Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle in London, or Mr. Beecher's Tabernacle in Brooklyn.

In Paris, indeed, worship, like everything else, is systematized and cared for by the law. Each arrondissement has its district, and each district has its church. There are no useless religious houses left to cumber the ground, and if a church has ceased to be frequented, its sacred history will not save it: it will be turned to some profane use, or torn down to make room for something better. A theatre that is full is better than a church that is empty, in the Parisian way of thinking. Every church must vindicate its right to exist, not by memories merely, but by effectual call upon the people and influence upon the life of its neighborhood. If it is not

wanted, it has no right to stand in the way. Space is too precious in Paris to make such churches tolerable as cumber the streets of Rome. Antiquity and historic fame are no objection, yet these are not enough, without present use. At one time, some twenty-five years ago, there was even a question whether the famous Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, opposite the Louvre, — the church which tolled the alarm on the night of the St. Bartholomew massacre, the *royal* parish church, where princes had worshipped and were buried, — should not be demolished as a nuisance, because it had been shut up for so many years. They concluded, on the whole, to restore it, — not only to renew its former magnificence, but to make it a parish church for the accommodation of the people.

Comparatively few of the Parisian churches, nevertheless, are without some historic association, and of a religious kind. Even where modern decorations and changes have almost obliterated the ancient works of art, something is at hand to remind the worshipper of the former honor of the house of God, or of the intimate union of religion with love. In the Church of St. Paul and St. Louis, plundered in the Revolution of most of its treasures, a slab of black marble still marks the grave of the great preacher Bourdaloue. In the old chapel of St. John and St. Francis a striking picture of Ary Scheffer represents St. Louis visiting his soldiers dying of the plague. In the Church of St. Leo, which at the beginning of this century was a storehouse for saltpetre and the property of two Jews, the worshipper sees not only the frescoes which tell of the works of love of this holy archbishop, but an authentic portrait of the more celebrated Francis de Sales, that prophet of the religious life, whose holiness even Protestant Geneva confesses. In the Church of St. Lawrence, it is not only the painted story of the martyrdom of St. Apolline, an uncertain legend, on the window of the choir, but the grave of Louise de Marillac Legras, that recalls the memory of heroic womanhood. Any

church will be holy that can keep the blessing of her who gathered that sisterhood of charity, to visit and succor the forsaken and the wretched. The statues of Justice and Truth, which guard on either hand the monument of Jerome Bignon, retain, in the Church of St. Nicholas du Chardonnet, the fame of one who was greater for his incorruptible honesty than for his wonderful scholarship, who was pronounced by Richelieu too virtuous for his age, even while he enjoyed the friendship of this great master of men, and was honored as one of the *three "savants"* of Europe. And in the ornaments of the Parisian churches, both in sculpture and painting, it is remarkable that a large proportion represent scenes and events of practical Christianity. Comparatively few deal with the mysteries of the Catholic faith, and we rarely meet those daring conceptions so frequent in the Italian and the German churches. Pictures of the Trinity are not common, nor are there many representations of mere miracles, whether of Scripture or legend. The favorite subjects are acts of compassion and charity, not martyrdoms and crucifixions. In one place it is St. Geneviève distributing food to the poor of the city; in another, St. Charles Borromeo administering the last sacrament to the dying; in another, St. Vincent de Paul leading his group of orphans, and carrying in his arms the little ones. The saints that we oftenest meet in these churches are the saints of mercy, and not of asceticism, — Elizabeth of Hungary, Martin of Tours, that friend of the prisoner and the slave, St. Louis the almsgiver, and St. Roch, the angel of the hospitals. In the Church of St. Severin we see the Bishop Germain, on the field of battle, bending above the wounded. In the twenty chapels of the curious old church of St. Nicholas des Champs, no less than ten of the pictures illustrate directly the spirit of Christian tenderness and love. A striking evidence of this preference in the decoration of the Parisian churches is witnessed in the new edifice which bears the name of Vincent de Paul. Not much can be said for the

architectural taste of this building, — a strange composite, the awkwardness of which is the more glaring from the beauty of its situation and its grand proportions. But no church in Europe leaves a pleasanter impression from its symbols. On the pediment we see the form of the patron saint, the guardian of outcast children, supported by figures of Charity and Religion, while in front kind-hearted women are giving nourishment to the foundlings. On the circular window the saint appears surrounded by Sisters of Charity. Six of the eight windows of the chapels represent St. Francis de Sales, St. Elizabeth, St. Martin, St. Denis, St. Clotilde, and St. Charles Borromeo, all of them angels of mercy. The favorite saint of all, indeed, in the Parisian churches is the good Bishop of Milan, and next to the Saviour he has the most frequent honor. One of the most interesting of the churches in Paris is the great Church of St. Sulpice, the largest in the city, and one of the largest in Europe. In its structure, its ornaments, and its treasures it is alike curious. Its two towers, each more than two hundred feet tall, are of different heights and in different styles of building. One of them has four stories, with four orders of architecture. On the top of both are signal telegraphs, one communicating northward, the other southward. In the northern tower are three bells, the largest weighing 12,500 pounds. The front of the building is in arcades of two stories, Doric below, Ionic above, with figures in relief, representing the cardinal virtues. At the entrance of the nave we notice the vessels of holy water, two enormous shells, the largest of their kind in the world, resting upon a marble base of artificial rock-work. The pulpit is supported wholly by the two flights of steps which lead to it, and on it are figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity. The organ-gallery is placed high up on a platform, supported by twelve Corinthian columns, and its front represents seventeen figures playing on musical instruments, the chief of whom is King David. On the pavement of the transept is marked a meridian line, which at noon divides a

circle of light which enters through an aperture in the southern window. Every one of the score of chapels has characteristic and costly ornaments in painting or in sculpture. The twelve Apostles stand on brackets against the piers. Angels there are in abundance, most striking, perhaps, the angel which stands by the side of Languet de Gergy, kneeling upon his monument, to chase Death away from this champion of the holy faith. The building was completed, indeed, by means of a lottery which this saintly rector established. The pulpit of St. Sulpice is never without its eminent preachers. Any want in this kind can be supplied from the Seminary immediately adjacent, one of the largest and most celebrated schools for the education of the Catholic priesthood. The very fountain in the square shows the genius of the place, and the flower-girls of the city arrange their wares around the statues of Massillon and Bossuet, Flechier and Fénelon. The Church of St. Sulpice is on the south side of the Seine, but a short distance from the palace and gardens of the Luxembourg. Another "fashionable" church, where both preaching and music is sure to be excellent, is the Church of St. Thomas Aquinas, in the neighborhood of many of the public offices, and not far from the Tuileries. Still another church, where the crowd of worshippers is great, is the Church of "Our Lady of Loretto," a very costly and magnificent modern building. The choir of boys in this church is one of the attractions of the city. And one may see in the old Church of St. Gervais, just behind the Hotel de Ville, not only a wonderful series of symbolical works of art, but a proof that the people of that turbulent neighborhood are still very much given to the observances of religion.

The Protestant Church of the Oratoire, where Athanase Coquerel has so long been the senior minister, and where he still continues occasionally to preach, has not much of architectural beauty to attract a visitor, nor are its historical associations very interesting. In the communion service

of this church, in which it was once our privilege to join, there are some peculiarities. The table, twenty feet or more in length, is spread in the centre of the church, and the communicants are invited by the officiating minister to come and stand around it. The elements are then passed from hand to hand, each brother or sister serving the next brother or sister. When the first company have partaken, another company comes up, and after these another, until all who wish have joined in the feast. The minister accompanies this movement and distribution by a series of reflections and exhortations; and the whole service, as we saw it, with Coquerel for the minister, is simple, touching, and beautiful. It was pleasant to notice that, in the number of communicants, the proportion of the sexes was about equal. There are two other important chapels, which are served by the several pastors of the Oratoire, — the Church of the Visitation and the Church of Pentemont. All three of these churches formerly belonged to convents, which have been destroyed or suppressed. The Lutheran Church of Paris, too, where the preaching on Sunday is in both the French and German language, was once a Carmelite convent.

We have said nothing here of the churches better known and more generally visited, — the Church of the Invalides, with its tomb of Napoleon; the Church of St. Etienne du Mont, that gem of quaint and fantastic Gothic; the great cruciform structure of St. Clotilde, with its iron roof and spires, and the new Church of St. Eugenie, of which all, except the walls, columns, arches, ornaments, within and without, will be in cast-iron; the Expiatory Chapel of the murdered Louis, and the Memorial Chapel of the unfortunate Duke of Orleans, who is here St. Ferdinand, and whose face appears to the visitor on entering, above the altar, where the face of the Christ or the Madonna should properly be. These are not the churches in which the people are found, or in which the real interest in worship can be witnessed. In the less pretentious, but not less beautiful Dis-

strict Churches, a more just judgment of the religious condition of this worldly city can be formed. The million here may bow the knee to Baal, or prefer, in their folly, as the grave Dr. Prime expresses it, to "laugh and be damned"; but there are tens of thousands here who honor the Saviour, and love the signs of his compassion and his sacrifice.

C. H. B.

LEGENDS OF ST. CECILIA.

I saw thee in Bologna's halls,
By Raphael's art portrayed,
Let drop the charming instruments
Thy skilful hand had played,
Listening to music more divine
Than man had ever made.

I loved that lifted, raptured face;
Loved what that scene expressed; —
For sure the symphonies of heaven
Must ever be the best,
And there come strains from upper air
To every hearkening breast.

But there's another mystic tale,
Not told in magic paint;
It rises on my heart in tints
Not meaningless, nor faint,
And brings me closer to thy side,
Cecilia, minstrel saint!

She holds a bunch of flowers aloft,
Richer than earth's can be;
And none but the believing eye
Those matchless blooms can see;
She turns her face to mine, and thus
She cheers and counsels me: —

"The world is full of fragrant gifts,
Which sensual eyes can ne'er discern;
But Faith the envious veil uplifts,
And man his truest vision then may learn.
Faith sees the flowers.

"The air is full of odors fine,
Which coarsest senses cannot miss;
And yet there needs a touch divine
To trace their source, or to receive their bliss; —
Faith sees the flowers.

"But there are weeds and thorny ground,
And vapors foul swoop from the sky;
And when you ask where Hope is found,
Or why these noisome, sad distempers, — why?
Faith still sees flowers.

"When grief is choking at the throat,
And fear is knocking at the heart,
And shattering thoughts the brain have smote,
And loss, disaster, pain, inflict their smart, —
Faith sees the flowers;

"And when the powers and senses fail,
The end of earth now close at hand,
The flush of life all deathly pale, —
Faith, in the gardens of the better land,
Shall see the flowers."

N. L. F.

that is a bitter enemy and hater of sin, he can and may comfort himself with the sufferings of Christ. He that doth not willingly hear, or taste sin, but is at enmity with it, and would willways do that which is well and right, if he knew but what he to do, — he that is such a one, I say, hath put on the spirit of Christ."

BETHLEHEM.

(Concluded from the March Number.)

YEARS have again passed away. The chosen people have been through many trials and adversities. The glory of the kingdom of David is a precious legacy to their memories; but now there is only a feeble empire. Faction has been busy, the union of the tribes has been sundered, the sceptre wrested from Israel, and there is only the wreck of the majesty David had builded.

Through all the land is heard the warning, mysterious voice of the Prophets, speaking, as they were directed, greater things than they knew, — words for the present and words for the future, — seeing visions and dreaming dreams, and going to and fro in the land, that they may rouse it from the wrath that was coming. Among these — a man of few words and strong faith, simple in habit, in food, and in dress, living alone during the reigns of Jotham, Ahaz, and Hezekiah — was Micah, a dweller of the small village of Mareshah, which lay in the south of Judæa. Rising above the mere words of reproach, the language of threatening or despair, his prophecy is a vision of the future glory of Jerusalem. Guided by the spirit of Jehovah, he wrote of the day when the mountain of the house of the Lord should be established in the top of the mountains, and should be exalted above the hills; when every man should sit under his vine and under his fig-tree, and none should make them afraid; when spears should be beat into pruning-hooks and swords into ploughshares. And then, when his vision is filled with this future glory and peace, suddenly, as by a new access of inspiration, he breaks away from his theme, and exclaims: “But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall He come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel.” Others before had spoken of the great One to come, — Moses and

Isaiah and others; and Balaam, standing on the mountains of Moab, had told of a star that was to come out of Jacob; but to Micah alone was it revealed what place should give birth to the Restorer of Israel. More and more definite the prophecy grew; but the old man who made it, having written it carefully and laid it away, closed his eyes on the world and slept with his fathers, — he too, as so many, permitted only to prophesy, not to see, the new glory of Israel.

The old prophet sleeps, and seven hundred years pass slowly away. Deeper and deeper sinks the nation, farther and farther it wanders from God. The words he had uttered are not forgotten, but the sword and the spear are not yet laid aside for the plough and the pruning-hook. Judæa is blotted from the roll of the nations; still proud, but no longer independent, she is the least of the provinces that the all-conquering lust of the Emperor has attached to the mighty Roman dominion. The people are in a strange state of unrest, fretting at the rule of the tyrant, and looking for him who was to come out of Judah.

Just then a decree went forth from Augustus, which demanded of every Jew that he should appear in the place of his fathers, where the family genealogies were kept, there to be taxed. Dwelling far to the north of Bethlehem — some sixty miles, a distance not easily overcome in those days — was a man somewhat in years, who was known by his neighbors in Nazareth as Joseph the carpenter. He was a poor man, and there is a tradition that he was but an indifferent workman, — that he was often indebted to the young Jesus for finishing work to which himself he was not equal. Taking his young wife, he set out for the city of Boaz and David, the great princes of the family of which he was an humble descendant.

Slowly and painfully the journey was made, over a country which had no roads as ours, and no modes of conveyance. Some days probably passed before, just at evening, they passed through the gate, and by the well that is by the

gate in the city of Bethlehem. Weary and poor and alone, they sought the inn ; not such a place as we are wont to imagine, but a large, roughly-built structure of two stories, in the upper of which were the rooms for the travellers, while the lower was used for warehouses and stables. This night all the places for lodging are full ; for beside that Bethlehem is the first stage out of Jerusalem on the road down to Egypt, many were now there on the same errand as themselves. There is no help for it. The delicate Mary must find rest among the stalls of the beasts, amid the coming and going of men, the lowing of oxen, and the bleating of lambs. And, save this fact, perhaps she is quite as well off there, for there are no luxuries, no common conveniences, in these days. The best room in the inn would offer no furniture. The traveller brought such things as he wanted, — a sheep-skin or mat for his bed, and some simple utensils for cooking. He could find at the khan only shelter, possibly straw for his beast, and uncooked food for himself. Dark, dreary, damp, and desolate was the inn, and the best that it offered such as none of us without reluctance and from necessity would accept.

Wrapped about by darkness and silence, the little city lies deep in slumber. In the inn all is quiet ; at the stable, the weary animals are lain down to rest. Only Joseph and Mary, unnoticed, alone keep the long watches of the night. At length, the feeble wail of an infant, and Mary clasps her first-born, and then lays it in a manger. Old Micah's vision has become reality ; and still Bethlehem, henceforth greatest among cities, sleeps.

But there are watchers not far off, to whom the great fact is revealed. In the same fields in which Ruth once gleaned and David kept Jesse's flocks are shepherds, uncouth, ignorant men, keeping watch under the same stars that looked down upon the youthful shepherd more than a thousand years before.

They had drawn together as the night came on for com-

pany and mutual protection. Perhaps they talk of the glorious past, perhaps they dwell upon memories the place excites, perhaps they wonder at the delay in the coming of the long-awaited Redeemer. While they speak, a bright light flashes out from the heavens, and lights up the valleys and hills, and with the light an angel of God. It startles and frights them. But the angel speaks: "Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling-clothes, lying in a manger." And then, as if heaven could not repress its joy at the new gift to earth, a choir of angels chanted to those simple, wondering shepherds, in the music of heaven, the birth-chant of the Messiah: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men." And then all was still again. The angels were gone. No light in heaven but the familiar light of the stars, no sound but the night-breeze straying among the leaves of the palm. The vision was passed; and yet they knew that it was something more than a vision. With haste they arise, and say one to another, "Come, let us go now and see this thing which hath come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us." No doubt of the fact with them; no refusing belief because of the improbable story; no halting: but, leaving their flocks there in the wilderness, forgetful of wild beast or of foe, they haste to the city, and find it all as the angel had said. There lay the young child, with Mary his mother, and around them no angels, but only the beasts in their stalls. There lay the new king, not in royal abode, or surrounded as kings are, but in the rough manger. They did not deny or doubt the heavenly vision. They had seen and heard the angel; they saw the child and believed. No more sleeping that night in Bethlehem. The shepherds have marvellous tidings. The city is roused. They make known to every one what has been told them concerning the

child, and all they that hear wonder at the words of the shepherds, and wonder still more when they look on the child, while the shepherds themselves go back to their calling, to their sheep in the wilderness, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen.

It could not be many days after, while yet Mary was unable to present her child in the temple, or resume her journey, that all Jerusalem, with Herod the king, is disturbed at the appearing of reverend men, known to be idolatrous sages of the East, who demand where the young king of the Jews may be found, as they desire to pay their respects to him. You know that there was everywhere then—not merely in Judæa—a belief that some great person was to come among the Jews, and be a great king. They tell a strange story,—that they in their quiet study of the heavens have observed a new star, such as was then generally supposed to herald some great event, and under its leading have come as far as Jerusalem. It is not easy to understand how Herod should have been ignorant of what had taken place so near, unless he had been absent, or had scouted this story of one born in a manger as one of the many tales the people were always inventing to trouble him. He had great cause to be troubled; for, a usurper and murderer, the Pharisees had a tradition, that, when the Messiah came, he should die. Calling the wise men to him secretly, Herod makes every inquiry of them; and, pretending that he too desires to do homage to the young child, dismisses them with the command to return again and let him know where they had found it. Resuming their journey, the star leads them to Bethlehem, to the stable of the inn, and there these Eastern priests, accustomed to associate power with kings' houses, bow before a young child lying in a manger, and offer him the costly gifts of their country; and, warned of God, return to their homes by another way.

But Herod was not to be balked. He had too much at stake. He gave orders that every male child of about two

years should be put to death, not only in Bethlehem, but the neighboring villages, — sure that he should so remove that one who threatened to supplant him. The Massacre of the Innocents, as it is called, was not extensive. The children of that age, in so small a place as Bethlehem and the small cities around, would be very few. Painters and preachers have very much exaggerated it. However, it carried sorrow into the homes of the city and the hearts of the mothers, while the young child, safe from harm, awaited in Egypt the death of the tyrant.

I have thought it strange that from this time the record is silent with regard to Bethlehem. It passes out of the historic field. There is no mention of it in the after history of Jesus. Did he never visit it again, never make pilgrimage, as men generally do, to the place of his birth, never turn hither for refreshing amid the pressure of his labors, and had none here felt the power of his love? We cannot say. Never again do the sacred writers allude to it.

Such is Bethlehem's history, — a little one among the cities of Judah, but the mother of great men, the scene of great events. Far back in the early days of the Patriarchs, when Jacob was journeying to Bethel, Rachel had died there. Then it was only a desolate place, and there had he buried her and set up a pillar. Many years after, Ruth's gentle love won there the love of Boaz, and of their descendants came the shepherd-boy, the sweet singer, the mighty king. And then, when the proud and great had forgotten where the Christ was to be born, come angels to the shepherds in those fields, singing of a Saviour born in Bethlehem.

And Bethlehem is now a village of almost irredeemable meanness and dirt. Rachel's tomb is still there, and the grotto where the Saviour was born, guarded by monks, lighted by candles, is still shown to the traveller, while for himself he may feel, and with more the assurance of truth, that the hills and the fields are the same that were dear to Ruth, to David, and to Jesus. What outward glory the little

city had has long since perished. It is like all Eastern places, save that the Church of the Nativity, with its three convents, Latin, Greek, Armenian, occupying the ridge of the hill from west to east, gives it an air of some importance, and the crowds who go thither keep in it a certain appearance of life. Its glory is of the past, — the days of Ruth, of David, of Christ. It has been honored as no other spot on earth. And no other spot of earth shall know such honor as has befallen that little city of plenty, lying up among the hills of Judæa that look toward Jordan.

J. F. W. W.

CONSTITUTIONAL MORALITY.

“It was necessary to create in the multitude, and through them to force upon the leading ambitious men, that rare and difficult sentiment which we may term a constitutional morality; a paramount reverence for the forms of the constitution, enforcing obedience to the authorities acting under and within those forms, yet combined with the habit of open speech, of action subject only to definite legal control, and unrestrained censure of those very authorities as to all their public acts, — combined, too, with a perfect confidence in the bosom of every citizen, amidst the bitterness of party contest, that the forms of the constitution will be no less sacred in the eyes of his opponents than in his own.”

“The diffusion of such constitutional morality, not merely among the majority of any community, but throughout the whole, is the indispensable condition of a government at once free and peaceable; since even any powerful and obstinate minority may render the working of free institutions impracticable, without being strong enough to conquer ascendancy for themselves. Nothing less than unanimity — or so overwhelming a majority as to be tantamount to unanimity — on the cardinal point of respecting constitutional forms, even by those who do not wholly approve of them, can render the excitement of political passion bloodless, and yet expose all the authorities in the state to the full license of pacific criticism.” — *Grote*.

GOOD-FRIDAY AND EASTER, 1863.

GOD of our fathers, on their sons once more in mercy look,
 And let our tears against our sins be written in thy book !
 Lo, Faction, Greed, and Treason keep their orgies through the land !
 The vulture Ruin swoops ! My God, hold thou thine angel's hand !
 A Passover of blood and death doth visit earth again.
 Full many a door-post sprinkled red, and many a lamb is slain.
 Yea, the Mater Dolorosa wailleth all the country through,
 At the tomb of her young offspring, in whom Christ is slain anew.
 In their warm and silent chambers brides and maidens watch and
 weep,
 Or start upright with bristling locks from late and fitful sleep,
 Whose spirits' ear doth through the haunted stillness hear the flight
 Of parting souls that hurry driven upwards through the night.
 For many a crimson river's bed, and many a fatal plain,
 Are choked and piled with lifeless forms of those who died in vain ;
 Where dying looks look patiently for aid that ne'er shall come,
 And speechless lips are gasping for the warbling brooks at home,
 And wide-eyed corpses blankly stare up to the sky to see,
 By star and sun and moonlight, where their missing spirits be.
 At evening for the morn we moan, — at morn for noon ; and then
 Darkness is over all the earth, and vain the help of men.

But to the tomb our pilgrim thoughts now take their yearly road,
 Of Him who was not man alone, but mingled man and God,
 Without whose mild interpretations the workings of thine hand —
 Too high for highest human ken — we could not understand.
 The holy time doth in his name embolden us to pray,
 More closely pressing to thy throne, *take* thou this cup away, —
 Thou with whom all is possible ; or if it be thy will,
 Until its lowest dregs are reached, that we must drink it still,
 Then teach our hearts those words of might thou gavest to thy Son,
 To sweeten all its bitterness, "Thy will, not mine, be done !"
 And let us learn of Him, who now doth reign with thee in heaven,
 To take the chalice that to us is by our Father given
 To purge our sins away, from thee too gently out to spill
 A single blessing of them all, its mystic depths that fill.

Our Lord who deigned to taste to us therein most holy quaffed,
 That we might know, whate'er the woe, no venom in the draught.
 Not from the great Physician's hands we clamor for release,
 That we should rave and cry, Peace, peace! where yet there is no
 peace;
 But faint the head, — the whole heart sick; — and O Jehovah! see,
 Already we begin to let our Israel go free!
 Through our Red Sea thou mak'st a path for them. To us, no more
 Pursuing them, stretch forth thine arm, and bring us back to shore.

How long, O Lord? Our stiff-necked Past unto us all forgive.
 Still let us see thy goodness in the land of those who live.
 The sad disciples stray apart; and early, long, and late,
 Before the sealed sepulchre do saintly women wait.
 The seasons in thy counsels hid, and kept in thine own power,
 'Tis not for us to know or ask; but in some blessed hour
 Send down thine angel, on the road he learned of yore, to roll
 The stone that buries Christ away from every christened soul.
 As in the body, at this time, of old he issued forth,
 So let him in the spirit rise and stand to South and North,
 Till in each other's arms they weep, in mingled love and pain,
 For some by both held very dear, who come not back again,
 Before thee, in the sight of all the nations, making good
 A bond that ne'er can broken be, sealed with their mutual blood;
 Till through our borders, sown with dead and mown by shell and
 sword,
 A harvest waves, of righteousness and glory to the Lord;
 Till every house a temple shall, and every chamber be
 A sacred oratory kept most holy unto thee,
 And those within shine purified, but not consumed or lost,
 Not only as by fire baptized, but by the Holy Ghost!
 Beauty for ashes unto us, and Christ for vengeance send;
 And of his kingdom be no end on earth till earth shall end.

E. FOXTON.

“ WHEN we once realize that the Son of God, in taking humanity upon himself, *took something which he keeps still*, and will not relinquish throughout eternity, we become alive to an awful consolation.”

DESPONDENCY A SIN.

FEW mistakes are more frequent, or more dangerous, than an over-estimate of the importance of outward deeds, in comparison with inward moral states. An open sin, a splendid act of charity or heroism, is something tangible and real, to awaken indignation, or call forth shouts of admiration. But states of feeling are indefinite and vague, comparatively unreal to us, and therefore void of power to enkindle either our indignation or our love. Yet these deeds to which we attach such transcendent importance are only results. The states of mind are the grand causes which create everything that we censure or that we praise. A gross act of sin merits the sternest condemnation. Let the thunderbolts of retribution be hurled against it with avenging hand. Yet what is that in comparison with the depravity that created it, and which still remains to prompt deeds equally dark, or to defile the soul by a moral baseness which can never find a complete expression even in the darkest deeds? The single act of sin is like the single case of disease which a miasma has produced. The corrupted state of the heart is like the pestilence which poisons the all-surrounding air, and puts its plague-spot upon every enfeebled frame. A splendid deed of charity or heroism deserves the highest praise. Let men express in human speech the approbation with which the angels look down upon it, the joy which is sounding forth from their golden lyres. And yet, what is that in comparison with the nobility of mind which prompted it, and which still remains, with its perpetual and never exhausted inspirations? The one noble deed is like a single electric spark which gleams out upon our sight. True nobility of mind is like the mysterious and omnipresent electricity itself, which is ready to leap out in perpetual flashes amidst the constant frictions of life. Or, rather, the single deed is like a single wondrous act of Jesus in his ministry.

of love. The true state of mind is like his own divine spirit, continually expressed in miracles of mercy, and transcending all special deeds, even as the infinite mind of God transcends the works of his hand. States of mind are the sovereign powers in human life, the decisive things in the estimate of human character. They indicate the disease or the health of the spirit. Sometimes we see men whose moral life seems to be steadily oozing out, as the tone of health often steadily decays, so that the first real temptation may become as fatal to the already diseased soul as the first actual sickness to the debilitated body. Sometimes we see men who seem to be lowering the tone, losing the omnipotent heroism of loyalty, and sometimes consciously, but far more frequently unconsciously, preparing themselves to become the possible victims of bold and determined treason. Deeds are as little single streams. States of mind are fountains, wells of water springing up unto everlasting life, or rivers of woe and death. The discouraged, disheartened spirit, enfeebled by perpetual anxieties and fears, is smitten with impotency. Weakness, and consequent cowardice, have entered into its very blood. A brave, determined soul, that will not conjure up the ghosts of future evils to unnerve it in battling against the ills of to-day, that reinforces its own strength by the inspiration of dauntless heroism, begins to put on a moral omnipotence. What would be a grander possession than this cheerful, courageous, trustful spirit amidst the thousand difficulties on the moral battle-fields of life? It would not only be an unfailing fountain of heroism and of inspiration, but a gift of perpetual sunshine in the soul; not a light from without, which change might darken or hide, but a light from within, which, like the rays encircling the head of Jesus, must shine on still midst outward gloom and night. Blessed, blessed almost beyond expression, is he who can take up the burden or meet the peril of the hour in that sublime serenity of trust which fears nothing in the unknown morrow, if it can but fulfil the duty and win the victory for to-day.

But here a difficulty instantly presents itself to many minds. It is said, some men are cheerful, hopeful; others are despondent, full of fears by natural temperament; and nothing can change this original bent of nature. We answer, that no man is qualified to fix the limits to the changes which spiritual forces may effect upon these natural bents of feeling. When a man has exhausted their transforming power, then, and then only, can he fix their bounds. But suppose that these natural temperaments must always throw their own peculiar hue upon the character. What then? They can be modified, and held in check, if they cannot be radically changed. The work may be vastly more difficult in some cases than in others; but if the extravagance of some men's hopefulness may be subdued, the extravagance of other men's despondency may be tempered and modified. We cannot overlook the natural tendency of feeling. But the naturally self-distrustful, despondent man can walk the stormy seas of life with unfaltering tread, if, like the disciple, in the first moment of fear he makes haste to grasp the Master's hand. Even constitutionally timid hearts have nerved themselves to martyr-like confessions. The power of natural temperaments can never hinder the victory of spiritual forces, and whatever qualifications we may legitimately make, still the heroic, cheerful trust of which we have spoken is at once the true ideal, and the divinest law of life.

It is very easy to show the folly of an unduly anxious and a despondent spirit. What help can be gained amidst present difficulties from perpetual forebodings of a still darker future? Are actual burdens lightened by adding the mountain weight of these gloomy prophecies? We need counsels of courage, words of inspiration, not the imaginations and apprehensions of fear. If the actual work of life be difficult, so much the more do we require the utmost health and vigor of the spirit to meet its inevitable duties. Call forth every power of manhood in those who are to be trained

for the battle. Put all possibilities of strength into the body, and all the grander might of loyalty and heroism and self-sacrifice into the soul. Send men into the battle-field strong and brave, with physical energy to endure, and moral energy to dare. Equally do we need the truest, the stoutest-hearted manhood when perils thicken fastest around our way. We enfeeble ourselves by perpetual anticipations of fear, as certainly as by drawing the life-blood from our veins. The actual presence of evils and difficulties — the coming of real calamity — has a strange power to stimulate and nerve the healthy soul. What we once thought it impossible to endure, has often been met with cheerful serenity. It is in life as on the battle-field. The heart may quiver in anticipations of the contest, while in the strife itself it beats without a thought of fear. So wonderfully, in the mysterious workings of the soul itself, does God give strength to his every child according to his day. Anticipations of evil dishearten and crush. Difficulty itself inspires. God does not mean that any day should be darkened by evils beyond what it actually brings. "Sufficient for the day," but not too great, "is the evil thereof"; for unless men have already lost their manhood, if strength come in no other way, the evil itself will arouse and fire the soul for victory. God holds the balance in his providential hand. Let men fear no difficulty or peril. Let them fear only for themselves, lest, when they are weighed, they should be found wanting. One grain of faith outweighs the mountain which we know not how to scale, and casts it into the sea.

These perpetual forebodings of evil are not simply follies. Spiritually considered, they are crimes. There are men who seem to have a morbid tendency to torture themselves and other men by words of gloom and fear. No day is so dark, that they are not eager to prophesy still greater woe. No day is so bright, that they will not utter some words of alarm to dim its light. The superstition which once tortured and lacerated the body in strange conceptions of religious duty

was no more morbid, and far less disastrous. The soul learned self-denial, endurance, heroism, under penances and tortures of the flesh. It becomes weakened and paralyzed under the rackings of fear. Sooner or later, doubtless, God overrules every man's work, to serve his holy cause. Even traitors may thus build up the very cause they would betray. The treachery of Judas was one step towards the accomplishment of the Lord's redeeming sacrifice. But no men seem to serve the world so little as those who dishearten it by magnifying present difficulties and prophesying future ills. There have been alarmists in human history who have done the divinest work; the prophets of God in ancient times, who came in days of apparent prosperity to awaken men to moral evils over which they slumbered, and to announce the retributions which by and by they would surely bring upon unrepentant nations and unrepentant souls; men of later days, who came, in the old prophetic spirit, to fulfil a kindred mission. But theirs were not disheartening voices. Their words were bugle-notes to summon men to great warfares for truth and righteousness; and they themselves led the way in heroic consecration or in actual martyrdom. But the alarmists who have only words of fear and gloom, and none of inspiration and of cheer, who, when the soul needs every thought of strength and every ray of light, speak as if every prop on which we lean must fail, and the gloom thicken into rayless night, who unnerve the spirit when it should be clad with sevenfold might, and practically deny all hope either in man or God, are of a very different order. God forgive them, for they know not what they do. God forgive them when they injure the cause which they really love, and change their errors and mistakes into an enduring blessing.

Let us leave the further consideration of our sad mistakes, and look up for a moment to the fair ideal of a courageous, trustful life. Burdened by a thousand cares, distracted by anxieties and fears, can we gain a genuine vision of its spir-

itual beauty? We fall so far below the true ideal of life in many ways, that it sometimes seems as difficult distinctly to conceive of it as to see the life of angels with these mortal eyes. Jesus speaks, for example, of singleness of eye and heart. And yet the spirit which serves truth with perfectly single eye and heart, which has no mixture of personal or selfish motives even in its better deeds, that absolute disinterestedness of obedience and of charity, often seems as much a mystery as if Jesus had never spoken, or lived, or died. Religious systems which claim a pre-eminence for the purity of their creed fail to bring out that sublime ideal of duty. Many a church claims to preach the doctrines of the Cross. What one church is enkindled and made alive with this true, redeeming spirit of the Cross? And so, too, this life of courageous duty and courageous trust, which never lets the shadow of the morrow damp the energy or darken the light of to-day, which under all the responsibilities that press upon our lives to excite our hope or fear, when we are making our own future, and the future of the world every hour,—shaping the destiny of men for centuries, and the destiny of the soul for eternity itself,—the life which, under such conditions, can gain a trust so joyous and free that it may be symbolized by the birds of heaven, who neither toil nor spin, and fill the air with song,—this seems equally to transcend human life and speech, and even human thought. What is this glorious trust? It has no element of recklessness in its nature, although recklessness often claims it as a cloak for its sin. Jesus does not excuse even the spendthrifts of outward fortune, but commands men to gather up every fragment for noble uses amidst a miraculous abundance. Much less will he excuse the spendthrifts of higher gifts, who, under the pretence of avoiding criminal anxieties, shake off the sacred conviction of responsibility, and profanely baptize thoughtlessness with the consecrated name of trust. The true spirit, also, is not indifference, or insensibility, either to the character or the consequences of

present deeds. He who wept over Jerusalem as he foresaw its coming woe, and bore the burden of the cross for the world's redemption, had an infinite sensibility of heart. The problem of a true Christian life is not solved by leaving out any of its elements, but by harmonizing them. The problem is to reconcile a boundless diligence with a boundless confidence ; the highest fidelity and care, the tenderest sensibility, with the most abiding serenity and the calmest trust. It is to work as if the welfare of the world depended upon ourselves, and still to trust as if no secondary power could make one hair white or black, and everything rested upon God alone. And this grand reconciliation can be accomplished. Man's work is to place himself in harmony, day by day, with eternal truths, those almighty forces, and then to leave the rest to their sovereign and infinite power. The wonders of invention furnish splendid illustrations of the highest spiritual truths. What is it we strive to do in our wonderful machinery except to let the forces of nature act upon it with their fullest power ? And then it is not the human machinery, but gravitation and electricity, the perpetual and omnipotent forces of the universe itself, which do the work and accomplish the wonders. If we could perfectly adjust our mechanism to their movements, and give them free and unrestricted play, men would indeed become as gods. Let man adjust his deeds to the demands of truth, justice, love ; those spiritual forces, mightier, more enduring than those of nature, and which would remain after heaven and earth shall have passed away. Let him concentrate all his anxieties upon the work of the present moment, to make that as true as truth, as pure as justice, as divine as love, and then leave all anxieties for the future. These celestial powers will then work for him with God's eternal might. Cannot the most tireless toil thus be reconciled with the serenest trust ? He who could thus toil for the present, with no distracting anxiety for the future, would often command a future success grander than hope ever conceived in its

most anxious dreams. Let man toil singly and untiringly to put God on his side to-day, and why need he distrust the future? He may not quickly win the victory even then; God's truth has sometimes been trodden under foot for centuries. Sometimes lawless ambition is permitted to pull down the fairest fabric of empire, and wade through seas of blood to long-coveted and ill-gotten power. But the spirit that is loyal to truth and God comes, like the ark, over every flood, to re-establish itself upon the earth after the desolating waters have been stayed. The way of duty is clear and plain. It is the way of true success. When man lives for the present hour in the Divine sense of the words, and thus places himself on the side of God day by day, though his work long seems in vain, his life at least remains as an immortal power, to help on the accomplishment of purposes of love that transcend his fairest prophecies and boldest dreams.

G. W. B.

"THE outward flattery of being accounted a child of God by imputation or external application is false and vain. The work done in the outward flesh only doth not make the child of God, but the working of Christ in the spirit maketh, and is the child of God. Which working is so powerful in the outward work, that it shineth forth as a new light, and manifesteth itself to be the child of God in the outward work of the flesh.

"For if the eye of the soul be light, then the whole body is light in all its members. Now if any boast himself to be the child of God, and yet suffereth the body to burn in sins, he is not capable of being a child, but lieth captive in the fetters of the Devil in great darkness. And if he doth not find in himself an earnest will burning in him of well-doing in love, then his pretence is but an invention of reason proceeding from self, which cannot see God, unless it be born anew, and show forth in its power and virtue that it is his child. For there is no fire but hath light in it; and if the Divine fire be in the mind, it will shine forth, and the mind will do that which God will have done."

MANHOOD, THE WANT OF THE DAY.

A SERMON BY REV. J. F. W. WARR.

MATTHEW xvi. 3 : — "The signs of the times."

THERE were signs of the times in our Saviour's day which wise man might have easily discerned and profited by. The time was coming with observation. The people were not observing. The deepening shadows did not disturb them. They had eyes, but they would not see. They did nothing to avert their doom.

There are signs of the times to-day. Shall we let bigotry, prejudice, party spirit, ignorance, blind us to them? Shall we let the shadows deepen, and the night of terror come; shall we tamely wait for, court, our doom?

So far as I can see, it seems to be generally felt that we are now arrived at the crisis of our crisis, the point of extreme peril. Our national trial has had just the history of antecedent trials of its class. Nothing new has happened, nothing new is happening, to us. We have had parallels given us from history, — from the old history of the Bible and the early experience of the children of Israel, from the war of England with France under Bonaparte, from our own antecedent wars, — and they are very eloquent and convincing, showing how History ever repeats herself, and that these great national disorders, as the lesser disorders of the human race, have their laws of development, that they go on increasing in violence and complication up to a certain point, which is the point of real peril, the true crisis, the crisis of the crisis. There the great struggle commences; there the whole thing is decided. Life or death hangs trembling in the balance. At that point nations and men die; that point safely passed, nations as men return to greater health and strength. The real crisis is upon us to-day. There is no mistaking

We have once or twice before thought ourselves at the

turning-point, because we had no just idea of the character and magnitude of the contest ; but it is here to-day, where and as we had not looked for it. Let all that is true and noble in us rise to the demand of the occasion, and we are safe.

The spectacle we now present is that of a people upon whom are the most solemn and pressing demands for unity of action, if not of sentiment, wasting themselves by internal doubts and jealousies, intrigues and oppositions, affording through these aid and comfort to an implacable foe, compared with which any foreign intervention would be trifling. The enthusiasm which for the moment bound in one all discordant elements, and held dumb before it even the petty meannesses of party, has subsided before the prolonged, exacting trial, and has been replaced largely by sentiments, desires, fears, utterly unworthy of a people with a history, a capacity, such as ours. Never was there a nation so bound by every solemn consideration to utter unanimity, never did a cause so need a single heart and will. We are not found equal to the hour. The subsidence of enthusiasm has not been followed by the sterner, better sentiment of duty. The country is not filled, inspired, with a sense of its obligation to itself, its history, — to the race and to God. It does not know that the hand never goes backward upon the dial of time ; that there is no retrograde to Providence more than to fate. It sighs for that old bondage it has left. It sees peace, plenty, security, in that old, dark Egypt behind, and about it only desert terrors, and before it encamped hosts of difficulties — sons of Anak — between it and its rest. The promised land is well enough, were we only there ; but being here, and all this lying between, our faint hearts turn back, and we sigh for the past, even demand the Moses of our escape to lead us back. It is the old story, — History repeating herself ; God calling a people to a great duty, granting them a grand opportunity, setting before them a glorious destiny ; the people springing with alacrity to accept

, but without sitting down to count the cost, becoming dispirited, almost renegade, when reverses, delays, keep back the fulfilment of their hope. It was somewhat pardonable in a mob like that which had just passed the Red Sea to be discouraged and rebellious under the presence of apparent dangers, fenced cities and giants; but for us to hesitate, for us to look longingly back, for us to crave a restored past, for us to waver before a frowning future, is to put us back to the level of the runaway slaves of Pharaoh.

It is a bad sign that which we see to-day, — a noble people faltering in a noble duty. It comes to us from secret onclave of crafty men, from treacherous resolves in legislative bodies, from corrupt utterings of a licentious press, from what men say in the streets, or only hint, or convey through sneers and flings, that after all but hurt and degrade themselves. You feel everywhere that there is a taint to the atmosphere. A hearty, unconditional patriotism feels itself ill at ease, oppressed. Said a friend, coming fresh from a two-years' service: "What does all this mean. Never in my life did I hear such terrible things as since I came North. What are you about? There is nothing of this in the army. It could n't stay there. The army is not interested in your his and that of politics, but the army sees before it a bitter, implacable, resolute foe, — a foe which has no idea of yielding, a foe which must be put down, or all that is high, holy, and hopeful in this nation will be, which must be conquered, or it will conquer, — and that is the one fact about which the army thinks." An officer, returning from a short furlough, writes: "You can't imagine how good it seems to be back among a set of good, loyal, sensible-talking men. Talk about demoralization, — why, in the whole army there is not so much as in one ward in the city of New York. All the officers who have come back from the North come with the idea that you are all scared to death. It pleases them to see the strong ground government is taking, and you see, if the necessity arises, if this army won't see the draft en-

forced." I have heard from more than one recently from the battle-fields, that it would only need a leader to bring that army northward, to stamp out this despicable treachery here, before it marches southward to root it out there. Not long since I heard that one of our great commanders, who is held in highest personal regard by all loyal men, say that he saw "nothing to apprehend except in the state of feeling at the North." In front the army has a foe it respects because it is brave; but the foe behind it despises as honorable men despise all things mean. What splendid utterances have we had from it lately, — West and East! And there are more behind. Sometimes I have thought we were to owe our salvation from internal as from external enemies, to the brave men who have gone from us, and going seem to have left so little manhood behind them!

No: I will take that back. There is a deal of manhood left. I look for a second thought from our people. There are signs of it already. It is not so dark and desperate as it seems. We are not sunk so low. I believe there will be reaction, in which the people will show what they are. Misguided, deceived now, they will rise and shake off this new bondage, and speak out clear and strong for the great right. They have been disappointed, and now they are deceived. I think they will cure themselves, and the cure will be radical. The signs of the times point to this. We shall pass the point of peril.

This is the *people's* struggle every way, — no matter of rulers, or of parties, or of caste, or of individual ambition. The *people* have risen, — the *people* will carry through the war. They may be timid; they may halt; but they will in the end conquer. Designing men, with their sophistries and specious pleas and policies, may for a while deceive; some who never triumph over a prejudice or desert a party-lead will follow; but the real people, the whole people, are to be unconditionally loyal.

I hear men say that what the times want is *a man*. I do

not believe it. I do not so read the signs. I know History is against me, and I respect and bow before her teachings, for they are as the words of God. Still I think these times are unlike other times, and I more than doubt if the same means in all things be required as in other days. I know how England suffered until Cromwell came; I know how the truth was bound until Luther spoke; I know the throbs and throes of my native land till Washington was made our chief; and I know how all through history the coming of the longed-for champion has been the signal for the rally of the brave and waiting, the death-knell of tyranny, ignorance, and wrong, — that until the man has come, all has seemed halting and hopeless. The great epochs in philosophy, science, religion, arts, poetry, national policy, human progress, are coeval with the lives of single men, who advanced them by their genius or their will, and have bound themselves and them in one inseparable immortality. But is it always to be so? When a generation or a race becomes imbued with truths and principles once the property of, once but dimly seen even by, a single mind, — when that which was once exceptional in the individual becomes as the very life and breath of the people themselves, runs way down into and through all classes, — may we not well feel that the need of a special, providential man is removed, and cease to expect a Shakespeare to our literature, a Washington to our struggle? You may find to-day in France the reins gathered into a single hand, you may find a Confederacy born of and shaped and ruled by a single will; but in a Federal Union, no room, as I believe, no possibility, for such rule. I do not know that it would really help us, were such thing possible, should Washington himself return to lead again his country out of her peril. With our people as they are, I doubt if that would be a success. Individual men rule, help, save, where the average public tone and character are low. They inspire by their exceptional position. But lift the average of society up, educate, civilize, Christianize the mass, let it for two

or three generations live under the influences we have, — imperfectly as we have yielded to them, — and I do not think they need, or would yield to, the guiding of any man, no matter what their peril. For one I do not expect the crisis to give us *a man*.

Some men shake their heads at this. They can't separate themselves from their chosen idea. Crises always have developed a man. We wait for, we want a man, — we shall have no success till he be come. Each new general in turn has been the man, till he has been set aside, and still we get no nearer. To-day, after two years' strife, there is no more prospect of such an one than in the beginning. Suppose our salvation must wait till such man come, from what quarter is to be his coming? Only from among military men all will say. Then — we, here, look to the army of the Potomac. It is McClellan; it is Hooker. But to the West McClellan and Hooker are little. The people there have their separate war, as it were, their separate aim, their separate army, their separate hero. Let Rosecrans open the Mississippi, he is their man. But the opening the Mississippi is not our object of present moment. We want to take Richmond. The man who should take Richmond would be our man. But the taking Richmond is a matter of little moment to the West. They would go into no enthusiasm over our hero, — he would not be to them the man for the hour. They would not accept our man, — we would not accept theirs. Simply, then, it is impossible in a country so vast as this, each part having its separate, distant task, for the one so to enter into the successes of the other as to feel the magnetism of its victory, drop its local attachments, confidence, prejudice, and unite upon one central man. Hooker may be the hero of Richmond, Rosecrans or Grant the hero of the Mississippi, Banks or Burnside of Texas, Hunter of Charleston, — God grant it all! — but not one of them, and no other, can be *the* coming man; and we wait in vain, and waste ourselves in waiting.

Better than this, I believe the crisis will give us *men*. It is men we want, — a broader, freer, surer, more self-relying manhood. We are very much paralyzed, very much intimidated, in grave doubt, because the tone of manhood has not been kept up. Material success has enervated, and the character of party and sectional politics has belittled, and we have grown large in some ways only to grow small in others. We have not had an overplus of moral sentiment. We have grown too suspicious of religious faith. These things have long been telling against us, though we would not believe it. We have been running down in our manhood. Trade, social life, politics, religion, show it. But there is a big manhood underneath. Let it have time to assert itself, let it see clearly through this mist of trade and politics and society, and all that lowers, let it fall back upon the grand underlying principles, which it knows very well about and owns fealty to, and we shall have that big manhood out, visible, supreme. And such times as these bring about this change with great rapidity. See how prolific the time, not *a man*, indeed, but *men*! — no one huge overgrowth, but what a grand average, — not among shoulder-straps I grant you, but in the rank and file, that band of heroes and martyrs, marching to victory or death, with all the better courage of the noblest warriors of antiquity, sanctified by all that is sublime in self-sacrifice and faith, — gone from our homes, sons of our hearts, with as pure a purpose and as godly a resolve as ever crusader, or knight, or roundhead, or provincial. They are to-day's *men*. They make *a man* unnecessary. Their example is contagious. *Men* are springing up all about us. There are braves in our home-guards too, — men who will not stand by and see the altar of our liberty and hope polluted by any coward touch, men who are not heard amid the brawlers in streets, at meetings, in legislatures, or read in newspapers, — in whom faith and resolve are silent, because deep. To-day let this disloyalty that is loud-mouthed and vague, that is underhand and disguised, that is open

and defiant, put itself into any one tangible form, and it will find a spirit in this people that will hurl it to the deepest depths, — a spirit, not to kill it, but to let it live and cower and wail forever, — that shall brand it with a name as undying and as despised as that of the Tory of our Revolutionary history. Yes, — and this very day, though we do not brand or exile or imprison or shoot or hang, we mark the disloyal man, and his name and presence become a hissing and an offence.

All efforts of any man or any party will fail at this crisis. I think the times show that. A man, a party, cannot rise and rule. Manhood shall rise and rule. I dare say a successful candidate for President may be found somewhere among our generals, but he will be taken, as others, on the ground of a general availability. The war will end, and end right, without having developed, without our being clearly indebted to, one man. There is to be no second Washington. The rulers of this country are the people. They are to be its saviours. A genuine, well-balanced, thoroughly fused popular sentiment — a thing in which you and I have part — is to be our guide, our safety. When that is had, the end is. In that, victory and peace. De Tocqueville says, that “in the United States society governs itself for itself. All power centres in its bosom. The people reign in the American political world as the Deity does in the universe.” Let the people reign, then. Let us put forth our might. Let us be true to our profession, our birthright, our opportunity, our privilege. Let us cast off the emasculate manhood degrading us, and put on the braver manhood, and let that braver manhood be the one unifying life running through and transmuting all.

And what do we need as ingredients in this larger manhood, our stay, our staff, our hope? To what do the times point?

1. *Real principle.* I say *real*, because there is a spurious principle, a well-executed counterfeit, with which men some-

men deceive themselves, and oftener hope to deceive others. Many, too many, have only the principle of their set, their party, their creed, their parent or friend, their prejudice or selfishness, and when any strain comes, when you really want to know what they are and where they are, when there is a grand chance, at some cost, to show the quality of their principle, you find it has not the real ring. You can't get it at a certain point. It is at best of the letter which killeth, not of the spirit which maketh alive. You will find it turning back and walking no longer with you, fertile in doubts and quibbles, anxious about other people's decision or ruling, condemning its friends, excusing its foes. We do not want any such principle to-day. The times will not bear it. Nothing half-way will do. The principle of to-day must be broad, fixed, immutable. It must not quote precedent or party. It must come up unflinchingly to the hour's demand and duty. There is a great deal to be settled which can only be settled through principle. If there is to be bargaining, chicanery, compromise, — a yielding for peace when there is no peace, — the work cannot stand. God is against it, and so sure as our past infidelity to principle and to him has brought us into this dire calamity, so surely will our present bring us, or, what is infinitely worse, our children, into greater.

This thing has got to be settled on principle, — not by the Republican party, or by the Democratic party, or any go-between party. Why must we have parties now? Why cannot a man to-day utter an honest conviction of his soul, even in the House of God, without some contemptible gibe at his preaching for party? For myself I have never been a party man. Since I have been old enough to judge I have never seen the party I could go with. From the moment the war opens I know no party, and till it ceases I will know none. The man who will stand by his country without demer, who will do every duty of every hour, who will hold prejudice, preference, party, at bay for the time being, and

cast himself, body, heart, soul, into the day's struggle, remembering nothing but his duty to the land which has borne and cherished him, that man shall have my confidence, my honor, and if it comes to so poor a thing, my vote. To-day there are two sides, and no third, — two parties, and none other conceivable. Either a man is for his country or against her. He that is not with her is against her. It is no time to split hairs, to haggle over this or that, to run back to party lines, precedents, shibboleths. We are in the vortex of the whirlpool. For one, I yield unconditional obedience to any mandate of the powers that be. That I do not approve is not now the question. It would be strange if I, or any man, at such a crisis, should approve everything. Let the question of approval or disapproval rest. It can wait. I go for my country as those who are her constituted rulers decree she shall go, and I heartily believe of them, mistaken as they have been and will again be, that, amid embarrassments and painful gropings such as we cannot know, with an honesty of loyalty that any party in power, I trust, would show, they are trying to carry out the principles of the Constitution, — the Constitution of the Fathers, not of party, — so far as it is possible under the contingency that the *spirit* of that instrument shall be carried out. I believe that, in the end, that Constitution, better understood than before, enlarged in some of its bearings, is to have a heartiness of support, a loyalty of reverence and service, it has not had. It is to be a spirit vitalizing our institutions, our laws, our very lives, not a letter, the convenient sport of every intriguer. But if the powers that be prove dishonest, the time and way are clear for their removal, and opportunity to search for better. Meanwhile my creed for the crisis is, a ready yielding to the powers that be. To turn against them is to turn against the country they for the time represent. Let us see the end of this with honor; let us put this thing through. Let us nail the flag to the mast, sink the foe that threatens, — then settle the difficulty on our own quarter-

ack. Let us brand every disloyal man, shoot every insubordinate soldier, in high place as low place, conquer a peace, sure peace, a righteous peace,—then we can attend to other things.

2. Another want is *patience*. One cannot but wonder now at the mad impetuosity with which we rushed into this thing, cried, *On to Richmond!* and expected to have all quiet again in three months. The storm had been gathering too long for that. The impatience in which we all share is a very large and dangerous element in to-day's despondency, and gives scope to its treachery. I charge it upon the press of the land, even that which boasts itself respectable and conservative, that it has used its opportunity and its power, too often without scruple, to foment this natural and inevitable impatience, with regard more to its sales than the truth, its own gain than the comfort and peace of already strained and aching hearts. I appeal for proof to letters of special correspondents, perpetually provoking a hope perpetually doomed to disappointment; to staring bulletins, before which the crowds pause and doubt and hope; to absurdest, basest rumors, given the benefit of newspaper sanction and circulation; to Saturday evening telegrams, making a Sabbath of apprehension and unrest. The mischief this way done is incalculable. Nothing will excuse it. The public mind, uneasy, diseased, alternating between its hopes and fears, seizes greedily anything that is offered. Deceived so many times before, it believes this time, only to find itself deceived again, only to be made more fiercely, irritably impatient. It is the duty of the press to-day, as of every public man and power, to soothe and inspire, not to pander to the sickly craving for mere news, or lend itself to a lie.

We must have more patience,—a patience that shall not flinch if the war lasts for years, outlasts the generation. We ought to have done with coaxing ourselves into the idea that it will be short, and settle ourselves down to doing every demanded duty and bearing every appointed burden;

and in God's good time the war will end. We can't hasten it by prophecy or by fretting. They who patiently wait will never lose.

3. We must have *faith*. A voice comes up from the army to me, and it strikes me very solemnly: "As you believe in God, do what you can to keep up faith in him at home." Strange words these to come up from a camp, — for the camp to urge upon the pulpit! How much meaning they have! how much they are needed! This is God's affair, not man's. We are working for him, building as we do not know, — mere hod-carriers, painfully bearing on our shoulders material for an edifice which shall be shaped as we know not, which shall grow into a grace and beauty and stability we dream not of; for its builder and maker is God.

How sad it is to see men so blind, — so wilfully determined not to see God in this day's marvellous doing! Just see how he has pushed aside and overruled, not merely our blunders, but our best doings; and when men have so persistently striven to narrow the strife to some low issue, see how he widens it, and then men accept as *military necessity* — is that not wellnigh a blasphemy? — that which he proclaims as *Divine will*. I ask any candid man, Is it not evident, — would it not be to you, if you stood unconcerned, outside the strife, — is it not evident that God means by this war to raise the black man so that he shall have the chance to prove his capability? Long enough we have stood in his way. God, who has tried one great experiment on this continent, is preparing to try another, and this America is to be the seed-ground of a larger civilization and a broader liberty than she has yet seen; and so shall her honor and her glory spread.

Faith in God! Let us have it, and reverently follow as he leads.

Friends! The signs of the times are such as to make us thoughtful, earnest, resolute, not such as to discourage or to depress. That is the worst cowardice which allows itself to

despair. The work at this crisis is not to be done by the army alone. There is treachery at home. We have sat here, exempt from the terrors and perils of war, enjoying our wonted comforts and luxuries, congratulating ourselves upon our marvellous material success, forgetful of our own stern duties, too long. The cannon and the bayonet have been too exclusively our agents and our hope. Our difficulties were to be settled on the field. The day shows us our mistake. While we have slept, a busy enemy has sowed his tares. The conflict comes nearer home. Our safety, the safety of the Republic, our honor, our hope, can no longer be intrusted to a distant army, be it never so successful, never so loyal. We must rouse to do our part. There is work for each and all. The home tone must be changed. It is notoriously evident that the demoralization is here,—that what of it there is in the army does not originate there, but springs from, is fomented by, the selfishness, the treachery, of those at home acting upon the timidity, the fainting hope, the real desire for peace of many. The price of liberty is eternal vigilance. We have forgotten that, and again History repeats herself, revealing, at the very crisis of our struggle with the enemies of the Republic, the existence and the industry of foes at home, who care nothing for the country and the cause, nothing for honor and humanity, if they may hope to gain their own ends. So, before, many times, a great people have been conquered, not by the enemy in front, but by the treachery within. So, many times, has the spirit of party raged, divided, subdivided, and wasted, and the foe has seized an easy victory.

We are warned: let us be wise. The spirit that dared lift itself against the integrity of Washington lifts itself to-day against principles and hopes to which he gave his manhood. The tomb by the Potomac cannot yield its dead, and the great hero once again resume his place at the head of a bewildered people. We do not need the miracle. The remedy lies with the people alone. They do not need a great,

central mind. The theory of our government — the very corner-stone of the Republic — is, that the people rule. That is the experiment we try ; that is what we claim as our success. Let us prove that it is so. The crisis comes, and it rests with the people — you, me, all of us — to say what its issue shall be. It shall be, it can be, only good, if every man of us is at his post, true to the hour as the compass to the pole ; if, forgetting party, prejudice, any, every low hope and aim, we remember only our country's peril, and yield her our unconditional loyalty. It needs no one great master mind at the helm. The times demand unity among the people, — that our guide, that our salvation.

Men of thought ! be up and stirring
Night and day :
Sow the seed, withdraw the curtain,
Clear the way !

Men of action ! aid and cheer them
As ye may !
There 's a fount about to stream,
There 's a light about to beam,
There 's a warmth about to glow,
There 's a flower about to blow ;
There 's a midnight blackness changing
Into gray.

Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way !

Once the welcome light has broken,
Who shall say,
What the unimagined glories
Of the day ?
What the evil that shall perish
In its ray ?

Aid the dawning, tongue and pen ;
Aid it, hopes of honest men ;
Aid it paper, — aid it type, —
Aid it, for the hour is ripe,
And our earnest must not slacken
Into play.

Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way !

Lo! a cloud 's about to vanish
 From the day;
 And a brazen wrong to crumble
 Into clay;
 Lo! the right 's about to conquer:
 Clear the way!
 With the right shall many more
 Enter, smiling, at the door:
 With the giant wrong shall fall
 Many others, great and small,
 That for ages long have held us
 For their prey.
 Men of thought and men of action,
 Clear the way!

is a troublesome thing to mortify the evil will, none are willing
 it so. We would all willingly be the children of God, if we
 be so with this garment; but it cannot be. This world passeth
 and the outward life must die; what good can the childhood
 mortal body do me?

we would inherit the filiation, we must also put on the new
 hich can inherit the filiation, which is like the Deity. God
 ve no sinner in heaven, but such as are born anew and be-
 ildren, which have put on heaven.

efore it is not so easy a matter to become the children of God
 imagine. Indeed, it is not a burdensome thing to him that
 it on the filiation, whose light shineth; for it is joy to him.
 turn the mind, and destroy self, there is a strong and continual
 ness requisite, and such a purpose, that if the body and soul
 part asunder by it, yet the will should persevere constantly,
 enter again into self."

L such flattering of ourselves by saying, Christ hath paid
 som, and made satisfaction for sin, he is dead for our sins;
 also do not die from sin in him, and put on his merit in
 edience, and live therein, all is false, and a vain, frivolous
 ."

ALL IS VANITY.

Let them vanish, — let them vanish, —
 Days that wore a rosy hue !
 If the winds thy pleasures banish,
 Give the winds thy sorrows too.

Let expire, — let expire, —
 Each melodious festal strain !
 Time's harsh hand hath swept life's lyre,
 Let the storm-song lull thy pain.

Let them crumble, — let them crumble, —
 Airy domes thy hope had planned !
 Not in vain, man's pride to humble,
 Thousand fanes in ruin stand.

Let them scatter, — let them scatter, —
 Friends, — twined round thee, heart to heart !
 Till but Pain is left, — no matter, —
 That old friend one day must part.

Let them slumber, — let them slumber, —
 Deep in death thy wishes all !
 On thy heart of graves no cumber,
 But a churchyard peace shall fall.

Let it break, then, — let it break, then, —
 This poor heart within thy breast !
 Many a gnawing want and ache, then,
 With it in the grave shall rest.

Let the fire, — let the fire, —
 This devoted earth consume !
 All old monsters, phantoms dire,
 Shall go down in that great tomb.

Let the treasures, — let the treasures, —
 Of God's grace thy heart supply !
 On that star alone thy pleasures
 In unfading pastures lie.

J. P. LANGE.

RANDOM READINGS.

A CHAPLAIN'S EXPERIENCE IN THE ARMY.

PART I.

NOT of the dangers, the thrilling excitements, and the deeds of valor and sacrifice which occur in the front ranks of the battle-field, — there are others who have had a wider experience of these than a chaplain is likely to meet, — but simply of what has been seen and heard and felt from day to day by a Christian minister living and working with a thousand soldiers.

When he left the quiet of a New England parish to come out in the army, it was with an exaggerated idea of the physical hardships that a soldier would have to endure. He expected to be in a battle every week, and on a march all the time between, to sleep usually on the ground, live on hard-tack and salt pork, wear dry clothing only as an exception, and hear daily about his head the shriek of rebel balls. Apart from the duty which every citizen owes to his country, it seemed a glorious opportunity to bear, not in name, but in reality, the cross of Christ; and he tried to come fully prepared for any hardships of this kind which might befall him, even to that of a soldier's grave.

In all these things, however, he has been entirely disappointed. The dangers in which our regiment has been placed have served only to produce now and then a pleasant state of excitement. Our exposure to the elements has been far less wearing to the physical system than a minister's ordinary confinement in his study. The sleep which hovers over the soft side of a pine board makes up in sweetness for all which it lacks in luxury. There is a peculiar pleasure in being taken from the stays and artificial helps of society, which, in a minister's situation, are so apt to prove enervating, and thrown back on one's own simple energy and manhood. The wild flavor of our life appeals to something in the natural man that never yet was satisfied in church or parlor. The mere matter of dressing in the morning without the bother of starched dickeys and shirt-bosoms has more than atoned for the danger of running occasionally against an ounce of cold lead. What a charm there is in being able to ride your horse

at the top of his speed through the woods, and over ditch and field, without fear of shocking the religion out of some staid parishioner! Living so much in the open air has proved an appetizer beyond all the arts of cookery ; and even salt pork, which, to tell the truth, was dreaded in the beginning quite as much as rebel bullets, has been met with a gnashing of teeth indicative of anything but implacable wrath.

Yet a chaplain's situation is by no means a bed of roses. The real cross is here, only it is found in a far different shape from the one which had been imagined. It is made up of the pride, selfishness, unbelief, which are evinced among those in whom only patriotism, generosity, enthusiasm, and faith were expected, of the slowness and inefficiency with which everything appears to be done, of the terrible atmosphere of vice in which he is obliged to live and breathe, and of a thousand vexations, annoyances, and trials which meet him daily in the prosecution of his own especial work.

His position in the regiment is different from that of all its other officers. The colonel, lieutenant-colonel, and major, the quartermaster and surgeons, have each their set duties to perform. It is intended that all the materials needed in their several departments should be furnished by government. The forms are given in the United States Army Regulations, by which they are to obtain anything which is lacking. And they are all invested in their own sphere with authority, not only to give commands, but also to enforce their execution.

Not so, however, with the chaplain. He is indeed commissioned and paid as an officer ; but not the slightest provision is made for the means with which he is to carry on his work. There is no authority by which he can obtain a chapel-tent to correspond with those which are given to the hospital department, or by which he can even claim a place for his personal shelter. His religious meetings are obliged to be held in God's great temple of the open sky, except as some meaner place is furnished by accident, or by private subscription. With our own regiment, located in a Southern climate, this fact, so far as our Sunday services are concerned, has occasioned us but little inconvenience. We all go into the open field, and, with the vaulted arch of heaven over our heads, and God's sunshine, the emblem of his spirit, pouring down upon us, enjoy it all the more as being the primitive place of worship. For the first three months after leaving home we scarcely missed a Sunday in thus coming together for a morning service. With the regiments, however, along the Potomac,

it must have made a great difference ; and with us, the want of a chapel for our prayer and conference meetings has been a continual annoyance. We commenced having them each Wednesday, Friday, and Sunday evening, in the common Sibley tents, occupied by the men. A good degree of interest was excited, and for a time matters went on finely. But the tents soon became crowded. The inmates who were not especially interested complained that the knapsacks and other articles on which we had to sit in lieu of seats were injured ; and at last, owing to this fact, and to changes made in the location of the regiment, our evening meetings were suspended.

Our next plan was to build a log-house ; but just as our arrangements were made, we learned it was doubtful whether the authorities, owing to our peculiar situation, would allow a building of such size to be put up. We then spent some time in skirmishing with the surgeon to procure a tent from the hospital department, which had three large and convenient ones. The surgeon, however, was not especially interested in the religious welfare of the regiment, and so our efforts were in vain. Resolved not to be discouraged, we at last, after many disappointments, and with the edge of the tongue, if not of the sword, succeeded in obtaining a wall tent, capable of holding some twenty-five or thirty persons, which had been left by one of the officers. It was quickly fitted up, and one Sunday evening, with great enthusiasm and rejoicing, we held our first meeting. It would not contain us all ; but what of that ? we could hold our meetings the oftener. Another appointment was made ; but lo ! on repairing to our canvas sanctuary, we found it had been filled a few hours before with quartermaster's stores, — a case, it was represented, of absolute necessity. Of course there was a clash. I am afraid there was exhibited, at least on the part of one individual, anything but the meekness of the Spirit. But he remembers what happened of old to the money-changers and them that sold doves, and he has not yet repented. The result was, that the stores went out and the meeting went in. There, thanks to our good colonel, we still are.

This, however, is not the only difficulty with which a chaplain is obliged to contend. He is invested with no authority over the men who are placed in his charge, and is unable to give a single order for anything connected with their religious and moral improvement. It is entirely optional with the commanding officer as to whether the men shall be brought together for Sunday services. The colonel of

our regiment, without being strictly a religious man, has consented to this arrangement through personal kindness. But with many others in this vicinity it is different. The attendance is entirely voluntary, and, as a large part of the soldiers, and those who have the greatest need of religious instruction, are apt to prefer lolling in their tents to forty minutes worship in the open, sandy field, standing first on one foot and then on the other, the result is often a very small congregation.

So, likewise, the chaplain, in all of his labors, is entirely at the mercy of the officers with whom he is associated. When men who wear the United States insignia on their shoulders and Satan's in their heart, as so many do, oppose him, — as sooner or later, if he is a faithful preacher, they surely will, — there is no way provided by which, as in the case of the surgeon, he can go to a higher authority and compel them to be set aright. It is in the power of a drunken or unbelieving colonel, who has taken some slight pique against him, not only to make his situation exceedingly unpleasant, but, what is far worse, almost to destroy his usefulness. He is thrown wholly on his own energy, is ordered to make bricks, — or should it be to unmake them, — without having either straw or kiln, is expected to move a world of vice, and is not furnished with even a single point on which to rest his lever.

Is it a wonder that some of our chaplains, when placed in such circumstances as these, should have proved inefficient? Is it not rather a wonder that any of them should have met with success? To the man who is simply a nominal chaplain, who is content to purvey food to the officers' tables instead of truth to the regiment's souls, it is the easiest place in the army; for while he is furnished with the means to do nothing, the government really requires him to do nothing. But to one who is truly earnest, and who feels bound by the army regulation of his own soul to accomplish something, it is the most difficult. The energy, the tact, the knowledge of human nature, the inventive genius, the moral courage, to say nothing of the physical hardihood, which can make him efficient in this position, would enable him to succeed anywhere in the army, not excepting certainly the place of a brigadier-general. He needs soul and muscle and heart and brains, and, not less important than all these, "plenty of cheek." It is easier to run ten parishes where the machinery is all organized, and where the social influences are so largely in one's

favor, than to run one regiment where there is no machinery at all; nothing but one's own heart-power, and where so many forces are working against him.

The chaplain ought really to have the same power in the regiment as the surgeon. A tent for the chapel should be provided by government, as much as one for the hospital. The men ought to be brought together each Sunday for worship, as truly as on week days for drill. He should be required to offer prayer each day at the close of dress-parade. The power should be given him for demanding the removal of any habit or object among the soldiers which interferes with their morals, the same as the surgeon has when he sees anything which interferes with their health. Are spiritual laws of less importance than sanitary? Is a disease of the body of more harm to the soldier than a disease of the soul? Ought we to be careful in removing every particle of filth from the tent floor and the company street, and yet allow it to accumulate unchecked on the tongue and in the heart? Has not vice in the forms of intemperance, profanity, avarice, selfishness, treachery, and general corruption done as much to injure the efficiency of our army as even its worst forms of disease? And as Christian disciples, as those who have fathers, brothers, sons, in the army for whose souls as well as bodies you are daily trembling, do you not think that religion should be endowed with a power, in our army regulations, which at least is as great as that which is given to medicine?

Then, too, in regard to the chaplain's rank and dress, there ought to be something which is more fixed and definite. A paragraph was going the rounds, not long ago, from some one of our chaplains, denouncing those of his brethren who have worn the military insignia of shoulder-straps and a sword, with a dogmatism almost as great as though they had offended in some point of his theology. It is not a matter of vital importance, and yet there are as good reasons why the chaplain, if he is a part of the army, — and if he is not willing to consider himself so, he ought to be at home, — should have a distinctive rank and uniform as why they should be given to his fellow-officers. It would be better, however, instead of assigning him some nominal rank, as that of lieutenant or captain or major, and a uniform made after the pattern of theirs, that his own office should be regarded in itself as a rank, and that he should wear some insignia — why not the cross on his shoulder? — which would be

especially appropriate to his vocation. To claim such a distinction is no more an evidence of personal vanity in his case than in that of the colonel or major. It is simply a question of utility. If religion is to go into the army at all, it ought to go, not as a mere camp-follower and hanger-on, allowed there on sufferance, but as a leader, taking its place side by side with the other departments, and placed in a position to command respect. It is not possible that in a country and a war like ours it should be too emphatically and too openly recognized. A large class of minds is found in every regiment who will respect it just in proportion to the rank which is given it by the military authorities. There is nothing more repugnant in the idea of honoring the Gospel by giving a distinctive dress to its servants in the army, than of honoring it in civil life by giving a distinctive shape to its temples. Every person is affected to some extent by the power of association, by the influence of the outward symbol to suggest and keep before him the inward idea. The wise man, though relying chiefly on the intrinsic worth of the Gospel, and on a pure and Christian life as a means of procuring it homage, will by no means despise these coarser helps. And especially in the camp, where there are so many associations of evil, and so much to make the soldier forget religion, the minister who feels his own weakness, and who is anxious to enlist every possible influence on the side of its truth, will avail himself most gladly of what help there is in giving it an express military rank.

As matters now are, the chaplain's chief work is not on the regiment as a whole, but on its individual members, not in repressing the great fire of evil which is flaming all around him, but in saving here and there a soul, as brands plucked from the burning. By going about from tent to tent, by taking an interest in all the little plans of the men for their comfort and convenience, by listening to their complaints, and showing himself willing to share their hardships, dangers, and privations; by the little offices of kindness that he is able to do in connection with the mail and the distribution of reading, by speaking to this one and that one when alone on guard, by treating every soldier as a man, respectfully, as he would in private life, — a thing which, in the army, is but seldom done; by communion with the sick; and by conversation with all about their homes; — by these and a thousand other little ways that are continually occurring, he is

able, in spite of the prejudice which so often exists against his presence and his labors, to rescue not a few from the powers of evil.

Especially are his conversations about home a great help in thus reaching the individual heart. The men should be welcome to his tent, as a place where they can speak to him in confidence of their families and friends, and of all those blessed memories which cluster around the fireside. There is no soldier with a home, who is so hardened in vice and so prejudiced against religion, that he does not have this one spot in his heart which is tender and fresh. Deprived of female society, and with so little around him to satisfy the wants of affection, his separation from his family is felt far more keenly than when it is occasioned by the ordinary occupations of life. He gets anxious about their welfare; his thoughts revert to them day by day, and he feels the need of some one who can sympathize with him in their behalf. The crowded tent affords no opportunity for private conversation; it is hard for men who are bantering and swearing at each other all day to open their hearts to each other at night; the necessities of military discipline are apt to make a barrier between the privates and their officers; and hence the only possible place for such unburdening is in the chaplain's tent. No one that has not seen it, can tell what a relief there is in this communion, and what an imperative want it satisfies. Ah! these hardened soldiers, fearless of danger, crusted over with vice, uncouth in all that relates to the polish and etiquette of society, how their voices will soften, and their eyes glitter with tears, and their words kindle with enthusiasm, as they are led on to speak of their wives and their children, and to show their pictures, and to read, perhaps, the messages of affection which they have sent them, or which little chubby fingers for the first time have traced! With what feelings of half-shame and half-pride has a grim warrior drawn out of his pocket and displayed a crumpled bit of paper with the drawing of a house, as done by his little four-year-old! How many a vice was for the moment forgotten in a reckless young fellow who, with great pains, had printed in capital letters a whole sheet sparkling with affection to a little daughter just beginning to read! Nor does this communion all end in mere sympathy. From the speaking of a home on earth, it is a single and easy step to speak of a home in heaven; from the future of time, not hard to lead on the thoughts to the future of eternity.

And the soldier, careless and self-sufficient, who would not ask of God a single favor for himself, is led, through his affection for his wife and children, to feel his need of dependence on that Almighty arm which, in his own absence, alone is able to protect them from ill.

Another point in connection with this subject, which ought especially to be mentioned, is the moral value of the letters which the soldier receives from home. It is impossible for one who has never been here to imagine the anxiety with which the arrival of the mail is watched for, and the eagerness there is for the reception of its contents. The blankest faces I have ever seen are those which, after long watching have found there was nothing in it for them. Hard, strong men have come to me a second and third time, begging almost with tears that I would look again, to see if by some chance their names had not been overlooked. Then, too, how happy the faces of those who had got the white-winged messenger that told them of home! There is no evangelist ever comes into camp with an eloquence so sweet and an influence so purifying as the mail-bag. They are the tracts which never fail to be read, and whose reading never fails to leave a good impression on the soul. It is wonderful sometimes to notice how that loud roar of profanity which goes up from every camp is subdued and almost hushed for an hour or two after the arrival of the mail. Its letters are the golden chains which bind them to their homes. The gentle and refining influence of the fireside is brought into the tent. And the soldier, cramped with the rigor of military discipline, and treated too often as if his own individuality were lost in the great mass of life around him, is made to feel that in one place at least he is looked upon as a friend, and honored as a man.

There is one other thing which is of greater value to the soldier than even his home letters, and that is his home prayers. It is not in vain that so many souls throughout the length and breadth of our land are pleading with God in behalf of their absent loved ones. Those gentle words outbreathed from the stillness of the closet, far away in our Northern homes, are heard again with the spirit's ear amid all the clangor and confusion of war; and, all unseen of mortal eye, there is a panoply enwrapped each morning and evening around many and many a soldier-boy, which, amid the vices and temptations of the camp, is mightier than banded steel. It is

these coworkers in the distant home which are the chaplain's greatest help ; and no matter what his convictions have been before, he cannot do otherwise than have his faith increased marvellously in the power of prayer. The first conversion in our regiment was of a young man who had left behind him an earnest Christian mother. He was the only son that was now spared her, and the one strong yearning of her heart was for his salvation. Day by day he had felt constrained, as by some invisible arm reaching down from on high, to come and speak on the subject ; and at last, unable longer to resist, he entered the chaplain's tent late one Saturday night, and with a good deal of hesitation and bashfulness began a conversation which ended in the solemn purpose to give his heart and life to God. And so of all those who have become interested in religion, or have borne up most bravely against temptation, and in the faithful performance of their duties, each one has had some praying friend that was especially concerned in his behalf. O mothers, wives, sisters, daughters, you that have sent your loved ones to the trials and temptations of the camp and field, — you whose bosoms are trembling for their safety, and who are yearning to do whatever is possible for their welfare, — among all the other things which you do for them, do not forget this work of prayer.

Finally, in laying so much stress on the various influences which have come from home, let me not forget to speak of the help which has been derived from the little band of Christian disciples with which I am here connected. Never before have I appreciated so fully the value of a religious profession, and the cumulative power for doing good and resisting evil which there is in a previous life of holiness. Few in number, and coming almost entirely from the common walks of society, they have held fast the profession of their faith, and stood firm amid the tide of vice which has swept away one after another of those who have tried to face it only with their good habits and their good nature. It requires no small degree of moral courage for the single Christian, who is in a tent with a dozen young fellows laughing, playing, ridiculing, perhaps pushing and throwing things at him, to read his Bible and kneel down openly in prayer ; and yet this has been done night after night, till it ended in winning the respect and honor of those who at first were the most insulting. Then how much does the chaplain owe to these Christian brethren ! There are times when the most glowing enthusiasm will

be chilled, when those who have vowed never to be discouraged under any possible combination of evils, will stagger and sink. But the sympathy and aid of these brothers have never been wanting, Side by side we have worked together. Their rich voices have united in holy song, winning into our meetings those whom no eloquence could have brought there. Cheerfully they have come forward with their offerings of thought and experience; and with holy joy we mingled, night after night, our words of prayer. The difficulties we have had to contend against, and the opposition we have met with, have only served to bring us the closer together; and though we are made up of various denominations, — Methodists, Baptists, Orthodox, Unitarians, and Universalists, — I never before have enjoyed a Christian fellowship so intimate, so precious, and so harmonious. God bless them all. We shall never forget each other in this life. And may we so continue that we shall be able at last to enter, as faithful servants, into the joy of our Lord.

K.

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SPRINGFIELD, March 7, 1863.

DEAR MR. E. : —

You may like to hear from a town whose Unitarian Establishment has been called the Cathedral Church of Western Massachusetts. Judging from its wealth, intelligence, and life, this is a stronghold not to be scorned. Inside of the brisk, earnest, busy, metal-shaping, money-making little city, stands and works the brisk, earnest church so long ministered to by Dr. Peabody, and now under the charge of a worthy successor.

One cannot decide whether it is Springfield that makes the church, or the church Springfield; but such deep-rooted, unpretending goodness and activity, such hearty co-operation with government, army, sanitary, by word and act, by hand and purse, we do not always find. Many muskets as have been polished and sent from armory and workshops by Springfield workmen, I doubt if there went not for every case a case of hospital or sanitary stores from Springfield women, — to slay and to heal! It is an accepted rule in Mr. Tiffany's society, that each lady shall, during the week, make some kind of hospital garment. In a recent conversation upon the rising price of goods, one member of the Branch Sanitary Commission asked another, "Soon, what shall we do for money?" "Put our hands in

our pockets and take it out. I am ready, are not you?" was the good old man's reply. Yes, she was ready. Such a state of feeling goes further than all burnt-offerings and sacrifices to applaud a church.

It is no wonder that Dr. Peabody composed his *Sunset Hymn* in Springfield; and a sweet thought it was for a good man to write his name thus, as with sympathetic ink, on the broad horizon of the town he loved. Each sunset brings it anew to light! I never climb one of these numberless steep hills in the late afternoon, but the words of the hymn recur to me; as if the radiant sky were a flower, and they its fragrance.

"How beautiful, on all the hills,
The crimson light is shed!
'Tis like the peace the dying gives
To mourners round his bed.

"And lo! above the dews of night
The vesper star appears!
So faith lights up the mourner's heart,
Whose eyes are dim with tears."

This evening the whole broad stretch of sky was flushed with light, through which, to make the clearness more apparent, strayed two or three little level clouds; one lingering, eyebrow like, above the vesper star, straight as the eyebrow of the Grecian Psyche! Below, the Connecticut River wound in endless turnings, sunlit, like some fabled river of gold; and between me and the river clustered the crowded white tenements of a manufacturing town.

We have had a succession of transient snow-storms, beautiful as if the powers were trying how much lovelier earth could be made. One evening, by gas-light, Maple Street was like the bower of a fairy princess; the trees bending under the weight of white, starry bloom, and as hushed as if they felt their momentary translation into the eternal world of beauty. Before we could bring a Claude Lorraine glass to look at the splendor, it was gone!

How Nature rebukes the earnest worry of our lives. How gently she lays her cool hand on our forehead, and says: Be tranquil, children, there is all eternity before you! Not without purpose she carefully emulates our work, and then blows it carelessly away. What point-lace can equal this frost-work, which at our breathing melts to moist air? What Italian town so lovely as the shadowy spired and templated cities built up to live one instant in the auroral cloud?

What pensile flowers, what sculptured Apollo, so graceful, free, majestic in its curves, as the windings and falls of a wayside rivulet? The work of lives in a snow-wreath, the pride of nations in a vanishing cloud, the Apollo in a wayside brook. Nature means, that not what our hands can do, but what our souls become, is of importance; that the life is more than meat, and the body than raiment.

It was exhilarating to look upon and listen to, when lately the ice-clad earth had, all at once, its emancipation proclamation read; and in the warm rain, countless streams came singing and darting, arrow-swift, across lawn and sidewalk, and down the hills, on, on, irrepressibly, toward the ocean. I could only think of our Southern slaves, their bonds loosed, pushing forth thus irrepressibly toward freedom. Pray Heaven the bright omen be a true one! How strange if, by the mystic circling laws which keep the world in motion, the slave should in time mount the dangerous heights of precedence and power, and come down once more, worse a slave, to his own ambition and society's demand!

But that water, singing loud and sweet and jubilant, very music of the spheres, one saw in it a pantheon of beauty. Such lines, ripples, circles, such changeful spirited curves, such weird and wise expression, it was Thetis flitting, frowning, frolicking through all her hundred transformations, on, on toward the ocean. Yes, Thetis, mother of the brave, we watch and we follow, led by grace, freedom, abounding life, on to the eternal ocean! Is there any longer need of Gabriel with white wings, when mud-stained streams by the roadside utter such clear and thrilling runes?

Do you ever see the Springfield Republican? I speak advisedly in pronouncing it the best newspaper of New England. Bright, cool, tonic, fearless, fresh as the west wind, on the track of progress, and steaming forward as with all the locomotive force of this railroad town. Alert for news, and seizing it by telegraph midway from Portland, and Boston, and New York, so as usually on one side to anticipate city papers, with an especial department for each county in this portion of the State, and a spicy summing up for "little Cape Cod"; and besides its brilliant local talent, with letter-writers in New York and Washington of sufficient genius to make the fortune of any paper. With Mr. Bowles, Mr. Tiffany, and Drs. Holland and Bryan for inhabitants, has not Springfield right to a Cathedral Church?

C. S. W.

SERMONIZING.

venerable Dr. Benjamin Trumbull, of North Haven, the
 orian of Connecticut, who died at the age of eighty, left
 and sermons, all written out on ruled paper, perfectly point-
 : for the press, neither short nor of an inferior character.
 wrote two a week, and would never preach an old sermon.”
 : an exchange. All of which is perfectly credible, except
 item, — “nor of an inferior character.” Four fifths of them,
 e to say, were running commentaries on the Old and New
 ts, which readers get now out of Henry and Adam Clark.
 ions a week are beyond human endurance, — especially for
 rs. A sermon and an exposition are quite possible, especially
 habits of the old ministers. How they avoided bronchitis,
 , consumption, neuralgia, and the like grisly train, and at
 time were so “passing rich at forty pounds a year” as to
 shady side, and bring up sons to college, might be a mys-
 e present generation but for the record of these old minis-
 ave “Trumbull’s History of Connecticut,” with his portrait
 e title-page. I take it down sometimes to admire the iron-
 cles of the man who wrote the history of Connecticut and
 sand sermons, and died at fourscore. The following item
 phy explains it: —

called on him in the midst of haying, and said he had heard that
 would mow more grass in a day than any man in Connecticut,
 d called to make trial with him. The Doctor said he did not need
 out if he was a mind to take hold he might, upon one condition,
 gave out first he should have no pay. The man consented, and
 ad. The Doctor was soon upon his heels with his sharp scythe.
 aw his fate, and pressed on; but the sweat came and the Doctor’s
 ae. The man held up to ask some question; the Doctor said:
 r, no time for talk here.’ The man pushed and pushed ahead,
 two rounds in the lot, he was over the fence, and that was the
 as seen of him. Such a minister could write out his two sermons
 ad live out all his days.”

S.

MR. PARSONS ON SLAVERY.

are seeking a “tract for the times” to circulate both among
 rs in the army and the people at home, get one just pub-
 Carter and Brother, — “Slavery: its Origin, Influence, and
 by Theophilus Parsons.” It traces clearly the origin of our
 , shows that the conflict was inevitable in the development

of two social systems, one of them essentially anti-republican. How one must in the end yield to the other, and recede before it, places the duty of loyalty in the clearest light, shows wherein lies the essence and the wrong of slavery, regards the American Constitution as the providential achievement of this age, and argues that to put down the rebellion is the one great issue which should unite all loyal people and all parties at the North; for when the rebellion is crushed, slavery loses its power and the Constitution is preserved. All this is set forth in words replete with calm wisdom. Its tone is hopeful and encouraging, and breathes faith in God and the cause of free government.

"He who has given all the money he can spare and sent his sons to battle, while his wife and daughters toil for the comfort and health of the soldiers, has yet one more duty to perform, which to some tempers is the most difficult of all. It is to repel Despondency from his own mind, and to protect all whom he can from this moral palsy. Not more certain is it that red-handed Treason has brought us to this pass, than that, among the loyal, despondency is the servant of treason, doing its work where no thought of treason could gain admittance. Much of this work has been done; but I am sure, for all the moaning and groaning which echoes around us, that the heart of New England still beats with strong and steady pulse. . . .

"I know certainly only this. It is now our duty, the most absolute duty of all in the Free States, TO FIGHT. To fight against Rebellion. To fight against it by every weapon we can use, whether it be forged of steel or impelled by fire; or only with words winged with the fire of loyalty to God and to our country, or only by thoughts and feelings which find no utterance. Fight against the serried ranks of rebellion, if our place be there; fight against the errors or malignities which sympathize with rebellion, if our place be at home; fight even in our own hearts against prejudices or passions or interests or habits or hatreds which, not intentionally or consciously, but in fact, paralyze our efforts, strengthen and envenom our dissensions, and give aid and comfort to the rebellion."

s.

MOURNING FOR THE CHILDREN.

MR. BURKE said, most plaintively, after the death of his son, in whom his fondest hopes had centred: "I live an inverted life: it

has pleased God to put the children in the place of ancestors." Such, however, is the common lot. One half of the children, it is said, die before reaching the seventh year, and there are few families where life has not thus been "inverted," and from whose hearths the children have not gone up to the place of ancestors. We may say that this is owing to violations of natural laws, ignorance of the nature of disease and of its remedies, bad habits of living, and so forth, all of which may be true, and yet fail to explain to us that economy of the Divine Providence by which the heavens are daily replenished with the young life of this earth, and welcome to their mansions these throngs of little children and sinless babes.

Why are we born here, and why do we live here in a world of mingled good and evil? Doubtless to be prepared and educated for a higher and better life. The plan of the Divine Providence is a vast plan for the education of the children. We are all children here, some older and some younger, and the only question is, when and where we can best be drawn upward out of the veilings of sense and beyond all its temptations, and be transformed into the angels of the blessed God. Who doubts that in the sinless realms above us, and in the hallowed air of the angelic worlds, that transformation may go on more rapidly than here, and without the denials, the agonies, and the conflicts which we suffer here below? And who can doubt, therefore, that the children are drawn upward in such countless throngs because places have been prepared for them where there are better educators than here upon the earth, and where they will sooner hear and obey the Saviour's invitation, "Come unto me." And if we say we need them here in the households of earth, it should hush our complainings when we remember that they may need them more in the homes of the skies.

In some places, the past has been a hard winter for the little ones. A disease, under the new name of "diphtheria," probably "an old foe with a new face," has been among them. I passed, the other day, a house from which five little girls had gone in quick succession. Five out of eight children, — one month filling the house with silvery glee, and all the rooms with the noise of pattering feet; in the next month the music all hushed, and the feet all silent in their five little graves! It seemed almost sacred to pass by the house; and, stranger though I was, I could not forbear breathing a silent benediction on the inmates remaining in it. Five little girls taken out at once! How

still it must be there! And the rooms, and the stairs, and the closets, and all the little chairs, and the table with five vacant places, and the garments folded away, and all things, from the cellar to the roof, and all the grounds about the house where the breezes used to waft the sounds of infant happiness, starting now, every one of them, at every turn, a long train of memories and regrets. Yes, regrets, now vain and unavailing. We understand it all. O ye hearts that now break in silence, how ye will reproach yourselves because this and that other thing was not done, this or that other physician was not called. How this or that other duty neglected towards the little ones will take to itself a sharp tongue, when *they* are dumb and cannot speak any longer. And yet if I could break the silence of those rooms, I would say, "Peace! and let all such thoughts be still!" Self-accusations have no place when we have done the best which the hour revealed to us. To do *absolutely* the best is given to no one, for that only belongs to God. To do the best *relatively*, or what the time reveals as best, is all that we mortals ever do or ever can do; and all beyond

- this belongs to the sacred domain of Providence. It was to be as it is, and ye could not make it otherwise, for there were places ready, and the hour had come for the five little girls to be transfigured and grow before you into the angelhood of the skies. You thought you needed them here, but the Lord needed them more. Your best has been done, and let his best now have its way; and that will be "the children in the place of ancestors," drawing you upward with heavenly attractions, and sending their "Come up hither!" into your hearts through the silence of the rooms.

Spring, that wakes all else into life and joy, is very apt to leave the mourners with their sadness, because the contrast is greater between the gladness without and the sorrow within. Once the spring music was theirs, now it wakes the memories of a bliss that has flown. The "blackbird singing free," and "the wild bee with his bugle fine," were the delight of the children, and now the children are not. But think again how earth is but a dim and distant reflection of heaven, and spring will only help our faith to image more brightly the bowers and the birds of Paradise, where the children are reading, as in God's more open book, the lore of a better world, whose leaf will never wither and whose flower will never fade. 8.

GOLDEN SENTENCES FROM BURKE.

ION. — To avoid the evils of inconstancy and versatility, and times worse than those of obstinacy and the blindest we have consecrated the state, that no man should ap-look into its defects and corruptions but with due caution ; ould never dream of beginning its reformation by its sub- hat he should approach to the faults of the state, as to the a father, with pious awe and trembling solicitude. By this dice we are taught to look with horror on those children of try who are prompt rashly to hack that aged parent in l put him into the kettle of magicians, in hopes that by their weeds and wild incantations they may regenerate the onstitution and renovate their father's life.

ING. — He that accuses all mankind of corruption, ought to that he is sure to convict only one.

QUALITY. — We are afraid to put men to live and trade his own private stock of reason ; because we suspect that in each man is small, and that the individuals would do vail themselves of the general bank and capital of nations

— He that fears God, fears nothing else.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

oneer Boy, and how he became President. By WILLIAM ER. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 1863. — There is this story which is at all improbable, none of those proph- the event which are so often found in the record of men either achieved greatness or have had it thrust upon them. asily believe the author when he implies that, according to nformation which, after much painstaking inquiry, he has to obtain, our honest and homely President had just such l as is here described. There is nothing which might not llen any promising American boy of humble parentage, hich such a boy might not have accomplished. The story

would be intrinsically as valuable, though it would not at all arrest attention, had the hero remained only an able and much-esteemed local lawyer, as he would have done but for our method of securing rulers, which unhappily often gives us only mediocrity when we need superior ability. We do not complain of the fact; we only state it. The boys will find the book very interesting and instructive, and its fine large print will be welcome even to their strong young eyes; we hope that it will stimulate many of them to make the best use of their talents, many or few, and show them, not how to become Presidents, but how to become loyal and useful citizens. E.

Two Friends. By the Author of "The Patience of Hope," and "A Present Heaven." Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1863.—Of these three books, "The Present Heaven" seems to us the best wrought out and the most practical. One precious truth is kept distinctly in sight from the first page to the last, and is set before the reader in various illustrations and in clear, strong language. In the other books we miss this continuity and logical procession of ideas, and are sometimes led to suspect that the writer has not quite compassed her own thought. But we can pardon a little vagueness and disjointedness in a thinker so religiously wise, and a writer, so many of whose detached sentences may be quoted for their significance and beauty. It is refreshing indeed to be brought near to one who can look beneath the shows and forms of the popular Christianity, and find the spirit which is guiding our age, as all past Christian ages, into the truth. The "Two Friends" is a book to be meditated. It opens many paths through which it does not lead us, though it does put the traveller well on his way, and it is an addition to the small number of volumes that are not stupid according to the measure of their "goodness." E.

Meditations on Death and Eternity. Translated from the German, by FREDERIKA ROWAN. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1863.—We have read a few of these "Meditations," and are impressed by their singularly healthy tone. Thoroughly earnest, the writer is not sombre and dispiriting. He cannot be persuaded that God has made a world, and then thrown over it a funeral pall. Is it Death that he meditates? Very well: how can there be for us Life, complete, glorious, celestial, until we have been changed? Let us meditate the bright side. All men know that they must die; all men do not realize that they shall live; let us, then, try to make them realize it. Books of this sort, if it be indeed what we have found the earlier pages, cannot be too much multiplied, and busy age as it is, they will be read; for man does not live by bread alone, and, what is also true, knows that he does not. E.

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OUR HOSPITALS, AND THE MEN IN THEM.

IN the following paper, a record of a visit to some of our national army hospitals, I propose to speak : —

1. *Of Charities connected with, and consequent upon, War, which are to be found connected with all Wars of all civilized Nations.*

2. *Of Charities extraordinary and peculiar to our own War.*

3. *Of Men in the Hospital.*

I. Under the first head comes the *Hospital* itself, — the only charity, if it properly can be called such, recognized among civilized nations, toward its soldiers in time of war.

Let me say at once, that I found the hospitals and hospital system almost infinitely better than I had supposed. The stories with which our Northern ears have been so filled had led me to suppose that I should see want, abuse, unnecessary suffering, palpably, on the surface everywhere. I soon came to the conclusion that, throwing out a few extreme cases, the things complained of were incident to the setting in motion of such an immense work, the material for which, as well as the laborers in it, had largely to be extemporized, and must necessarily be, through all its earlier stages, largely a

thing of experiment. It was very evident that a right spirit was at the bottom of things, and a very determined spirit. Incompetent and bad men there had been, incompetent and bad men, no doubt, there still were; but incompetent and bad men are being rapidly removed, and the best men only put in their place. At the commencement of the war, the head of the medical staff was an utterly incompetent man. In the determination that the right man should be in the place, eighty-two names on the list for promotion were passed, — a thing probably unknown in the annals of any military service, — and a man appointed who seems to be *the* man. So it is all through; and at this very moment a new board of inspectors, at the suggestion, by the appointment, and under the direction of the Sanitary Commission, composed in part of some of our own more prominent physicians and surgeons, is commencing a six months' tour of survey through all the hospitals, with the hearty approbation and assistance of government. I believe everything will be done that can be done, as soon as it can be done. Even then, however, it will not be possible to prevent the terrible agonies inseparable from war, — perhaps not possible to prevent all delay, or even abuse.

Another thing. The complaints, as a rule, come from those who have least cause for complaint. It is in hospitals just as it is in life. Said the steward of a hospital, — handing me a bill of fare for every day in the week that would be considered luxurious in our homes, and adding, that the surgeon in charge did not restrict himself even to that, but ordered anything a capricious appetite might suggest, if it seemed to him likely to answer its purpose, — “But there are some men here who will growl, if they have turkey once, because they cannot have it three times every day.” I do not doubt there has been bad management, insufficient and improper food, as well as other things, in the past, while I feel sure that these have been much exaggerated by statements and letters of complaining men, — men whose nature it is to grumble, men

who have never considered what were the limits of possibility under the contingency, as well as by men made unreasonable by suffering and *homesickness*, — that terrible disease which stalks through camp and hospital, which medicine, surgery, or diet cannot reach, but which takes the manhood, almost the honor, out of its victim.

The *hospitals* are either buildings, stores, churches, taken for the purpose, barracks originally intended for troops, or buildings specially erected as hospitals.

1. Of buildings taken for the purpose, the large warehouses seemed to me the best, especially where a large well, opening from floor to skylight, secured a constant circulation of air, without any reference to windows. They can never, however, be made convenient or economical in time and labor, and must be most difficult to warm.

2. Next to these come hotels and ordinary houses. However admirable these might be for single patients, a glance shows you how imperfectly they answer where many must be put into each room. Thorough ventilation — almost the alpha and omega of hospital comfort and safety — becomes impossible. The admirable arrangements for many kinds of work necessary, and a certain snugness which larger rooms never get, are vitiated by this one imperative and always palpable want. I must say, however, that the marvel grew with me, that, with such disadvantage to contend against, the air was kept as pure as it was.

The United States General Hospital at Baltimore, of which Rev. C. J. Bowen is the excellent and efficient chaplain, occupies all the houses on both sides of the street, for the length of a square. Among these is a hotel, of whose superior arrangements every advantage is taken. By means of an elevator in the entry near the door the badly sick or wounded are lifted at once to the operating-room, or the story or ward desired. The kitchen, the old smoking and reading and dining rooms, are used to advantage for their original purposes. The street is closed at each end, and a guard sta-

tioned, so that no vehicle passes, and quiet is secured. The sidewalks are thus left for the promenading or sitting in the sun of those able to be about, and every form of convalescing sickness or wound will greet you at every threshold. In these various houses are nearly one thousand patients.

I visited this hospital two or three times. There are drawbacks to its being your *beau ideal* of a hospital, yet there was much to admire and commend ; and you felt that, while there could not be satisfactory ventilation or arrangement and economy of room, such wants were largely compensated by the appearance of surgeons, matrons, and nurses, and the genial manner and hearty kindness of the worthy chaplain. The Second Society in Baltimore being for the present abandoned, a large number of its members having chosen the Secession side, Mr. Bowen is now simply chaplain, an office he holds directly from the United States government. His time, his thought, his heart, are given to his work ; and as I went from house to house, from ward to ward, from bed to bed, as I watched the effect of his coming and his greeting, as I saw how quietly he moved through a complication of detail, I could not but feel how wisely government had bestowed the office. Here was the terribly wounded Rebel side by side with the as terribly wounded Federal, the one spoken to, treated in all ways kindly as the other, and I will say answering pleasantly, if briefly, and as if conscious of favor received. I entered the operating-room, and looked upon the bed on which my friend said he had seen three men lately die under the knife. I saw life ebbing unconsciously away, while there lay near unread letters with tenderest words from home, never to bless it. I talked with one from whose side had just been carried the body of a companion who had died in the night. Yet with all these things about them, with so much in their own condition and in their future dark and sometimes hopeless, I saw nothing you could justly call depression. I heard only cheery words, and one general expression of gratitude for kind care. Some days

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there are three and five burials. One morning Mr. Bowen said to me, "I must leave you a few minutes." And on his return said, "I have just had a service over a poor fellow, with only the undertaker and a black man present. This man was a discharged soldier, so there was no military escort, as is usual. His father had been with him till the day before, but, finding that he must die, had left him, as I suppose, so as to escape the charges of removal and burial. The most touching thing," he added, "in connection with this duty, are the letters of inquiry which come afterward from relatives and friends." An association of ladies, as well as many benevolent gentlemen, are interested in, and laboring for, this hospital, only one of many in the city; and I am satisfied nothing will be left undone that faith, charity, patriotism, can devise, or time and money procure, to alleviate the pangs of those who are brought within its walls. The chaplain's special religious service is on Sunday afternoon. He has an outside audience, the remnant of his now divided parish, as well as the convalescents, in the hotel dining-room, and two excellent Methodist choirs alternate in singing, not only at the service, but in the wards, to the great delight and cheering and benefit of the patients.

3. *The Churches.* A church cannot be made a good hospital. The poorest ventilated hospitals I saw were churches. They are bad enough when kept to their legitimate use. The floors are laid over the pews; they have not the *feel*, the firmness, of a genuine floor, and are noisy from having such a hollow space under them. The beds under the galleries are dark, and near the ceiling; those in the galleries are no better, all the fresh air coming in over their heads, while some of the essential appointments are not to be found in, or extemporized out of, the ordinary church premises. I felt here the painful publicity of the hospital more than elsewhere, while the only genuine advantage to the soldier seemed to be the presence of the organ. "Ah," I said, to the surgeon of the Branch Hospitals, consisting of the Unitarian Church

and another not far off, "I see you keep the organ. I hope you give the poor fellows a tune sometimes." "Yes indeed," was the reply. "They depend on it, and it does them great good." This surgeon, a Philadelphian, was a noble specimen of his class; but it seemed strange to find him in the pulpit where I had once preached, which he had fitted up into an admirable apothecary's shop. May his practice be more blessed than I fear my preaching was!

4. *The Barracks*, being built for a different purpose, and none too admirably for that, fail again in this important matter of air, or rather air in proper times, quantities, and places, and I do not see how they are kept warm in winter. The most imposing of these are the Carver Barracks, originally used as the winter quarters of Fitz-John Porter's division, occupying a huge, desolate square of several acres, from which every vestige of grass has been long since trodden. They are, including some hospital tents, ninety-three in number, and are calculated for two thousand patients. An exceedingly cursory survey did not leave so favorable an impression as many others did, which I attributed in part to the size of the establishment, in part to something in the character of the men, in part to the absence of women; but it was largely owing, I am satisfied, to the inevitable stamp which institutions, as well as men, come to get from their habit and life. This had been a pretty rough affair, — surgeons and nurses, — but was getting into a more satisfactory condition. Since the time of my visit, it has rapidly improved, and now ranks among the best.

5. *Buildings erected for the purpose*. "I am going to show you," said a friend at home in the whole matter, "the best hospital, — the one which is our ideal, up to which we mean to bring all." This best hospital is that in Armory Square, Washington, consisting of eleven pavilions, ranged side by side, and joined in the middle by a covered passage-way, each having sufficient and regulated ventilation from the roof, with separate ventilation for each bed, — while kitchens, dining-

rooms, commissary department, and laundry are grouped in appropriate buildings behind. I do not know how to describe what I saw, and you would be likely to think I have no very just idea of the significance of language were I to undertake to give you my impression on entering the first pavilion. Ranged on each side, separated by no narrow passage-way, at a commodious distance from each other, were beds; each with its clean muslin mosquito-net over it, and white coverlet upon it. Everything was exquisitely neat. Men were reading or conversing,—those out of bed,—the matronly nurse about her duties. Everything was bright and cheerful, and it seemed a very paradise for invalids. The surgeon, Dr. Bliss, of Michigan, has a genius for his work, and, with no other help than the ordinary hospital fund,—a fund available to every hospital surgeon,—by economy, executive tact, and zeal, he has managed to place this hospital at the head; and I am assured that, when any one falls below this standard, it is from a want of such qualities as I have just enumerated as characterizing Dr. Bliss. The Commissary, into whose ample and admirable storerooms we were taken, and regaled with crackers, cheese, and ale, as specimens of what the convalescing had, is likewise just the man for the place. The kitchen and the laundry, in each of which were busy hands, proved that there was no show part to this admirable establishment, but that all the way through system, order, neatness, a kind and hearty spirit, pervaded the place.

I would say here, that I feel quite sure that the assertions often made, to the discouragement of many, that nothing in these hospitals is ever washed, but after once using all things are thrown away, is false. In this admirable laundry were some twenty busy hands, while the piles of clean assorted sheets, shirts, pillow-cases, and bandages refuted the statement, so far as this hospital was concerned. I took particular pains to look into the linen rooms everywhere, and invariably found evidence satisfactory of the fidelity with which this branch of the service is administered. So let me say, in

passing, was it with the stores, and though there have been instances of peculation, as there are in the best-regulated establishments, all the world over, fidelity to trust imposed is, I think, the *law* through all grades of this service. Ought we not to judge by the law?

The hospital in Judiciary Square has the opportunity of being even a better hospital than this. The building is constructed after the most approved French plans, modified by Mr. Olmstead. There was a lack of the neatness, the something *homish*, I had noticed in the other; but the men seemed all comfortable and happy. I saw a young boy of seventeen, walking about the central hall, who had just had a bullet taken out of the back part of his head. He used to insist that there was a bullet, — he knew there was, because when he shook his head *he could feel it rattle*. The doctors were sceptical, but at last consented to examine. The bullet was found, and, if the boy is to be believed, the rattling has ceased.

I give these merely as samples of the hospitals now to be found in or near all our larger cities. I think no unprejudiced person can go through them, who, whatever he might still find wanting, or be able himself to suggest, will not confess his satisfaction with the efforts made by government and its servants to ameliorate the condition of the wounded and sick of our armies.

II. *Of Charities peculiar to our War.*

The New England Rooms, as they are generally called, under the charge of Colonel Howe, originated with a few New England men of New York, then became a State, then a New England, and now a Union institution. You would say at first, that, however thoughtful and needed the charity, a common Broadway store, near Wall Street, would be no place to carry it out. Look into it, and you will soon change your mind. The lower story is still used as a store; the second, third, fourth, and fifth are devoted to the various purposes of the relief. In the fifth is the kitchen, allowing

no odors to trouble the air; the third and fourth are the sleeping-rooms and hospital wards; while the second is for the office and the general assembly-room of the waiting or convalescing soldiers. There are two hundred beds here. Here the sick arriving in steamboats or on cars, by day or night, those too ill to follow their regiments, those discharged or awaiting discharge, are taken in and tenderly cared for, rested, healed, or nursed till death comes. The rooms are quiet, the ventilation perfect by means of an elliptical well running from floor to sky-light, the surgeon kind and a gentleman; volunteer lady nurses cheer and serve the sick, while anything the city can afford is at the beck of the capricious appetite of the convalescent. It is the sick soldier's hotel, and Colonel Howe knows how to keep it. It has been an instrument of untold good, and the blessing of many ready to perish rests on it. There is no flinching before red tape, no hesitation in setting military tardiness and routine at naught, if suffering humanity be in the way, while there is patience and courtesy and help for the meanest soldier, whatever his want. All this, too, as of necessity, under an admirable though simple system. I had promised a poor woman, who had heard of her husband the first time in four months, and who only knew he was in some hospital near New York, having been a prisoner at Richmond, and sick with the scurvy, that I would look him up. I asked at the rooms if they could give me a clew. They turned over book after book, in which the names and all facts concerning their most transient inmates are recorded, and reported my man at a hospital thirty miles below New York, where I afterward found him.

Next to this — approaching Washington I mean, not next in the sense of less, either in interest or usefulness — is the world-known "Cooper's-Shop" at Philadelphia, — a veritable cooper's-shop, in which, within a year, 87,513 hungry and weary soldiers have been fed and refreshed. A friend took me to it about nine o'clock of a drizzly Sunday evening. It

stands quite open to the street, with low-studded, whitewashed walls, adorned with various prints and testimonials of grateful officers and soldiers, with tables running along one side, smoking coppers of hot coffee, and a wealth of beer and bread. A thousand men had been fed there since ten o'clock, yet every plate and cup was clean, the floor swept, and the large-hearted and large-bodied cooper, with his large-hearted and equally large-bodied wife, sat waiting for any stray squads who might come in by any of the railway for, come they singly or by regiments, at any hour of the night or day, they are sure of shelter and food and a welcome. "Ah, you are from Massachusetts," said the latter as she shook my hand; "we always love to have the New England troops come, they are so well behaved, seem so grateful and always have something pleasant to say. I can't say much for some of the New York regiments." They had had the Maine regiment that afternoon, and some nice speaking, with great quiet. The cooper showed us the part of the shop still retained for his work. "It does the poor boys good to come and sit here and smoke their pipes, and see me work. For you must know the cooper has a hospital as well, upstairs, where his ingenuity shines as brightly as his charity below. There are twenty-eight beds, and the floor has a nice light-colored canvas carpet, bath-rooms, water-closet, a few ward, and all you could find in a first-class hospital; and yet forget that this is but the garret over a cooper's-shop, and the no-arrangement of rooms and bare rafters become fresh charms to the place. "Do you not find the men getting homesick?" I said, as I noticed a number who had been left behind by their regiments. "Yes, at first," was the answer, "but pretty soon they become very unwilling to go." And I could hardly wonder, and felt what a boon it must be for sick and weary soldiers to fall into the keeping of such homes as these. And all this because the cooper could not bear to see hungry and dirty and weary and sick soldiers go by. Now, the Cooper's-Shop is a corporate institution, receiving

and spending some \$13,000 per year; but the cooper is the presiding genius still.

Not far from here is the Union, — a similar establishment, — larger, more elaborately furnished, which has spent more money and fed more men. Everything was very nice here also, but it did not take hold of my feelings as the other; and when I was told that it was in some sort an opposition, my heart turned all the more warmly toward the cooper.

At Baltimore the same thing again is done. I saw a regiment at breakfast there. The food is good and abundant, the welcome hearty, the charity noble; but the place is not inviting, and my memory turned fondly back to the cooper.

At Washington, growing out of a little effort of one of our ministers, Rev. F. N. Knapp, and through the persistence of the Sanitary Commission, is a large establishment, the Soldiers' Retreat, for the reception and comparative comfort of the thousands who are daily passing into that great army in which a regiment is soon as undistinguishable as a drop is in the ocean. Mr. Knapp told me he had frequently seen men, fresh from home, lying in the damp, low grounds near the depot, through the damp nights, with nothing over them but their blankets. The officers ridiculed — while they themselves revelled at billiards — any attempt to change this, saying it was just as well the men should get broken into their hardships at once. Now there are kitchens, storehouses, a bakery, and dining-halls, where a thousand men can stand and eat, and other halls where a regiment can lie, on the floor it is true, but protected from the outer damp, and made tolerably comfortable while waiting orders or transport. I came upon a regiment just dining there, and I can testify, by my own tasting, to the excellent quality of the rations provided. Near is the Soldiers' Home, where the sick, if any, may go and stay till able to join their regiment, where the sick going home may rest, where the discharged soldier — a being outside the poor charity of government — may go, however diseased or loathsome, be washed, clothed, com-

forted, kept, and sent on his way rejoicing. This consists of several portable houses, with bunks ranged as in barracks, and a nice three-story house used as a hospital, — and a nice hospital too, with a right pleasant Down-East matron. Two hundred can be accommodated here. An ambulance, allowed by government, is always on hand. I think this about the sweetest charity of all, because it is where such charity is most needed, and quietly covers over some gross shortcomings of government.

I had not dreamed of the vastness and the perfectness of organization and detail of that body of which we all have heard so much, and so many have doubted, the Sanitary Commission. As the grain of mustard-seed expands from the smallest among seeds to be the greatest among trees, so has this small thought in one brain expanded into the vastest beneficence for the sheltering of all ills. Time would fail me to speak of it even as I saw it. The simplicity and quiet with which a vast amount of complicated work is done, the patience with which every case is heard, the wisdom with which remedies are applied, the system which stoops to detail and grasps great thoughts and develops vast plans, the firmness with which a desired reform is pushed, the courtesy and the gentlemanly hospitality of those at the head-quarters, all impress you with a sense of the solid worth of the institution, and the real good it does. My friend took me to and through the storehouses. These are a series of large brick government stables, which, being possessed of in part temporarily, the Commission have proceeded to occupy wholly, and to hold, though wanted by government for their original purpose. They are capitally adapted to their wants. Here are immense piles of boxes of assorted goods, all labelled, so that almost in the dark, at an instant's notice, whatever is demanded can be had. Every night a list is made of the numbers of each article remaining in store, and it is curious to compare one day with another, and see the fluctuations of demand and supply, — to see how this great storehouse of

nation's liberality, which some men think wellnigh bursting with plethora, is sometimes reduced to a barrenness that could be ludicrous (if it were not embarrassing) in one's own domestic arrangements. You cannot make a plethora, and so long as the war lasts this must be the great reservoir, only to be fed by the constant running in of the little dribblets from individuals, neighborhoods, and families.

The Commission has now the confidence of government, which it has fairly earned. It has had a hard fight against the prejudice of military caste; it is thwarted still, but it pushes on, and is not merely making a success, but working a conviction in the minds of men ever immovable except under the imperative logic of facts accomplished. The Surgeon-General, whom it elevated into power, rewards it by a constant respect and increase of its prerogative. A few days before I was in Washington, a prominent army officer, accompanied by a friend of the navy, called at the rooms of the Commission, and said: "I wish, in this presence, to retract my opposition, and take back what I have said. I thought your scheme a humbug, and you a set of impracticable philanthropists; but I am confident that in my command alone you saved five hundred lives." After the battle of Antietam, the Surgeon-General made a request for stores. "How will you send them?" "By our own wagons." The general doubted, sent government supplies by rail, and the Commission wagons came into Frederick forty-eight hours in advance. It is impossible, in face of such facts, to overestimate the value of such a body, or our duty toward it.

I came home satisfied that in no way can so much be done for the wants of the army, as by continuing to supply the Sanitary Commission with such things as they ask. Except in rare cases, all other charity is useless, falls short of its purpose, and is wasted. I do not doubt the sincerity of young men's societies, Christian commissions, State relief societies, and all such. I do not doubt, as things are, that there is work enough for all, and that the hearty work of

all can remove scarce a tithe of the want and suffering which must increase as we go ; but I do regret the springing up of these separate organizations, distracting people's minds, diverting their charities, and preventing the perfect success of one grand central agency already long in the field, with vast and trained ability and resource, with knowledge and means only acquired by experience. It is scattering where we need concentration. A dozen of these newer agencies, at their best, cannot do what this great power might easily, through united and hearty co-operation. The Commission is national, not sectarian or sectional. Its charity is not suggested, swayed, or limited by State or denominational lines ; and I repeat the words of a wounded officer, who said to me : " You can't say too much of it, or do too much for it. It is only those who have seen it as I have, who really know its work and worth."

III. One word with regard to the men in the hospitals. I saw them in every stage, from the man just drawing his last breath to the man with his discharge or his furlough. I did not hear a complaint. I saw quiet, patient, suffering, perhaps sad faces ; but they were not faces of murmurers or discouraged ; not a word against the war, — no croakers or Copperheads in the hospitals. I heard words of deepest gratitude, of anxiety to get into service again. Some said they would n't have believed they could find such treatment among strangers, and only one poor fellow, with a sort of half-homesick tone, asked if the Massachusetts boys were not to be allowed to go home on furlough. The wounded seemed invariably cheerful. I remember one man showed me the stump of his leg, with all the pride with which a young girl would show a doll. Others spoke of the elegant way in which the wounded limb was healing. A young fellow lay in his bed asleep, about nine o'clock, one evening. The surgeon in charge had been telling us of an operation performed two or three hours before. A percussion ball had been taken from his arm, where it had lain seven weeks, and he helpless in

ed all that time. The bullet was like a Minie, but had been loaded with percussion powder, so that when it struck the one it exploded, looking much as a kernel of corn when it popped. Of course that was an ugly wound, and they had waited for the bullet to work itself to the surface. While we were examining the ball, which the surgeon had taken out of his pocket, turning down the clothes and turning up the gas for that purpose, some one asked to what regiment he belonged ; and as no one could answer, he half turned, and with a smile said, " I guess I can answer that question." Now that man had been waked needlessly out of his first refreshing sleep for weeks, and afterward told me it was the first time in seven weeks he had been able to turn ever so little toward his wounded side. I give this as an instance of the almost miraculous good-nature and cheerfulness of these poor sufferers. In the Judiciary Hospital was a man who had both eyes shot out. They said he was the life of the place, persisted in going out alone to see Washington, and had learned to play the fiddle, never having touched the instrument before. I don't know what it is that buoys these men, who are to carry through life maimed bodies, who know they must in a degree be hereafter, not helpers of others, but themselves pensioners upon the charities of others. It must be some beneficent compensation of the ever-compensating God.

I heard but a single cross word, and that was when a surgeon, needlessly as I thought, laid bare a peculiar wound he wished me to see. The nurse turned to me, and said that fellow was always cross. Some men said to me, what was quite evident, that they were better off than they could be at home,— did not wish to go home ; and many and warm were the words of gratitude I heard. Human nature I found to be largely represented in hospital wards. Some were utterly indifferent, some seemed annoyed by a stranger's entrance, some would just answer your questions, while others made you glad by their hearty acceptance of your sympathy, and many faces looked up from pillows wistfully, as if they wished

it was them you were to speak to. One thing I noted, that the men who had really suffered refused to speak of what they had gone through. The great deficiency in the hospital arrangements seemed to be in the case of the convalescents. The men in bed, sick or wounded, were all well cared for; but the convalescents suffer from two things, — want of proper diet and want of proper occupation. The army ration for the hospital while the man is in bed is well enough, but there has been no just provision for the man getting well. It was intended to remedy this by the establishment of a convalescent camp, in a location of rare beauty, upon a hill, some two miles out of Alexandria. You have all heard enough of that. Thank God, "Camp Misery" is one of the things that were. There were said to be twenty thousand men here at the time I visited it. It seemed to be a sort of pen, into which all who could limp, all deserters and stragglers, were driven promiscuously. It was one of the saddest sights of my life, that long procession of weak and wasted men, intermingled with stalwart cowards and mean deserters, as it wended its way, under guard, from the wharf, out of town, up the hill. Let alone all other things, association with such characters would mar the pleasure, if not retard the recovery, of an honest convalescent.

The convalescent ought specially to be the subject of home thought and care. Something should be done to relieve him from the terrible *ennui* which devours him, which affords the opportunity for evil even while the man would not, and which must inevitably fearfully increase as winter shuts them wholly within doors. I find that the memory of the convalescent is more painful to me than that of the wounded and sick. And one way of helping the convalescent is to supply him with some simple means of employment. Said a fine-looking fellow, as he hung upon his crutch, "Sir, if I can only keep my mind occupied, I can do very well." It is occupation these men want, and we ought to furnish the means. Our Yankees cannot sit with their hands before them; they

cannot always be writing or reading or talking. Idleness is going to be the same curse in the hospital that it is elsewhere, and I could see the same old busy Devil devising mischief for idle hands. I saw tossing coppers,—e. g. the inevitable beginning of gambling,—not in any gambling spirit, but simply for want of something to do. In my own way, from the beginning, I have done what I could for the leisure hours of the soldier, and have sent nearly six thousand games,—footballs, checkers, gammon, chess, dominoes, cribbage, solitaire, puzzles, beside knives, tools, and jews-harps, to camp and hospital,—and know I have done good so. In one instance, a single checker-board, sent a young parishioner and handed to him just as he went on board a transport, furnished the only relaxation on a crowded ship for days. I think this is worthy every one's thought. I was surprised at passing through hospitals in our cities, to see that this had not attracted the thought of the rich and the wise. Just what the convalescing man is at home, is he in the hospital; just what he needs here, he needs there, only does he want them a thousand times more.

The great injustice of government is toward the discharged soldiers. The government has no bowels of mercy for them. They are turned adrift, with their pay, it is true, but with no claim on the government, to find their way home or to die. I fell in with one poor fellow,—by all right he should have been in his coffin,—journeying alone from Fortress Monroe to the centre of New York. He was of the Ohio 4th, but his father lived in New York. He said to me, “You know, sir, when we boys get into trouble, we always think of our father's house.” I stayed by him, and did what I could. He was exquisitely patient, unselfish, and grateful; all his sufferings, he said, were nothing to what our fathers endured. I tried to get him to rest one night at Colonel Howe's, but his answer showed his feeling,—showed what treatment he had had from some officials. “I have got washed and cleaned, and all my soldier things off, and I don't want to go nigh any of

them again." He blessed me at parting, and said, "If I live I will write to you ; and if I die, I will get some one to do it. Poor fellow ! I fear his brave heart was still before he could tell to whom he wished to write.

In connection with this I must relate an incident that occurred as we landed at New York. I had proposed a variety of plans, by some one of which I trusted that my poor friend would get a good night's rest. To all of them there was on his part some objection ; and finding by inquiry that he could go up the river that night, and reach his father's door before noon of the morrow, he determined to go at once from the boat to the cars. I had intended remaining by him, but I was under a promise to a poor woman, which would take me in an entirely opposite direction ; and finding the remainder of the journey so straight, and so short in time, I concluded to leave him, believing he would find other friends on the road. Calling a policeman on the wharf, I explained to him that I had with me a sick soldier, and was anxious to find an honest hackman to take him to the Hudson Railway. After a moment's thought, he beckoned a man from the crowd ; and I was just stating the case, when the soldier broke in, " Could you carry me to the Hudson Railway for a quarter ? " You who have any knowledge of New York hackmen will know how my heart sunk at those words. " I 'll carry you for nothing," was the quick, hearty reply. " It won't do me any harm, and I shall be the happier man for it." Forgetting all about other fares, he snatched the valise from my hand, took my patient under the arm, tenderly lifted him into the carriage, and drove away, to leave me to learn that even in the breast of a New York hackman there is a genuine humanity, which only needs the right kind of touch to wake it into beauty and life.

I have thus attempted to put before you the results of some little inquiry as to our hospitals and soldiers, and their condition, and wants in them. I sum up thus. The hospitals are not yet perfect, but honest men are trying to make them

so. The Sanitary Commission is worthy your confidence. It furnishes the only sure medium of your charity. It can only live and do as you afford it the means. It is straightened to-day because our charity is divided. There is as much need of our charity and liberality as ever. Let it not be that, because of sectional or sectarian doubts or jealousies, a noble institution, nobly founded, thus far nobly sustained, shall be crippled in its means of usefulness, or add another to the long and dark catalogue of good things sacrificed to the petty or pettish spirit of bigotry or captiousness. Let us work heartily, let us give freely ; work and give in faith and hope and unity, that when at last this war is over, and its history comes to be written, brighter than all the valiant deeds that may be blazoned on its pages shall be the chronicle of its charities, linking in one the loyalty of the East and the loyalty of the West, — charities that shall show the world the power of HOME, through her dear love to mitigate, if she cannot prevent, the sufferings of the camp and the hospital !

J. F. W. W.

“ THEY who truly fear God have a secret guidance from a higher wisdom than what is barely human, viz. the Spirit of Truth and Godliness, — which doth really, though secretly, prevent and direct them. Any man that sincerely and truly fears Almighty God, and calls and relies upon him for his direction, *has it as really as a son has the counsel and direction of his father* ; and though the voice be not audible nor discernible by sense, yet it is as real as if a man heard a voice saying, ‘ This is the way, walk ye in it.’

“ Though this secret direction of Almighty God is principally seen in matters relating to the soul, yet it may also be found in the concerns of this life, which a good man that fears God, and begging his direction, *will very often, if not at all times, find*. I can call my own experience to witness, that, *even in the temporal concerns of my whole life*, I have never been disappointed of the best direction, when I have, in humility and sincerity, implored it.”

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HEAVENLY LONGINGS.

I.

I SEEK not heaven, if in our change of state
 We lose the instincts of the human soul ;
 I seek not heaven, if at its opening gate
 Oblivion's wave o'er all the past must roll.

I seek not heaven, if there the memory's book
 Be torn or blotted from the conscious mind ;
 I seek no heaven whose doubt-directed look
 Is all the recognition friends will find.

I seek not heaven where smiles to frowns are changed,
 And the warm currents of the heart are not ;
 I seek not heaven where friends become estranged,
 And old familiar faces are forgot.

I seek not heaven where wedded hearts forget
 The genial ties that bind them here below ;
 I seek not heaven where there may linger yet
 A solitary form of human woe.

I seek not heaven, if heaven annuls the form
 That gives to woman her attractive grace ;
 I seek not heaven where love has lost its charm,
 And there a wife eludes my fond embrace.

I seek not heaven, if heaven in fine be such
 As human speculations have portrayed ;
 I seek not heaven where all things to the touch
 Prove but the fleeting shadow of a shade.

II.

I seek a heaven where Nature's perfect forms
 Retain the features of their prior birth ;
 I seek a heaven where woman's native charms
 Lend life enchantment as they do on earth.

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I seek a heaven where love's cementing ties
 Forever hold possession of the heart ;
 I seek a heaven where friends will realize
 Their fond anticipations when they part.

I seek a heaven where joy imparts its bliss,
 As flowers their fragrance shed on all around ;
 I seek a heaven where sordid selfishness
 And Pharisean pride are never found.

I seek a heaven where mutual friendship reigns,
 And God's commandments are the cherished law ;
 I seek a heaven where right, not might, obtains,
 Without constraint of human fear and awe.

I seek a heaven where Nature's laws are found
 Abiding still with all-attractive force ;
 I seek a heaven where wedded hearts are bound
 By ties that God forbids us to divorce.

I seek that heaven which God's own wisdom planned
 To consummate the end his love designed ;
 I seek that heaven whose bliss will still demand
 Fulfilment of the eternal laws of mind.

A. W.

ELYN, L. I., March, 1868.

Christ is a living person, so is truth a living thing, that cannot be nailed like a foreign substance to the mind, but must permeate like draws near to like. Until we see clearly that there is a difference between that which we receive and that which we are, until we admit that Divine, like human, influences can only do their work in the soul *through finding a point of contact within it*, we are not so alive to the deep moral significance of life as to see how enough that which we believe, approve, yes, even through that *we like*, that the soul is prepared to receive the impress of God."

THE CHAIN OF SIN.

It is related of the distinguished Dr. Kirkland, that, on a country clergyman's informing him that people were troubled in his rural region about the perseverance of the saints, — a famous doctrine then of New England theology, — the witty divine replied, "We are more troubled here in Boston by the perseverance of the sinners." There was sober sense in this humor; and, if I may add a serious anecdote in my own experience to the same point, one of the best women, now deceased, I have ever known, frequently in her life told me what pressed heaviest on her mind was the mystery of iniquity. Adopting the phrase of Paul, who found as much incomprehensibility in the human soul and human life as we do, she could not understand how the wicked came to exist, or why sinners should continue, and persist in being so bad. Nor is this a matter within the grasp of our intellect. Sin is a wonder, and the wonder does not diminish as we grow older and think deeper. Beholding transgressions still abound and break into tremendous explosions of evil, new volcanoes of crime opening in our own land, and as at our very feet, — the "weary weight of all this unintelligible world," as the poet calls it, — must have to us a peculiar aggravation from prevailing guilt. Therefore I do not propose or pretend to be able to explain the philosophy of sin, but may do something to lighten if not lift its burden, by pointing to the rules or modes of its working, and the means to resist it.

There is for it, then, let me say, no better type than the prophet's, of a chain. Commentators tell us, the chain, which the Lord directed him to make, meant the subjugation of the Israelites, on account of their unfaithfulness, by the arms of foreign foes. Being but a chain fashioned in Ezekiel's imagination, or symbolically shaped of some material substance, rushes or twigs, from the bank or stream of the

Chebar, where he sat among the Hebrew captives, it of course simply representative of something, — and as truly of the very nature, as of any of the consequences, of wrong-doing. As he, perhaps, hung up that, which he had made, in sight of his countrymen and mourners, let us, in mental vision, contemplate the still of his figure. First, sin is a chain by a law of literary transmission. Depraved or excessive inclinations less descend. If the fathers eat sour grapes, the child's teeth are set on edge. It is not actual sin while it is inheritance, but only constitutional temptation, until deal of free choice is added to ill propensity. Good dispositions are likewise inherited by blood; and God puts in every willing soul to withstand the contrary craving of appetite and urgings of passion; but their fatal strength is busy, unless resolutely and perpetually thwarted, by a double tendency, physical and moral, — in the very acts of men weaving a chain for their liberty, to drag it into slavery. Again, sin will be a chain for us, if we wear it, by force of personal habit. Step by step, or creep-like a serpent line by line, silent and imperceptibly slow, repetition of coil on coil, is its seduction and conquest of the human will. Custom is the first ally it suborns and employs for its project of quieting our scruples, overcoming our faculties, and turning them to its miserable ends. Of all devices, sensuality, cruelty, and deceit, this is the uniform agent. The line of Pope we learned respecting vice, in childhood, justly describes it: —

“ We first endure, then pity, then embrace.”

The third, and a mighty link in the chain, is by the natural association of one sin with another. The Devil has sometimes been represented as a smith among the flames of rage; and no worker in iron ever united part with part more strongly than all sins are welded together. He that steals, will lie to conceal his theft. He that lies, lies for fear

of discovery ; and the more he lies, the more his courage, too, that grand virtue, will go down. He that deceives in word at the beginning, will proceed to deceive in deed, that is, to be dishonest in his dealings. He that is dishonest in one way, will be dishonest in another, and in every way. The man that plundered by day the treasury of a railway, was the man that afterwards robbed by night the mail of the United States. He that indulges in strong drink is not seldom found to be a fornicator and adulterer moreover. Vices are all of a family, parents and children to each other, or first-cousins at least ; they run and cluster together, and introduce each other. As evil spirits are sometimes pictured, in hellish glee dancing round their prey in a ring which offers no opening for escape, so *their* joined hands make a chain to encircle, draw, and hurry us to our ruin, as a mill-tooth catches a man's finger and draws in his whole body. Sin is a chain, once more, by being organized into a social institution. There are many instances of this ; but let us take the case all now gaze at and discuss with such contradictory views, and about which no man can withhold his opinion, it being at the bottom of all our troubles, — slavery in our own land. It is indeed the most remarkable illustration. When, by the ownership and buying and selling of human beings, slavery is made the basis of the labor of a community, and all its capital, cultivation, trade, and society adapt themselves to it, what a strong and terrible, close-fitting, far-reaching chain it becomes. It is a chain that encompasses and fastens together more things than please all its advocates, — some things pleasing to none. Many, who have been willing to institute, perpetuate, or tolerate slavery, would fain avoid or *rid* it of some of its inevitable features or accompaniments. A man, not hesitating, but assuming that, by some old obsolete text, he is authorized to be the arbitrary owner and disposer of persons of an inferior tribe, may yet — and I believe many a one in his heart and soul does — shrink from the promiscuous corruption this relative position involves, from the sore

lash with which the gang must be driven, from the bloodhound with which the fugitive must be pursued, from the auction-block to which almost any worldly change or accident, while persons are considered property, may bring his living estate,—from the rending of affectionate ties which in household intimacy spring up between white and black,—one of the boasts of the South,—and from the separation of families which the making husbands and wives, parents and children, articles of commerce requires. From these workings of slavery some relentings in every heart not hardened into stone there must be. But all this comes out of the original crime by a law. Such are the convolutions of the chain, and the horrible logic of iniquity. The worst doom of all sin is, not only to suffer, but also sin more. A man might be content with the peculiar patriarchal institution's remaining in its ancient limits. But it is in danger of dying altogether so. It must be extended, or, by the laws of population, as a political institution, it will be stifled and checked. It must tower and predominate in council, and govern legislation, or, in a free country, it will at length not have room and air to breathe. Its upholders have been very sagacious to discern the terms of its ugly prosperity and dire imposition on all our necks. What a chain it has been to chafe even to bleeding every limb and member of this nation!—and when the nation, unable to endure it longer, would unwind its illegal encroachments, and forbid its spread into virgin territories, how it gives the last proof of its chain-like quality, by pulling its vindicators and victims away from the fundamental order of the whole people, for which our fathers fought and bled, into secession, revolution, bloody strife, fearful sacrifices, desolation, poverty, famine, and death! To what a chain—tough as that Jupiter is fabled to have suspended Juno on out of heaven, when she conspired against the celestial order—it hangs them! Constitution and every worthy tradition, all glory of the past and worthy hope of the future, they will sacrifice sooner than give it up. To

what a magnificent, diabolic, if not half-divine splendor of effort, struggle, and desperate valor, worthy of a better cause, it hoists its asserters and responsible advocates, so that they will not yield, by an inch, though the military hand of the government is on their throat wellnigh to strangulation! What a despotism and conscription — such as France under the first Napoleon never saw, nor Austria under the Hapsburgs, its worst and last house of oligarchs, has practised, nor self-liberating Russia, at the hand of her autocrat, would now endure — it has created to secure itself from wreck amid the rising sea of freedom and right! A chain and whole ropewalk of cables to restrain and confine justice and humanity it has been. Through how many years, one end round the master as well as one round the slave, it has thrust forth bonds for the limiting of the nation and the fettering of the world, till every mill at the North, and cotton-factory of England, and silk-loom of France, and diplomatic note of Germany, felt its pressure, and submitted to render it service and pay it tribute! Do we ask the question, why? Because it is a *sin*, and follows the character and rule of all *sin*, to bind to odious, fearful, unwelcome, unanticipated results whoever — men or multitudes — take it to their bosom!

How to break this chain is the question. First, by repentance. Would every individual repent of his own transgression, of whatever sort, the chain were dissolved and gone, as completely as the professor of legerdemain seems to take apart his cunning rings of steel. But, private repentance being so partial and imperfect, social reform comes in to supply its defects. John the Baptist must appear in Judæa to arouse those asleep in self-indulgence and smite with remorse souls insensible of their own guilt and shame. History will record, and a better age confess, more fully than the present, that, among us, the reformer has done a good, though incomplete work. But by the obstinacy of those who are dead in trespasses and sins he is often rejected. He himself with great virtues combines some errors or faults, on

which objectors, not to the errors and faults, but to the holy object, whet the edge of their opposition and persecution, while they stiffen their own back to defend themselves in the darling wrong he assails. Then, if the mischief be wrought so firmly that no peaceful hands have power to sunder its chain, God makes it over next to his minister of war, in the cabinet around his throne ; for what, in all regions and ages has war been, but the sequel and punishment of otherwise incorrigible human sin ?

Attila, the Hun, erred not when he called himself the scourge of God. War is not a lawless accident, a purposeless and useless commotion, but, as the German bard Körner calls it, a thunder-storm, sent for purification. It is an uprooter and a clearer of the soil for better cultivation. It is the fire which in the very ashes of the forest it burns down — so naturalists tell us — quickens the germs of a nobler growth. It seems a sheer destroyer, at whose dreadful blows on earthly happiness and life we stand aghast, and pray that the demon may give place to the angel of peace ; yet, in the furrows ploughed deep and ragged by the wheels of battle, and soaked soft with bloody rain, spring the long-buried and wellnigh lifeless seeds of justice and freedom into a lofty resurrection. Were such a civil strife as we are in without prospect of termination, we should almost wish to withdraw from existence itself, beseeching God to take his boon of life back ; and we will pray Heaven to spare us the spilling of one needless drop of blood. But the struggle is to cease, — perhaps not so soon as we in our over-confidence and impatient cry for signal victories demand or expect. It has its own season and date. We shall suffer from it as long as we deserve and need. Let foreign powers understand they cannot determine it. “ Let it alone,” well says to them Thomas Carlyle ; “ it is the foulest chimney of the century, burning itself out.” It will stop clean at length. The passions are not eternal ; ideas alone last forever ; the pickets on the opposite sides, before or after a contest, exchanging talk and tobacco, are witnesses

that great forces, above human vindictiveness, are measuring swords with each other, the best and strongest of course at last to prevail. The rebellious children we would conquer and reclaim, by pure resistless force of truth, will shift their point of view some time, and, convinced how wretched the sin they have nursed and hugged, till it has grown to crush themselves in its tightening folds, with deeper knowledge of its evils than we can impart, will be persuaded to untwine and cast it away. Hosts forming for the field, nay, already crowned with brilliant achievements, from the negroes we have oppressed, stirred to the fight by the three strongest motives that can act on the human mind, — liberty, race, and country, — flash from their armor a light through all the vast chambers of the house of bondage. But contention alone cannot finally break this chain. Civilization must follow, or the bloody work will have to be done over again. Slavery is barbaric. It is, with whips and unjust laws, instead of tower and moat and draw-bridge and spear, the feudalism of the present day, — the rude aristocracy of the Middle Ages revived for the anachronism of our era, and in a democratic region more out of place than anywhere else. It must consent or be compelled to decline, and the territory it has exhausted and wasted be settled and tilled with a generous industry, that can at least keep the primal decree, — blessing and not curse, — and eat the bread it has earned in the sweat of its own brow. But the chain we make for ourselves of sin will not be entirely and eternally unmade till Christianity have free course. The regeneration of the human heart, from whose lusts all sin and conflict come, is the only redemption of the human race. Every chain drops sundered from minds unfolded by the love, of God and our neighbor, which Jesus taught; and in his principles alone can the whole family of man have freedom.

With the chain thus broken, we have a hopeful future yet; otherwise, all before us is dark. Will any say what I have described as the nation's chain is no chain at all, save to

raise a wild African race from its savage state, and dignify it as the ground of an aristocratic and gentle class,—of manners more refined than those of common folks? I answer, from sad memory, most that we see of these elegant and haughty manners is offensive alike to our religion and our taste. We have come to times in which among lowly people may be found as much real kindness and gracious courtesy as among the highest in wealth and place. If I were asked to point to the gentlemen of England, I would go, not only among the lords and barons, but to those Lancashire operatives preferring to starve rather than countenance intervention, in favor of the tyranny of the South, though it promise to relieve their want; willing to be hungry, to give their voice to the Republic for which the North and the Federal government stand; while we detect some lack of genuine politeness, personal or political, in the earls who seek, across the tossing main so far, their brothers in the oppressors of Carolina, with an instinctive fellow-feeling that they have substantially the same cause. God pity and pardon them, if it can be so! However fair may look the flower that rankly blossoms out of the impurities of bondage, in any realm, it has no beauty or sweetness when examined close. In the interest of true nobility itself, the chain must be broken. Then our country shall arise and put on her beautiful garments, till, better for her emancipation, the world advance and rejoice.

C. A. B.

“‘THAT which is not cannot be numbered,’ saith the wise man. No man can reckon upon any truth that is got by contentious learning; and whoever troubles his people with questions, and teaches them to be troublesome, note that man: he loves not peace, or he would fain be called *Rabbi, Rabbi*.”

THE CHAPEL.

O God, make Thou my soul into a church,
 One little chapel in the church of Christ,
 So cleanly ordered, with most narrow search,
 That angels white may be therein enticed.

Uprear upon its front the Cross divine,
 Whose awful shadow scares the fiends away, —
 That heals the spirit as that brazen sign
 Healed snake-stung flesh in pilgrim Israel's day.

Bid heavenly Yearnings build its piercing spire
 In sight of earth, but nearer to the skies,
 In hearing of the legions of my Sire,
 Lest its fell foes should take it by surprise.

There post, to keep it for the Heavenly King,
 Conscience, the watchman, high amid the bells, —
 The prayer-bells, — timely larums now to ring,
 Then of those vanquished foes to toll the knells.

Through its strait gates let earthly Feelings come,
 To issue thence assoiled and sanctified,
 To do Thy work in market-place or home,
 And sow Thy blessings round on every side.

But there let heavenly Wisdom porter reign,
 Firm to shut out all lawless Fantasies
 That now run riot in too many a fane, —
 False doctrines, young or aged Heresies.

Bid him be wary. But beside him still
 Let his soft sister, Mercy, meekly stand,
 A ready almoner to clothe or fill
 The bare or hungry with an eager hand.

Within let many a lofty image be
 Of such as not in vain have sighed and striven,
 With upward, prayerful arms to point to me
 The pathway that they climbed from earth to heav

Within set Thou a font, whose weeping brim
Shall wash away earth's dust that soils the place,
With living waters never dry nor dim,
That gush from the deep well-springs of Thy grace.

On my heart's fleshly tablets, lifted high,
The Pater Noster write, — the Law, — the Creed,
In golden characters that aye the Eye,
That sees in secret, may untarnished read.

There let the Book of Life be opened well, —
The Shekinah still brooding o'er it be, —
To show it, pictures wide of heaven and hell,
With the strait path that threads the world to Thee.

Let heaven at the clear windows vaporless
Look in, expectant, near and calm and blue,
And more and more the Sun of Righteousness,
With peace and pardon in his beams, shine through.

To gild the tombstones of dead Faults, and see
The marble cheek of Penitence grow bright,
Fixed o'er them with clasped hands and kneeling knee,
And face upturned to meet the searching light.

Beneath the roof let Passion's voice be dumb,
Or straightway hushed by Reverence and Faith,
To hear in clearness, through the stillness, come
Each word the still, small Voice unearthly saith.

To my Thoughts' thronging congregation there
Then let Thine angels, in that stillness, preach
The laws the heavens are ruled by, — honor fair,
And their own full-grown public spirit teach : —

To love one's neighbor as one's self, — the same
Love for one's virtue and one's neighbor's know, —
Honor that hateth Falsehood more than Shame,
And Treason more than any loss or woe.

There solemnly let Truth to Love be wed,
 Sweet Tenderness to strong Self-Mastery,
 To mountain-moving Faith meek Lowlihead,
 And fiery Zeal to melting Charity.

Therein let funerals be celebrate
 Of childish Wishes such as mortals grieve,
 Forever sung to rest with dirges great
 By Resignation chanting, "I Believe,"

And Loyalty, who from the dust doth rise
 To pitch his key to that of viewless choirs,
 That overhead, in spreading harmonies,
 With hands untrembling sweep their glorious lyres.

"Thy Will be done! — Thy will, not mine, — Thy will
 And mine; for mine is Thine," — thus let him sing;
 "And Thine is mine!" — from earth to heaven until
 The throbbing air doth with his triumph ring.

There sometimes with a radiant seraph train,
 When earth without looks deathly, blank, and cold,
 Come down with warmth and wintergreen, and deign
 Amid the snows a Christmas feast to hold.

Good Fridays bring, when smileth Fortune's sky
 In the spring heats of mine eternity,
 That chastened Pride and Greed within may die
 For love of him who died for man and me.

There shrive me at Thy dread confessional.
 There let Communion be with Christ, the head
 Of hosts, the militant, — triumphant, — all; —
 There let me kneeling eat the awful bread

He giveth that was broken for our sake,
 Worthily, all unmixed with earthly leavens,
 Until the walls give way, and way do make
 Unto the Church eternal in the heavens.

E. FOXTON.

DUTIES OF LOYALTY AT HOME.

A SERMON BY REV. EDMUND H. SEARS, PREACHED ON FAST DAY, APRIL 2.

"Is not this the fast that I approve;
To loose the bands of wickedness,
To undo the heavy burdens,
To let the oppressed go free,
And to break in pieces every yoke?
Is it not to break thy bread to the hungry,
And to bring the poor that are cast out to thy house,—
When thou seest the naked, that thou clothe him,
And that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh?
Then shall thy light break forth like the morning,
And thy wounds shall speedily be healed;
Thy prosperity shall go before thee,
And the glory of the Lord shall bring up thy rear."

ISAIAH lviii. 5-7.

THAT we have fallen on evil times is not to be denied, if by evil times be understood times of great sufferings and dangers. There is no greater calamity than war, so far as material interests are involved, and civil wars are the most dreadful of all. To see the energies of man, through which the arts of civilization have been developed, and the fields been converted into gardens, turned to the work of destruction and carnage, and making the earth a wilderness, or, worse yet, a field of blood, is appalling. And yet tidings of these things have been our daily news for two years, till we read them with slow pulses and steady nerves. And not in any wars of ancient or modern times, if we except those of the swarming and half-barbarous East, has the work of destruction been planned on so vast a scale. The allied armies of England, France, and Turkey in the Crimea numbered all told 59,000 men;—less than our little State of Massachusetts alone has sent into the field; less than the number of the slain which, during these two years, have filled the homes of the country with mourning. Unquestionably, then, we have fallen on evil times.

And greater evils than these have become manifest. The storm of passion subsiding into lurid hate, the milk of

human kindness turned into wormwood, sectional hatreds whose depths yawn downward to the infernal fires, cruelties and barbarities whose parallel you must seek by going back to the history of the Inquisition in Spain and the Netherlands, or to Indian warfare, and which will show to the latest age as ugly blots on our civilization, which all the rains of heaven cannot wash away, — these things, too, will rise darkly on your memories when we say that we have fallen on evil times.

If this way of speaking, however, means to imply what is called in cant phrase the “degeneracy of the age,” of which those persons are apt to complain the most who have done the least to make the age better, then I would reject it altogether, for I do not so interpret the omens of the hour. The times are the people who live in the times, and there never was a people who have been led from lower to higher forms of prosperity and enlightenment who have not had crises to go through, — who have not been put on trial, passed through days of judgment, that the wrongs of a corrupt past may be redressed, and the new come forth with brighter transfigurations from the old. In these days of trial and judgment the evil comes to the surface which had lurked within; but unless a land is given over to ruin, they are confronted at the same time with all the hereditary and heroic virtues made brighter and stronger for the trial. It is the dividing of the light from the darkness, one gathering off and rolling away in lurid folds, that the other may appear in more conquering splendor. We have fallen on evil times, because we see the evil more disengaged from the good, and its darkness made more visible, — the evil brought in great sores to the surface, which before lurked within and poisoned all the fountains of life.

These days of fasting and praying are good days, if we will use them for good by turning to the Lord for light on our way of duty, and strength to follow it. Under a sense of responsibility for our words and sentiments, let us review our duties to these times of danger and trouble.

And first among these we place the duty of *unconditional loyalty*. We never knew so well before the meaning of that word, and how all the other virtues are folded up in it. We have lived under the protection of government and law, which have touched us invisibly like the air, whose pressure has been so equable and beneficent that we did not know its presence. In the old countries they placed a man or a woman upon the throne, and so the virtue of loyalty gathers into it the strength of personal affection. They surround the king or the queen with gorgeous emblems of authority. We have no such arts as these. Our fathers rejected them as unworthy the simple forms of a free government. They substituted in place of these a written constitution. It was not perfect, because nothing human is perfect, but it was the most perfect embodiment of public justice, which not merely that age, but all the ages together, produced, and that it was the best possible which could be produced I believe no one has ever doubted who has studied its history. The word *loyalty*, then, on American lips, has a higher and more sacred meaning: it is reverence for the best form of constitutional government,—for Justice enthroned above all persons, more kingly and queenly than kings and queens, adored for her awful majesty and mystery, without any trappings to catch the senses and imaginations of men. This is American loyalty,—allegiance to government as the supreme order of the land, and the best form possible of constituted justice.

Disloyalty to the country which has borne, protected, and sustained us involves disloyalty to all other obligations. It is the dissolution of the whole frame of society. It is universal ruin. It is giving up every man to his own malignant passions. Nations are made up of states, states of counties, counties of towns, towns of families, families of husbands, wives, sons, daughters, children, sisters, and brothers. If one of these persons may be tainted with perjury, so may all the others. If one family is involved in the state, the less in the greater,

protected by it; and were it not so, the mother could not rock in peace and safety the cradle of her babes. Hence you see, where treason is doing its work, it does not end with seceding from the general government. All the ties which bind man to man, or man to woman, are poisoned or broken up. Neighbors that once lived in peace plot each other's assassination; women practise the devilish wiles of the serpent, and betray their own kindred; brothers part different ways and shoot each other down; father and son take opposite sides in the work of death; and where once were peaceful villages are hideous blood-spots or blackened wastes, which mark the blasting of Almighty wrath against the perjury of treason.

And do not suppose that these are dangers which only lie far off in the distance. Treason would work precisely the same mischiefs, if it had its way, here in your own communities and around your own homes and firesides. Can any man in his senses doubt for a moment that, if now in the mighty struggle that is on us the government fails, or is thwarted or made weak, it will be an unloosing of all the bonds of society, till all our home factions and feuds are blown into a like flame of civil war? Dissolving the Union, in order to make peace with traitors, is dissolving all the bonds which bind man to man, and man to society, society to the state, and the state to the foot of God's throne. It is not merely to break up this cordon of States, and turn each madly from its sphere: it is to split the state itself into chaotic fragments, setting neighbor against neighbor, brother against brother, the child against the father, and the father against the child, till here as there the human heart runs gall, and the streams run blood to the ocean. Letters from a neighboring State tell us that good and wise men there are doing their uttermost to steer away from this gulf of ruin. In our day of national judgment, then, as in the day of the great judgment, there can be but two sides to choose. It puts the goats upon the left hand and the sheep upon the right; for loyalty is giving up everything to strengthen the

bonds of law, — ourselves, our goods, our children, our erring judgments and notions, — laying them all down, that government may be omnipotent over the serpent brood that seeks its life. Loyalty involves truth and fidelity to God and man. Treason is perjury, not only towards the state, but towards all the relations that lie under it and are protected by it, and run downward and take into them the tenderest ties of neighborhood and family and kindred.

2. And there is another duty, I think, which lies upon us, — to forget our narrow divisions and petty strifes, and rise to a broader view of the great issue of to-day. Always, when calamities and judgments come upon a people, the parties try to shift the blame upon each other. "This is your doing." "See the mischief you have wrought!" Such taunts are thrown to and fro. Or, again, we hear it resolved into a general decay of all virtue; and this is thought to be very profound philosophy. Let us rise out of this narrowness, and acknowledge that there is a God in human affairs, and that there are laws of providence which govern the stream of time in its courses. If only we will rise to the serene heights of history, we shall see, I think, that the conflict of this day is one which the parties and the politicians could not very much help or very much hinder. What is the great idea of the new age, which has produced all the modern revolutions, which is shaping all governments, which is struggling everywhere to have its way? It is the sacredness of human nature, the infinite value of the human soul, as having an end in itself, — capable of a growth in knowledge and grace which flings shame upon all outward distinctions, — that the nature of the humblest man is a nature which Christ assumed and died for, and thus made capable of an inward salvation which no dross of earth can buy, — yea, that God himself took upon him the garment of our humanity, and so the humblest man that wears it is dear to his Maker. This great truth, finding its way everywhere, pressing from the heavens into the minds of men, is

mightier than all the governments of the earth, and bends them to itself. All the distinctions of caste melt before it, as being outward and factitious; belonging to the trappings of human nature, and not its essence. It has melted through the frozen despotism of Russia, and after the struggle of a century finally spake the word which turned forty millions of serfs into men and women. It breathes through all humanity in the millions that groan and toil. The rotten throne of the Pope is crumbling before it, and a new Italy comes into being. It swept the islands of the gulf, and the fetters of the slaves have fallen off. It has moulded the English monarchy, sometimes silently, sometimes in the fires of revolution, and changed it from a despotism to the freest government upon the earth. It visits the islands of the sea, and of idolaters and cannibals it has shaped men and women who sit at the feet of Jesus full of the hopes of immortality. It has abolished the slave-trade from the coast of Africa, planted colonies along its shores, where a new republic has come into being, where schools and colleges flourish, the nurseries of art and science, — where a new college has just been opened whose inaugural services would not compare very unfavorably with those we witness here, — where churches are opened and Christ preached, — and towards which Ethiopia is stretching out her hands. Such are some of the omens which show that, in the new era for which all other eras have prepared the way, the idea which is to govern and organize the world is the intrinsic worth of human nature over all its accidents, and the moral and spiritual unity of the human race. Hence the idea which flesh and blood hath not revealed unto us, and therefore which no flesh and blood can melt out of us, that every man is part of God's organic whole, and to hurt one is to hurt all; that every man bears in him the image of the Christ, and therefore the image of every other man, and so through the inmost consciousness of our humanity the flash of right and wrong, and of joy and woe, runs round the globe and thrills through its ocean-sundered nerves.

Now in our own republic, and under its Constitution, whose prelude catches this chant of the new age, that "all men are born free and equal," there were, nevertheless, two forms of society. There were the slave despotisms, in which a few of the people own a large portion of the rest, and turn them into chattels. And there were the Free States, where each man owns himself and is an end in himself. Such a thing might be in the infancy of a state. But in our amazing growth and development, both of these forms of society have been developed also, — one in harmony with the whole genius of our government and the civilization of the modern world and all the traditions of our history, the other in conflict with them all. The very instinct of slavery tells it that these cannot coexist, — that one must recede before the other; and so it stabs at the life of the republic, and would make freedom and Christianity a pale and vanishing fringe on the border of a black, centralized despotism, to rule the destinies of the continent, with property in man for its corner-stone. To say that all the discussions that have preceded this conflict have been what they should be, would be to say that men and women are not human. To say that any party has been immaculate would not be true. To say that all the parties together, or any class of men, except the traitors, could have prevented this conflict, would be to suppose that God had died out of the world; that the prophesyings of three hundred years are all a lie; that the most beautiful blushes on the morning of the nineteenth century are baleful omens, and not the harbingers of day; that the votes of conventions and caucuses could roll back the stream of history, yea, rather shut out the Divine influx or set back its waves to the throne of God. Standing on these serener heights, I can see only one issue that swallows up all the others, and I lay down all my notions and opinions loyally before it. How slavery will disappear, or when, I do not know. Enough that the judgment of God is against it, and that to extinguish treason is to serve him and prepare the

way for his coming, to be received and glorified in all his children.

3. And this makes another duty of the hour very plain and very easy, — and that is *courage*. We have sent our neighbors and brothers into the field with our blessing upon them, and we demand of them that they be brave. Have they not first a right to demand the same thing of us, and to rebuke the moral cowardice at home? They tell us, when they write home, that their worst discouragements come from behind them, in the boding and despondency which we breathe into them, taking the soul out of their virtue. “You send us here,” they say, — to quote their own language, — “then tell us we are throwing away our lives on a hopeless errand; you do all you can to take the moral life out of us, and leave us for the rebels to finish.” Thanks to the Lord, this is becoming less true every day. But the fact remains, that the armies of a republic, fighting for its life, are one with the people, and that the same pulse beats through them both, low and feeble or quick and strong. There is no man or woman who stays at home who may not breathe into some one who has gone from them the energy of hope and prayer. Despondency is the more wicked when faith and trust are so easy. For the way in which we have been led, and the very blunders and weaknesses of men taken up into the plan of the Divine Providence already, and weaving like golden threads into history, are very wonderful. We see not the end of the troubles of to-day, but we see enough to know that God is working for us a great deal better than we intend; that the great courses of history will have their way, and that, though the traitors and factionists may cause a ripple here and an eddy there, and for the hour work mischief and local ruin, yet they can no more alter the great channels of history than they can alter the course of the planet that swings them through the celestial spaces. Courage, faith, trust, confidence, hope in God, and hope for man, are also the attendant virtues of loyalty to the country.

Treason in open arms is not worse than treason in the heart, breeding fears and discontents and factions and fault-finders, letting down the tone of our virtue, striking the soul with moral palsy, willing to have peace by letting the Constitution and law and liberty and manhood go down under the swinish hoofs of rebellion. Let us have faith in God, and something of God's patience too. O, how patient God is! He waited six thousand years for the time when the unity of the race and the franchises of humanity could be fitly inaugurated. He prepared the way step by step, and day by day, by his prophets and his Christ, and now that his clocks all over the civilized world are ready to strike, shall we not watch with him one hour?

I have thus tried to make obvious three duties that lie upon us to-day. I might add a fourth,—the acknowledgment of national sin. But the best acknowledgment of sin is for every man to purge himself before God, stand up clearly to his responsibilities, and keep his hands and his conscience clean. Have the loyalty that lays everything, without reservation, on the altar of God and of country. Be above the smallness of faction, and up to the level of the grand issue of the hour. Have faith in God, and eschew that contagious cowardice which demoralizes the land. If ever there was a time when Burke's blasting rebuke of factious fault-finding needed to be applied, it is now: "We should approach the faults of the state as to the wounds of a father, with pious awe and trembling solicitude. By this wise prejudice we are taught to look with horror on those children of their country who are prompted rashly to hack that parent in pieces and put him into the kettle of magicians, in hopes that by their poisonous weeds and wild incantations they may regenerate the paternal constitution and renovate their father's life."

I will not close my discourse to-day without remembering that we are on the eve of that anniversary which commemorates the great central facts of the world's history, around

which all its hopes and revolutions turn. To-morrow is the day of Christ's death. The Sunday following he burst the tomb—the tomb to which our thoughts make yearly pilgrimage—"of Him who was not man alone, but mingled man and God." In that death and in that resurrection you may read the history of our own suffering humanity which he wrapped about him,—ever again in his children and his peoples, down the ages, to be pierced, to bleed, to be crucified, to be laid in the tomb and rise out of it glorified. So wisely he hath ordained that human progress shall not be a mere development, but a death and a resurrection; and a Christian people's glorious future, like that of their Lord, is out of a past whose gory coverings are left in the sepulchre. O that we might have risen to a new and glorified national existence without the thorns and the wounds and the crucifixion and the tomb! But it could not be: and if we share the wounds of the Man of Sorrows, we share also the hopes and promises of individual, moral, and national resurrection. We need, I know, all the promises, all the hopes and consolations.

But we remember again how we are all passing on, how we have all of us but one life to live here, and render up to God; and the only question with any good man is, how can I give it to my God and my age in such wise as to serve them best,—so as to pass from the earth, and leave it greener and fairer for the generations that remain. I say that is the sole question with every good man, and this faith turns the Gethsemanes and Calvays all over the land into mountains of Ascension. For as individuals at best our day is short, and we pass from this earth like the swarms of a summer's hour. But the earth remains, and the generations will pass over it forever; and happy will it be for us, if, when we bend from our orbs on high, we shall see our spot of earth made brighter, and children walking over it happy and free, because there, when God struck the hour of a new era, we heard him, and obeyed his call.

TO A REFORMER.

You have asked me for a key to the philosophy of evil. You are discouraged with the soul's imperfections, disheartened with the tardy and small victories which reward your efforts, and, groping down the shadowy avenue of life, you are longing for the hand of Wisdom to throw back the gates of doubt and unbelief, and let in upon you the glad rays of reconciliation and trust in the Divine mind. Now, should I search all my lifetime through every department of my intellect, I do not believe I should find the key which you desire; but looking deeper, examining my observations, hopes, trusts, affections, intuitions,—in short, by exploring the chambers of my soul,—I find that which at least lets the sunlight of peace into my own spirit, and possibly it may into yours also, if you will accept of so simple a key.

I have sat by my window in the summer days and seen the sun pour its gold over the granite of our New England hills, and I could but notice how much more beautiful the brightness seemed because of the contrasting shadows which the brooding clouds threw down. Often, too, have I watched the grand rising of a summer storm, coming on tempestings, to break up the land's quiet and calm. All the valley was sleepy with its weight of sunshine, the meadow lilies were dreaming in the roses, while swift and silent, over the dark-blue mountain, rose up the threatening cloud. Soon wind and rain came down, bending into humility the old woodland, while the upstart willows bowed obsequiously, and every flower rocked trembling on the stem. When the sun, who had been laughing all the while at the scenes, came out again, what do you think the cape said? for our ears are open sometimes, and we hear the words which the soul of Nature speaks. It said, "Praise God for the darkness! Praise God for the storm!"

The streams laughed louder, the forest tossed a crown of brightened verdure toward heaven, and the flowers with washed faces nodded gayly at each other, and whispered together over their new beauty.

I have noticed that the deadly and destructive elements of the material world, which were once considered as signs of the curse and anger of God, now reveal themselves to our improved and extended knowledge as the blessings of a kind Creator. And every fresh discovery, instead of shrouding in darkness the soul's crown of expectation, reveals in brightened splendor the sure promise of its immortality and glory. Is it not possible, and quite probable, that rules similar to those which preside in the material will prevail also in the spiritual? Is it inconsistent to suppose that those passions which seem to darken the soul may be converted into aids and helpers to all spiritual progress? There are moments when we thank God for our imperfections, because they keep our faces turned toward heaven for help. It was so kind and wise in our Creator to bring up the Giant of Evil for us to wrestle with, — something to determine the spirit's calibre.

And have we not reason to be grateful for the shadow of sorrow, and the stern storm of trial? I can comprehend and admire the purpose of the Divine wisdom that we should be sometimes afflicted, — that we should be wholly thrown back upon ourselves, and the good we may find within us, as our only source of consolation. The dark that closes about us brings out the most beautiful stars, if we only look for them. It is an excellent thing to find ourselves among the low seats, to have such heavy burdens upon us that the rich wine of our natures is forced out, to have the world try to set its hard heel on all that is noble and true within us, only causing every better principle of the soul to take deeper root from the pressing and trampling; or, like muscles in constant exercise, to grow so firm and elastic that the spirit finally gains strength to toss the world aside, and we go straight on in our course, patient, cheerful, persevering, brave. When

the Book of Record is opened, we shall find many a man and woman, world-derided souls, who in these trials have proved themselves to be greater conquerors than he who taketh a city.

Failure is always the price we pay for the pearl of Humility. It is scarcely attainable at any other cost. Made conscious of our weakness, we no longer kneel at the throne of grace with a pharisaical self-assurance and complacency, but, realizing the great difference between ourselves and the Christ-pattern, publican-like we stand afar off, with a grieved gladness that God is so kind and good as to let his love and beauty shine upon us from that great distance. Then the soul says in secret, "O God, I am too sinful to come near thee! Human passion and vanity continue to weave their chains about me, even while my eyes are fixed on heaven; but, Parent of good! though I am held fast in the meshes of sin, still let me look toward thy face! let me have a consciousness of all thy purity and goodness! let me worship thee afar off!"

There is not a condition or situation on earth in which man will not suffer the pangs of disappointment. Continually across his sunlight falls this shadow. Grim realities take the place of his beautiful ideals, and he finds lumps of clay where he searched for diamonds. And what may this braided light and darkness mean, except to bring us more directly *en rapport* with all that is good and holy in that world which can alone furnish the true ideal? When the heart experiences the insecurity of earthly trust, then we seek to lean the head upon that heart that is above pain, torture, and wretchedness, that is unchanging in its love and mercy, that throbs life into the universe,—the mighty, ever-pulsing heart of God. Then we are led to find the ready relief, the one infallible cure for the soul's pain. Then we seek the kind Physician, who gives life, strength, and peace to his sick children.

We cannot fail to notice that many a misfortune and dis-

appointment in life has thrown new and dear enjoyments in our way, and, much as we hate the trouble, we can but rejoice at a cause that discovers to us new and better sources of happiness. At the first thought, we are grieved at the sufferings of our Lord, and his crucifixion ; but looking further, we see that the sin of the Jews brought to light the triumphs of the resurrection. We mourn that the spirit of evil can darken and deform the spirit of man ; yet had it been otherwise, we could never have known the depths of God's love toward us, and the opposite of all evil could never have been so fully and perfectly revealed.

To become a successful reformer, I think it necessary to have a well-grounded faith in God, and in the final superiority of good in man. We best prove our love for the parent, by laboring for the children. A blind enthusiasm in our work can bring only continual disappointment, ending at last in a total relaxation of effort. We must remember that progress in all things is gradual, and almost imperceptible. The rough rock is many a long year fastening on its complete dress of moss, and the torn and ragged bank that the enraged waters have devastated will not finish putting on its patches of green in a man's lifetime. If the great tree of humanity reveals itself to us, not as we imagined, beautiful and nearly perfected, but as crab-apple species, why then we must keep on doing our share of the grafting ; but the new scions will gather all their life from the same old rootage ; it will be the same trunk, with a different growth of foliage, — the same soul, with a different development. If we find thistles, instead of luxuriant vines, to cultivate, then we must content ourselves in bringing that unseemly plant to as great a degree of perfection as possible. Cheer up, weak heart ! even in the homely blossom of a thistle there is a hidden honey. The tiny globe of dew grows perfect in a single night, but the beautiful gem slowly matures, age by age, in its dark bed, while the century-living birds and the generations of men pass away. Even so with the spirit ; slowly, in its mys-

terious changes and revolutions, it gathers to itself immortal beauty and brightness. So like children, in obedience to our Father's commands, we will trust and labor, believing that out of this light and shade and dust of our work-day world shall one day come the finished and perfected web of the Designer; out of the fragments, noise, and confusion, unity, harmony, peace. And while we toil, let us often

"Pause to think God's greatness
Flows around our incompleteness,
Round our restlessness, His rest."

A. C. K.

"THERE SHALL BE NO MORE SEA."

THE following lyric by Fysh serves as a commentary on Rev. **xxi. 1**, which has perplexed many readers in finding its meaning.

MY little bark has suffered much
From adverse storms; nor is she such
As once she seemed to be:
But I shall shortly be at home,
No more a mariner to roam;
When once I to the port am come,
There shall be no more sea.

Then let the waves run mountain-high,
Confound the deep, perplex the sky,
This shall not always be;
One day the sun will brightly shine,
With light and life and heat divine;
And when that glorious land is mine,
There shall be no more sea.

RANDOM READINGS.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE ALPS OF SWITZERLAND.

It is often said that the influence of Dr. Channing is greater beyond the ocean than in his native country, that his works are more read in England and on the Continent than in the homes where his name is a household word, and in the denomination with which his name is joined. There are many here, certainly, who keep his writings as a talisman which they prize and reverence more than they use, and are satisfied with owning the excellent volumes which they never look into. In Europe, those who own the writings of Channing read them, study them, and learn them by heart. One is surprised very often at hearing them alluded to and quoted by plain, unlettered men, and at the apparent unconsciousness of any sympathy with heresy in these quotations and allusions. In Perth, in Scotland, I heard a ruling elder of the Kirk, expert in the Calvinistic theology, fortify his arguments by the free opinions of the American heretic, and express his satisfaction that the heart of the great thinker was right, even if the form of his words was not according to the approved confession. In a ride which I took in a jaunting-car from Carrickfergus to the Giant's Causeway, the wonder of the grand scenery of the headlands was divided by the surprise of hearing the opinions of Channing constantly cited as authority in a sharp theological discussion, the pastime of travellers in that region. In the ruins of Holyrood, I was questioned concerning the habits and appearance of our American preacher by a companion who seemed to care much more for him than for Knox or Maitland or the men of the Covenant. Nay, even at Jerusalem, on a high feast-day, when a new Pacha was entering the city in triumphal state, with drums beating, firing of guns, and the green banners of the Prophet waving in long procession, a Catholic priest, O'Dwyer by name, was pleased to tell me how much he had enjoyed the democratic writings of this free religious American thinker. We talked of Dr. Channing, as we sat by the Damascus gate, and in front of the grotto of Jeremy the prophet.

But perhaps the most singular surprise of this kind was one that came in the Alps of Eastern Switzerland, in following down the valley of the Upper Rhine in that most romantic of all passes and

wonderful of all roads, the pass and road of Splügen. In crossing the mountain from Chiavenna, there were but few passengers in the diligence; and if the appearance of these few had invited conversation, the jargon of their strange Romansch dialect would have rendered it impossible for any stranger except Mithridates, Mezzofanti, or Max Müller to hold intercourse with them. I was compelled to lose the knowledge of their ruling passion, and could only conjecture, from their gestures and the expression of their faces, that they were talking about florins and kreutzers and the price of bread, rather than about glaciers, gorges, and waterfalls.

At the village of Splügen, on the northern side of the mountain, where we stopped awhile to dine, the company was recruited by some half-dozen more of passengers, two of whom came into that part of the diligence in which I was seated. This couple, though evidently Grison by race and residence, spoke with one another in the comparatively civilized and Christian German tongue, which invited a stranger to break his silence and seek their society. One of them was, by his dress and manner, apparently a common man; the other, by his costume, gave token that he was, or had been, in the clerical office. He wore the white neckcloth, the black coat of rather formal cut, a high-crowned hat, and gold-bowed glasses. His address was that of a man well educated, and of one who had been used to more cultivated society than that of this wild land. The American reveals himself by certain invariable signs, under every disguise and every sky. His nationality will come out, however cosmopolite the air he may assume, and whatever the dialect he may attempt to speak. And I had not said many words before my fellow-traveller politely remarked, —

“I cannot be mistaken in thinking that you are an American, —
Mein Herr.”

“How did you discover that? I did not say anything about America.”

“O, I thought it from your disappointment in finding that our famous river was so small a stream. It is because you have in your country streams so much larger, and are accustomed to sail on those great rivers of which I have read. If it had been an Englishman, now, he would have been surprised to see the Rhine as large as it is, if he had expressed any surprise at all, which I doubt. I know an American from an Englishman by his *Gemüthlichkeit*, his enthusiasm of manner. The English are a cold people, and if they feel any

amazement or rapture, take particular care to hide it. I never could find out what they really enjoy."

"Then you like the Americans better than the English?"

"Yes! as far as I know them. I never have become much acquainted with Americans, except through books. But I have read a good many American books, among others the Writings of George Washington. There was a man, sir,—the greatest man of modern times, the greatest man of his age,—yes, I will say it, of any age: all things considered, the greatest man I have ever heard or read of. Why, what statesman or general or patriot has England ever produced that can be named with Washington? Talk about Marlborough and Wellington,—they were quite another sort of men, sir,—good soldiers; but not great men, sir, in the best sense of that word. It is an honor, sir, to any man to be a countryman of George Washington, and I am only vexed that I did not live sixty years sooner, that I might have gone to America and looked on the face of such a hero." And my companion continued on in this strain until his enthusiasm became almost frantic, and his humbler comrade was amazed at the exhibition.

"It is very pleasant to an American," I replied, when a pause in his flow of words gave me an opportunity to speak, "to find that the man whom we call the 'Father of his Country' has such friends in a foreign land. But how were you able to read the Writings of Washington? You do not seem to understand English, and I have not heard that there is any German translation."

"I do not, it is true, understand English very well, when it is spoken, since I do not hear it very often, and I do not pretend to speak it at all; but I can read it easily enough. And I must tell you how I came to learn it, and how I came to read those big volumes of Washington's writings. I came to learn about Washington from what I had learned of another great American,—the greatest, I think, that your country has produced, except Washington. Perhaps you have known him? I mean the Dr. Channing."

"Certainly I knew him. I was born in the city where he preached, used to visit at his house, and hear him talk, and his only son was my friend and college classmate."

How the gray eyes of my companion dilated and kindled as he turned full round to me, and with the expressive ejaculation, "So!" exclaimed, "Wonderful! to think that I should meet a man here,

among these mountains, who knew the Dr. Channing. Why, sir, that man was my saviour. I owe it to him that I am a preacher at all, and not an utter and miserable sceptic. Let me tell you how I first became acquainted with this great man. More than thirty years ago" (it was in 1853 that the conversation occurred) "I was a student in the University of Basle, down lower on our river, — perhaps you have been there, and seen that queer old place, and the fine old library, — a student of theology there. It was the custom of our dogmatic teacher, after he had finished his lecture, to ask the students if they had any remarks to make, any questions or any objections. I used to avail myself of his invitation. And when he lectured upon the early heretics, and gave their objections to Christianity with his own answers, I took occasion to say that the objections seemed to me to be of more weight than the answers. I thought that Celsus and Porphyry and the heretics had better reason than my Calvinistic teacher. This free criticism soon made my position very uncomfortable, and I left Basle, and went to Halle in Germany, where I thought I should find more sympathy. But I did not find there what I wanted. There was too much negation, and I wanted a positive faith. I read a great many books, but none of them seemed to tell me what I wanted to hear. One day, a year or two after I had been in Halle, I read in a German paper a column or two, extracted from a sermon preached in Baltimore, in America, at the ordination of a Mr. Sparks, by Dr. Channing. I had never heard the name before, and never, that I know, read anything written by an American. But this extract struck me at once. It told me just what I thought, and what I had longed to hear. I said then to myself, I must find out about this Channing. I could not get his works in German, though I learned that he had written a good many more fine things than this sermon. So I had to make the best of it, and learn the English language, for the purpose mainly of reading Channing's writings. I got a good many of them separately from time to time ; and at last, some ten years ago, I got a complete edition of them in six volumes ; and I have read them so often that I know them almost by heart. My creed is in those books, and that doctrine is what I have always preached. Without them I should have been an infidel. Sir, I have got more spiritual comfort from the writings of this Dr. Channing, fragmentary as they are, than from all the German and Swiss theologians together."

I ventured to express the fear that he was allowing his zeal for the American preacher to run into extravagance, but he insisted that what he said was the truth. "And, moreover, sir," said he, "it is glory enough for any country to have had two such men as Washington and Channing, — the greatest hero and the greatest prophet of history. Sir, the time is coming when the words which Channing has spoken about the great curse of your country will turn out to be true, and you will suffer for your toleration of the wicked institution of slavery. You will need another Washington then. The great reason why I love the theology of Channing is that he identifies the rights of men with the justice of God, and that he claims freedom for every child of God.

"And now, as to how I came to read the Writings of Washington. I was interested in Mr. Sparks, through this sermon of which I have spoken. And when I heard, many years later, that he had published some volumes of these writings, I sent to England and ordered them. So you see it was Dr. Channing who really made me acquainted with Washington. These are not all the American books which I have, by any means. I frequently read the speeches of your Congressmen, and I read only within a few weeks the inaugural address of your new President, Mr. Pierce, which seemed to me to have many noble sentiments. I trust that he will remember that he is the successor of Washington. If I were not so old, I should try to cross the ocean and see your country, though I have never in my life been in London, or even in Paris."

In this vein, our conversation was continued for two or three hours, the interest of my companion never abating, until we reached the town of Coire, the capital of the Grisons, where he descended and took leave of me, after having handed me a card on which his name was inscribed in characters not very legible, but which I interpreted as the Swiss equivalent for our name of Brown. It was a singular interview, and I could not regret it, though it deprived me of some of the excitement of passing the Via Mala, the wildest of all Alpine gorges.

C. H. B.

"CHRISTIAN religion loves not tricks nor artifices of wonder, but, like the natural and amiable simplicity of Jesus, by plain and easy propositions, leads us in wise paths to a place where sin and strife shall never enter. What good can come from that which fools begin, and wise men can never end but by silence?"

memory of Mrs. Martin Lincoln, who died on the 2d of April,
 , in the 84th year of her age, at the venerable mansion once oc-
 d by her father-in-law, the late General Benjamin Lincoln of
 ham.

THE mother sleeps! O, beautiful
 As sunset clouds at even,
 The closing of such precious life,
 Now opening into heaven.

Her works on earth so faithfully
 For long, long years were done ;
 And then with meek and gentle grace
 She yielded one by one, —

Till, 'mid a loving circle, she
 Did fold those active hands,
 And sat to hear the angel voice
 From yonder spirit-lands.

She passed away in peace and trust,
 With heart so fresh and true,
 Leaving a priceless legacy,
 While fading from our view.

'Neath flowering plants they laid her head,
 In her own home below,
 Then bore her forth to join the friends
 Who left her long ago.

Ay, gently, mother, will the winds
 Float round thy still, white tomb,
 And singing birds their requiem breathe,
 And summer flowerets bloom ;

While in the home where thou hast dwelt,
 Filled with the thought of thee,
 New deeds of gentleness and love
 Will bless abundantly.

Farewell, dear, sainted friend ! and yet
 We feel thy spirit near,
 Blending the memory of the loved
 With joys in thy high sphere.

Love, thou hast found thy native air,
 Life, thine eternal Source !
 Strength, sinking into weakness here,
 Thine unexhausted Force.

With powers renewed we see thee, now,
 Sweet mother, angel bright !
 O, *would* we call thee back again,
 From thy new home of light ?

AT A GRAVE.

"Why seek ye the living among the dead?" — LUKE xxiv 5.

HEED well what the Angel
 To mourners said ;
 And write that evangel
 Above the dead.

Why come with your grieving
 To this low bed ?

"Why seek ye the living
 Among the dead ?"

To Memory's high places
 My heart is led ;
 Beyond earthy spaces, —
 There walk my dead.

Deep, deep in Affection
 Unlimited,
 Still, still in connection,
 Repose my dead.

The ground is no holder
 Of one dear head.
 They never can moulder ;
 Why call them dead ?

The souls of God's giving
 To God have fled ; —
 "Why seek ye the living
 Among the dead ?"

N. L. F.

"As Christ said to his disciples, and left it to them at the last, saying, 'Love one another, as I have loved you ; for thereby men shall know that you are my disciples.' If men would as fervently seek after love and righteousness, as after opinions, there would be no strife on earth, and we should live as children in our Father ; and should need no law or ordinance." — *Jacob Behmen*.

"MOURNING FOR THE CHILDREN."

passed, the other day, a house from which five little girls had gone in quick succession — E. H. S. (*April Number of the Religious Magazine.*)

FIVE little voices hushed ! —

The rooms all silent, which they used to cheer
With merry-making all the happy year !

FIVE little vacant chairs ! —

The rosy forms they held, so plump and round,
Cofined and cold and pulseless, under ground !

FIVE little pairs of feet, —

Busy with pattering up and down the hall ;
Laid side by side now, — quiet, stirless all !

FIVE little pairs of hands, —

Rosy and eager in their childish quests ;
Still now, and folded o'er five silent breasts.

FIVE little children gone !

Gone from the nest that warmed them, and the love
And care that watched their childish steps above.

FIVE little children gone !

Gone to the tender Shepherd whose kind arm
Gathers the lambs and keeps them safe from harm.

FIVE little children less

To taste earth's joys and sorrows, and to bear
Life's heavier burdens each and all must share.

FIVE little children more

To swell the song of angels, and to be
Sinless and blest and safe eternally !

C. A. M.

MAY MORNING.

" Cloud-piercing peak and trackless heath
Instinctive homage pay,
Nor wants the dim-lit cave a wreath
To honor thee, sweet May ! "

WORDSWORTH.

ALL through the months of March and April we have been enjoying spring through the poets, as blind men enjoy scenery through descriptions of others. " Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, be ! " Thomson saw this, but we did not. Poor Hood did not, so he pronounced Thomson a " humbug," and went on counter-arguing, under the influence of March flaws, " O where's the *spring* rheumatic leg, stiff as a table's ? "

But May turns over a new leaf in the book of nature. The grass grows green in hollows and on south-side views, creeping outward towards the middle of the field, and our blue-bird and robin have both come back with the same old song. May, not "Spring," is the great Easter of Nature. Resurrection from the dead, regeneration, hope of immortality, yea, immortality already "brooding over us like the day," with its vistas of everlasting green, — all these are texts of sermons which May, the new-comer, preaches to us. The chief merit of a good writer is that he suggests a great deal more than he says. The merit of Nature is, that she suggests a great deal more than she exhibits, giving gleams of a glory not her own; ideals of better scenery than earth; correspondences of beautiful truths; openings into the eternal everglades where the sun is a hundred-fold brighter, where the fields are a continuous emerald, and the air a rainbow. How sweet are these openings out of this world of perishing beauty and ever-returning storms! A contributor sends us the following, — a sweet song for you to sing when you go to gather the first flowers of May.

S.

THE AWAKENING.

LIFE stirs anew in pulses that were dumb
Through the long winter's crystalline repose,
But far-off echoes of the spring-time come
To thrill the sleeper, and again there flows,

In thread-like veins of every leaf and flower,
The tide of being, exquisite and warm;
Ye who have waited for this golden hour,
Behold it breaking from a day of storm!

By singing waters, and in meadows brown,
The miracles of beauty shall unfold;
The tears of April, dropped in sadness down,
Transfigured glisten in the harvest gold.

And when the trees have robed themselves with leaves
In the fair Eden for each spring prepared,
And the south-wind — a breathing memory — grieves
For the departed, who its music shared, —

Beyond earth's shadows and its veiling mist,
They shall walk softly in perennial spring:
Death the worn eyelids into slumber kissed,
That the freed spirit might awake and sing.

C. M. F.

RUFUS CHOATE.

PROFESSOR BROWN, of Dartmouth College, gives us the *Life and Writings of Rufus Choate*, in two volumes. Sometimes great men, like great mountains, look best at a distance. It is not so with Mr. Choate. We are convinced, on reading these volumes, that the popular impression of him was much below the truth, particularly in respect to the moral tone of his character. A great sophist, a splendid declaimer, a man of gorgeous imagination, which was constantly stimulated by opium, on all sides in politics because his moral nature had been warped in practising the arts of persuasion, — this is what many honest people thought of Rufus Choate. The impression from his *Life* is of a man radically honest, always kind and genial, of a most subtle and inexhaustible humor, a mind of the rarest combinations, having all the richness and splendor of an Oriental fancy, with remarkable power of logic and analysis, of unfailing good-temper, always magnanimous, with religious convictions that governed his public and private career. And it is delightful to learn that his private life was always pure, and that he did *not* take opium.

The following characteristic anecdote is worth repeating, showing how Mr. Choate kept, not only his own temper, but that of the whole court-room, and affording a just comment upon a style of speaking which sometimes is mistaken for *earnestness*.

“In replying to a lawyer who had been addressing the court in a loud and almost boisterous manner, Mr. Choate referred playfully to his ‘stentorian powers.’ To his surprise, however, the counsel took it in dudgeon, and as soon as possible rose to protest against the hostile assault. He had not been aware of anything in his mode of address which would justify such an epithet; he thought it unusual, and undeserved, &c., &c. Going on thus, his voice unconsciously soon rose again to its highest key, and rung through the court-room as if he were haranguing an army; when Mr. Choate half rose, and, stretching out his hand with a deprecatory gesture, said in the blandest tones: ‘One word, may it please the court, — only one word, if my brother will allow. *I see my mistake*. I beg leave to retract what I said.’ The effect was irresistible. The counsel was silent; the court and spectators convulsed with laughter.”

S.

PHILOSOPHY AND COMMON SENSE.

YOU know the anecdote of Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth, whose united wits could not get the horse's collar off over his head, when the Scotch girl did it with a single jerk. The Country Parson tells a much better anecdote than that, of Sir Isaac Newton, which, by the way, we never saw anywhere else. The great philosopher had a pet cat and kitten, which he harbored in his study; but becoming tired of opening the door for them to go out and in, he hit upon the following contrivance. "He cut in his door a large hole for the cat to go out in, and a small hole for the kitten. He failed to remember what the stupidest bumpkin would have remembered, that the large hole through which the cat passed might be made use of by the kitten too. Having provided the holes, he waited with pride to see the creatures pass through them for the first time. As they arose from the rug before the fire where they had been lying, the great mind stopped in some sublime calculation; the pen was laid down; and all but the greatest man watched them intently. They approached the door, and discovered the provision made for their comfort. The cat went through the door by the large hole provided for her, and instantly the kitten followed her **THROUGH THE SAME HOLE.**" As ministers are constantly charged with the same want of common sense, it may be consoling to find ourselves in company with the poets and philosophers. It is, however, a positive loss, not only of convenience, but of power and influence, if one fails to be developed on the practical side. Andrews Norton, the scholar and theologian, once drove into a country town with a horse and chaise, hitched him, as girls sometimes do, by tying the end of the reins without pulling them through the saddle-ring. Of course it was not long before the horse was floundering over the broken shafts in inextricable confusion. A rustic came to the relief of the theologian, and his look of conscious superiority was amusing. Its meaning plainly was, "A man had better not undertake to preach and write books to enlighten the world who don't know how to hitch a horse." Sir Isaac's housemaid, as the Country Parson suggests, would have put him right about the cat-holes, and she must have been flattered amazingly on finding that she had more sense about things earthly than the man who discovered the laws that hold the planets in their orbits. s.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Results of Slavery. By AUGUSTIN COCHIN. Translated by MARY L. BOOTH, Translator of Count de Gasparin's Works on America, etc. Boston : Walker, Wise, & Co. — This volume is divided into seven Books, which treat severally upon Slavery in the United States, in the Spanish Colonies, in Portugal, in Brazil, in the Dutch Colonies, upon the Slave-Trade, and the Theory of Slavery in the Light of Christianity. Upon Slavery in the United States, from its first introduction down to our civil war, the treatise is especially full and satisfactory, the statistics abundant, showing the blighting and corrupting influence of the institution. The writer has fallen into some blunders respecting our national affairs ; but, on the whole, evinces a knowledge remarkably minute and comprehensive. Much of what he says will be familiar to the intelligent portion of the American public, though we doubt whether the popular mind is possessed of the depths of iniquity which marked Mr. Buchanan's administration, in the plottings for the annexation of Cuba and new robberies from Mexico. As we read this portion of the book, we cannot but admire the signal interposition of Heaven in arresting a career of national crime unparalleled in modern history both for hypocrisy and audacity. Civil war is endurable, when it becomes the appointed means of defeating this gigantic wickedness. The tone of the book is admirable ; it is thoroughly Christian, and it will be invaluable at this time to guide and shape the opinions of the civilized world on the great issues which disturb its peace. s.

The Every-day Philosopher in Town and Country. By the Author of "Recreations of a Country Parson." — The Country Parson does not exhaust himself with his abundant speaking. This, to our taste, is the best volume he has given us, — always genial, benevolent, suggestive, full of good sense, and a humor which is sure to chase away all despondency, and put one in the kindest mood towards his neighbors. We like exceedingly his chapter on atmospheres, in which he inculcates the Swedenborgian doctrine of "spheres" in the happiest way. "Concerning Beginnings and Ends" is admirable, especially his advice about sermons. Begin one of his essays in a vein as misanthropic as you will, and if you do not end it by finding yourself in the

warm open sunshine, the fault is not in the Parson, but in you,—
incurably we fear. s.

On Liberty. By JOHN STUART MILL. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.—The American reader will remember the article on American Slavery in the Westminster Review, by John Stuart Mill, it being a review and synopsis of Professor Cairnes's noble work. It was, we believe, the first article in an English Quarterly which did full and hearty justice to the cause of the North in our present struggle; and the book and its reviewer did much to change the tone of English sentiment. No English writer deserves more the hearty love of every loyal American for words fitly spoken, and at the right time. These essays are a clear and philosophical handling of the subject of individual and social rights. There are five chapters: An Introduction; The Liberty of Thought and Discussion; Of Individuality; The Limits to the Authority of Society over the Individual; The Applications. It is prefaced by a dedication "To the beloved and deplored memory" of the friend and wife whom he calls the inspirer, and in part the author, of all that is best in his writings. s.

Spectacles for Young Eyes. Pekin. By SARAH W. LANDER. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co.—Very good reading for the children. It takes them from St. Petersburg, through Siberia, over the Chinese wall, to Pekin,—“the city of nine gates.” It tells them various things of the Chinese, with wood-cuts to illustrate customs and manners. We heartily commend it to the boys and girls, in the place of stories which give them nothing to lay up and remember.

The Argument of THOMAS C. AMORY against the proposed Metropolitan Police Bill before the Joint Special Committee of the Legislature, Monday, March 16, 1863. Boston: J. E. Farwell & Co., Printers to the City. A pamphlet of 31 pages.

ERRATUM.

In the April number of this Magazine, in the piece entitled, “Good-Friday and Easter, 1863,” for

“Our Lord, who deigned to taste to us therein, most *holy* quaffed,”
read,

“Our Lord, who deigned to taste to us therein, most *deeply* quaffed.”

IN WOOLMAN.

THE

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JOHN WOOLMAN.

WE presume that his name is not wholly strange to many of our readers, and that some will recall him as an eminently gifted and useful minister of Jesus Christ, who lived and labored in the middle of the last century amongst the "people called Quakers," and more properly styled "Friends";—born in Northampton, West Jersey, in the eighth month of 1720, called home on the seventh of the tenth month, 1772, from York in England, whither he had gone upon his great religious errand. His life and testimonies derive an especial interest just now from the frequent contact into which he was brought with American slavery at a time when the agitation of the subject had not begun. A thoroughly Christian man, if ever there was one, with only just enough in him that was of the earth to keep his feet upon the planet at all, he early saw the miseries, mischiefs, and sins that are bound up with the institution which has wrought the larger part of our national woe, and his voice concerning it is like that of a prophet in the wilderness. It is well worth while to go far back of all the discussions of the subject with which our generation has been familiar, and see how the whole matter presented itself to this wise and gentle Christian before

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interest had darkened counsel by subtle social theories and speculations about races. Had the people known, even then, in that most convenient season, whilst as yet the evil was so controllable, the things which concerned their peace! God grant that they may not now be hidden from their eyes! Our chief wish is to place before our readers, on these opening pages, a few sentences from Woolman's autobiography that bear directly upon the slavery which he was accustomed to see about him in New Jersey, Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina. The downright honesty and entire simplicity of his dealing with it are singularly refreshing, and it is worth observing, that, without striving or crying or lifting up his voice in the street, he managed to keep his own skirts clean, and to plant in many neighborhoods and hearts a good word of the kingdom of love.

I find Woolman very early in his life declining to write a conveyance of a slave, saying, in answer to the applicant's request, that he was not "easy to write it." This was many years before our war for independence, — as early as 1743. He had hesitated about doing this sort of work even as the hired servant and mere instrument of an employer to whom his time belonged for a year; but when he came to act in his own capacity, he was quite clear and decided in putting aside such tasks, and even in declining to write wills (which he says was a very gainful occupation), when the testator proposed to devise men, as well as farms, houses, and merchandise. He seems to have been of an exceedingly sensitive and shrinking nature, a man who shrank from making enemies, and loved to have "all men speak well of him." It was especially hard for him to bear his testimony, for some of the best Friends were slave-owners, and he was sometimes called to testify to those who were greatly his seniors in years, and should have been his superiors in spiritual and moral attainments. In one instance he was at the pains to write a will without inserting, as requested, the paragraph which should have assigned a destination for the slaves, and offered it to his employer to be

accepted by him or rejected. After some earnest and mild exhortations his writing was accepted as the desired last will and testament. The terrible risk which the slave must incur of exchanging a kind and good master for a dissolute and cruel one pressed heavily upon Woolman's mind and heart. He saw that it was impossible to answer for the justice and mercy of the heir, and that the very good fortune of the slave to-day might make the fate of to-morrow all the more bitter and intolerable. He would not consume in any form the wages which should have been given to the laborer. Somewhat perplexed as to the course which it was his duty to pursue in his ministerial journeyings amongst Friends who were slaveholders, he hit upon the following expedient.

The way in which I did it was this: when I expected soon to leave a Friend's house where I had had entertainment, if I believed that I should not keep clear from the gain of oppression without leaving money, I spoke to one of the heads of the family privately, and desired them to accept of those pieces of silver, and give them to such of their negroes as they believed would make the best use of them; and at other times gave them to the negroes myself, as the way looked clearest to me. Before I came out, I had provided a large number of small pieces for this purpose, and thus offering them to some who appeared to be wealthy people was a trial both to me and them. But the fear of the Lord so covered me at times, that my way was made easier than I expected; and few, if any, manifested any resentment at the offer, and most of them, after some conversation, accepted of them." We find that some of the considerations urged by the slaveholders of that day in defence of their practice are very familiar to us now; as, for example, the wretchedness of the negroes, occasioned by their intestine wars in Africa. Woolman took frequent opportunities to bring this most important subject before Friends in their stated meetings, and his words, read by the fearful battle-glare of our day, are fearfully significant. We see how surely things alter for the worse unless we alter them

for the better, and that it will not answer to confide lazily in general notions about the final prevalence of the truth. Truth is very often almost utterly crushed out for the time, whilst darkness settles down upon the minds and hearts of a people. "He that hath a servant, and knows him to be made so wrongfully, and treats him otherwise than a freeman, in reaping the benefit of his labor, without paying him such wages as are reasonably due to freemen, such things, though done in calmness, without any show of disorder, do yet deprave the mind with as great certainty as prevailing cold congeals water. From one age to another, the gloom grows thicker and darker, till error gets established by general opinion. He seeth their affliction, and looketh upon the spreading, increasing exaltation of the oppressor. He turns the channels of power, humbles the most haughty people, and gives deliverance to the oppressed at such periods as are consistent with his infinite justice and mercy." Woolman had that power of seeing the end in the beginning which goes along with exceeding fidelity to conscience. As little as any man that ever lived did he take counsel of flesh and blood. He believed in righteousness, and not only in aspiring after it and longing for it, but in doing it. He lived to serve God, not in any ascetic ways, but by serving God's children. His heart was with the afflicted. One cause of the continuance of an evil in the world he found to be his own silence or inactivity with reference to it. That cause he set about removing with the utmost energy and promptness, yet without any arrogance or undue self-assertion. Had there been *ten* like him, perhaps our national disasters might have been averted. There were not ten. The work which such men do infinitely transcends that of the ablest statesmen. They appeal to the highest and build upon the deepest things in man's nature. We desire them when they are gone, more, alas! than we love them whilst they are still with us.

As his earthly life drew towards the end, Woolman was

ed by the Spirit to cross the sea, with the hope of exercising his ministry in England. "Sundry sorts of carved work and masonry" on the outside of the vessel in that part where the cabin was, and some superfluity of workmanship within, and he thought that, "according to the ways of men's reckoning, the sum of money to be paid for a passage in that apartment had some relation to the expense of furnishing it to please the minds of such as give way to a conformity to this world," determined him to take passage in the steerage. Very touching, indeed, is his account of the interest which the condition of the poor sailors, then but little cared for, awakened in him. They, with the master and passengers, gave ready audience to this apostle, as he addressed to them upon fit occasion words of loving entreaty. "I believe sailing is of use in the world," he quietly writes; adding, "Great is the present defect among seafaring men in regard to virtue and purity."

Landed in England, he sets about his ministry as only one can whose soul is open towards the Lord. Here, too, we find that his heart is with the miserable ones. Amongst his first inquiries appear the questions, How do the laborers live? And even upon his high errand he has leisure for what we should call now "sanitary" matters. Dye-stuffs are his abomination. To us there is not a little humor in these plaintive utterances. "This hath produced a longing in my mind, that people might come into cleanness of spirit, cleanness of person, and cleanness about their houses and garments. . . . I have felt in this weak state, when travelling in dirtiness, and affected with unwholesome scents, a strong desire that the nature of dyeing cloth to hide dirt may be more fully considered. . . . Through giving way to hiding dirt in our garments, a spirit which would conceal that which is disagreeable is strengthened. Real cleanliness becometh a holy people; but hiding that which is not clean, by coloring our garments, seems contrary to the sweetness of sincerity." He would have what is spent on dyes appropriated to keeping all sweet and clean.

But his time was short. As has already been set down, the seventh of the tenth month of the year of Divine Grace 1772 was his last day on earth. The following were amongst his last words: "O Lord, my God! the amazing horrors of darkness were gathered around me, and covered me all over, and I saw no way to go forth; I felt the depth and extent of the misery of my fellow-creatures separated from the Divine harmony, and it was heavier than I could bear, and I was crushed down under it; I lifted up my hand, I stretched out my arm, but there was none to help me; I looked round about, and was amazed. In the depths of misery I remembered, O Lord! that thou art omnipotent; that I had called thee Father; and I felt that I loved thee, and I was made quiet in my will, and I waited for deliverance from thee. Thou hadst pity upon me when no man could help me; I saw that meekness under suffering was showed to us in the most affecting example of thy Son, and thou taught me to follow him, and I said, Thy will, O Father, be done!" And so he passed through the last of his "deep baptisms," and entered into that city whose gates open not to anything that defileth or maketh a lie, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the voice of the oppressor is not heard, and the weary are at rest.

"He was fully persuaded, that, as the life of Christ comes to reign in the earth, all abuse and unnecessary oppression, both of the human and brute creation, will come to an end."

E.

"THERE is a principle which is pure placed in the human mind; which in different ages and places hath had different names: it is, however, pure, and proceeds from God. It is deep and inward, confined to no forms of religion nor excluded from any, when the heart stands in perfect sincerity."

THE TRUE SPIRITUALISM.

IN a former number of this Magazine, we endeavored to set forth, under the title of "Necromancy," the truly dangerous character of what is usually styled "Modern Spiritualism." We then charged it with being indiscriminate in its modes of intercourse with the world of spirits, and in the character of its associations there; we charged it with the exercise of a subtle and powerful influence, interior, insinuating, seductive, and able to subdue the unresisting mind; we affirmed that it induced abnormal, or unnatural, mental states upon its subjects, imbuing them with mighty persuasions, imparting delusive ecstasies, and frequently shattering both the spiritual and the physical constitutions; and, finally, that it was Antichristian in spirit, and consequently materialistic in tendency. One of these charges — namely, that modern spiritualism does throughout its annals "negatively or positively deny the Divine Humanity" — demands a slight modification. The statement is true as a general rule, but further investigation has shown us that it has its exceptions. Spiritual communications, professedly such, have been received, at the present day, affirmative of the Word in its Divinity, and of all the essential truths of Christianity, — communications, moreover, apparently indicative of pure and deep perceptions of spiritual life and truth. But such manifestations are exceedingly rare, and, although levelled directly against the indiscriminate intercourse which we are now condemning, still there clings to them a sense of danger, and their abnormal character, obvious in every feature, is one continued note of warning in our ears, and the soul instinctively seeks for a way of life more sure and safe. For our spiritual safety is very dear to us, and ought to be precious in the sight of our brethren. The medium is not the man; and though he discourses the veritable truth of Heaven, so far as we can judge, yet are we afraid — much

afraid — lest, in passing through that abnormal channel, the truth may have contracted a disease, and its weird power, absorbed by the spiritual system, may be unwholesome.

There is a *natural* order appropriate to the descent, the evolution, and the propagation of spiritual life and truth among men, which seems to stand related to the spiritualistic mode somewhat as nature to magic, — less attractive at first sight, not so immediate in efficacy, but in the end more beautiful, more fruitful, more righteous. Spiritual teachers will do the world a much greater service, if, instead of bringing the ghostly spells of the half-clad spiritual to operate upon our minds, they will give us teachings perfectly natural, simple as daily life, in the outward form, but luminous with truth divine, to cheer the vision of the spirit. Instead of the unnatural touch of hands without flesh, of souls without natural bodies, while we are dwellers in this outward realm, let us have the presence of men conditioned like ourselves, but full of the grace and illumination of the soul. This is enough for any healthy appetite; it more nearly resembles the divine order of the natural life; and there is in it a perfect sense of security. There is at present a powerful reaction in the human mind against the monstrous externalism to which the science of the age, divorced from the illumination of internal truth, has striven to force the faith of mankind. That reaction is favorable to almost any kind of spiritual relief. We could almost endure the magicians of Egypt, were they to appear again, providing they would startle Naturalism from its slumber of stupidity, and shock it into a decent sense of spiritual realities.

But, granting this, there is a still superior tribunal from which spiritual intercourse itself must receive its final verdict. That tribunal will be the simple, healthy, natural mind, redeemed from the blindness of intellectual sensualism, and transfigured by the interior reception of the living Word. A spasmodic action of the interior life may be better than its total loss or want; but the gentle and orderly

growth of that life, like nature, imperceptible in its quiet progress, yet permanent and beautiful in its results, — this is the true action of the unfolding spirit, winning universal confidence, and must thus take precedence over all other modes. This is the groundwork of true spiritualism. Once for all, we abjure the *abnormal*, as a perversion of spiritual life and order; as destructive to the human constitution, both internally and externally; as an unclean and unlawful mental intercourse with interior powers, the fruit of which is a progeny of spiritual monstrosities. This result is doubly probable when the “medium” is physically, morally, intellectually, or, above all, spiritually diseased, to begin with. But even where this is not the case, and the spirit of the movement seems in no way inimical to Christianity, we still place it among the lowest phases of spiritual life, and can accord it only a very temporary and guarded use, which an internal exigency may providentially call forth. To this place we assign the spiritualism of the Apostles. That their “unknown tongues,” their “miracles,” and their “gifts of healing” were all from the world of spirits, operating by influx upon the minds of the early Christians, may be obvious to any one who, with some knowledge of spiritual philosophy, examines the ancient records of the Christian Church. For example, when Paul says, “The spirits of the prophets are subject to the prophets,” (1 Cor. xiv. 32,) what does it mean, but that they who prophesied in the assemblies of the Church at that period were the “mediums” of prophetic spirits? When he tells the Hebrews (Heb. xii. 22, 23) that they, being imbued with the truths of Christianity, have thereby come spiritually unto “an innumerable company of angels, and to the spirits of just men made perfect,” he affirms that the men of this world, consciously or unconsciously, are interiorly associated with the inhabitants of the spiritual world. When he complains (1 Cor. xiv. throughout) that by coming together, *every one* having a psalm, a doctrine, a tongue, a revelation, an interpretation,

which he is anxious to deliver, they introduce "confusion" into the Church, of which "God is not the author," and finally admonishes them to "let all things be done decently and in order," he shows that these remarkable spiritual phenomena had a rapid tendency to disorder and abuses. When he says that "tongues are for a sign, not to them that believe, but to them that believe not," he affirms that their use is but temporary, — a humble preparation for something better. When, enumerating the diversified gifts of the Spirit to the Church, he places "*first* apostles, secondarily prophets, thirdly teachers," and "*after that*" the miracles, the healings, and the tongues (1 Cor. xii. 28), he affirms still further the inferior character of these things. And when, after summing up all the wondrous gifts, he says, "and yet show I unto you *a more excellent way*," and then breaks forth in that magnificent chapter upon charity, he brings to view in wondrous light the life and substance of Christianity, and the "signs and wonders" are consigned to depreciating shades. Such was the estimation in which undoubted *Christian* spiritualism was held by the leaders of the primitive Church. I know some will here say that these "gifts" of the Church were not from spirits, but from the "Holy Spirit." But this idea arises from ignorance of the fact that the "Holy Spirit" is simply the sphere of love and wisdom emanating from the Divine Humanity. This operation is perpetual, like that of the sun's rays upon the planets; but when a spiritual spring-time approaches, and the race, about to enter upon a new spiritual era, turns from its wintry course to face the Sun of righteousness, a more copious influx is received, the withered thoughts and the frozen affections bloom with the vigor of internal youth renewed again, the spiritual consciousness of man awakes from its hibernation, and again the deep sense of God broods holily over all the inner life, stirs the soul to beautiful activities, or hushes it to most sweet repose. The Divine Sphere, going forth, is interiorly received by the understanding, purifies the

ision, and illuminates the realm of the spiritual thought, opens and expounds the Scriptures, and reveals Christ as the Living Spirit within them all. Thus received, the Divine sphere is called the "*Spirit of Truth*." The same sphere, received interiorly by purified and chastened affections, is not perceived as illumination only, but as the life of interior love, pervading all the inmost soul with a vital energy and warmth, redolent of Christ, because influent from his Divine Humanity. Then are his words audible to the spirit's hearing, and filled with a profounder truth, — "I am come that they might have LIFE, and that they might have it more abundantly." (John x. 10.) In this condition, that proceeding sphere is called the "Comforter," because it is felt to be the tender effluence of the Divine love, embracing the Spirit in "the everlasting arms." In either mode of reception, the Divine sphere is called a "*Holy Spirit*," because of the exalted and unattainable *goodness* which characterizes it.

That this emanating sphere of the Divine love and wisdom imparts itself to the whole human race by an interior way, through the channels of the spiritual organization, — that, poured noiselessly into the inmost soul, it organizes the spiritual heart and brain, and their continuations, fills them, circulates through them, and is, in fact, the all-pervading and sustaining life of the spiritual body, — that, in the language of the Word, it is the flesh and blood of the Son of Man, which imparts eternal life (John vi. 48-58), — may be known by the intelligent Christian, who devotes himself properly to the study of the subject. This Divine emanation, however, is from a sun that rises alike upon the evil and upon the good, and it is a rain which falls with equal love upon the just and upon the unjust (Matt. v. 45), so that it is often received in diseased and disordered organizations, where, like pure rain falling into an unclean vessel, it becomes filthy and pestilential; but, passing this point by with the mere statement, we proceed to note the most striking and the most important effects of that Divine Sphere,

called the "Holy Spirit," when its influx is received in an orderly manner. Its operation upon the mind properly prepared for its reception has been before compared to that of the sun's rays in spring. The first, the most radical, the most essential of all its effects is *growth*, — the silent evolution of the internal life, — the coming forth of the truly spiritual faculties, with all their beauty and their power, "first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear," — the man sleeps and rises, night and day, and these "spring and grow up, he knoweth not how." (Mark iv. 26-28.) Thus what is technically called the "spiritual man" is evolved from the depths of being by the influent Divine Life, just as the "rational man" is evoked from the interior chaos and darkness of early years. The whole process is emphatically a growth. Let the growth be admitted, then, and what follows? Before the rational powers were called forth, the man did not, and could not, recognize the force and nature of sound reason; but as these faculties grew and strengthened, his mind became harmonious with rational truth, and this, wherever found, was harmonious with him, was pleasing to him therefore, and he loved it. On the contrary, things irrational were discordant and painful, producing aversion, and exciting him to strong opposition. Just so with the unfolded, and still more interior, life of the soul, — *it is actually perceptive of everything spiritually good and true, and is harmonious therewith.* Before the outgrowth of the spiritual, man has not, and cannot have, any such spiritual intelligence, nor can he be truly perceptive of anything pertaining to spiritual life, though its dim outlines may overshadow his dubious vision long before the embodied spiritual man stands fully revealed to him. (Mark viii. 24.) To be brief, he soon learns to recognize the great truth, *that he has a vital connection interiorly with the Life and Wisdom of the Divine; that these are communicated to him through the channels of his own internal faculties; and that they dwell within him forever.* (John xiv. 17, 23.) He is in harmony

With all interior truth and life, and their perversion is dis-
 cord to him. The Divine Truth, influent from God, illumi-
 nates the spiritual mind; or, in Scriptural terms, the "whole
 body" is "full of light," "as when the bright shining of a
 candle doth give thee light." (Luke xi. 34-36.) I speak
 of nothing ecstatic or abnormal here, but of the clear and
 ample vision of the spiritual eye, when lighted up with the
 rays of Truth from God. It discerns interior Truth *truly*,—
 and that is all. Now this Truth, influent from the Interior
 Source, imparts to the mind a breadth and depth of illumi-
 nation such as it can derive from no other source. Self-
 originated wisdom is out-and-out darkness in comparison;
 therefore, man may soon learn to love this Truth, and to seek
 it in preference to his own conceit of knowledge. So is it
 likewise with the Divine Life. The spiritual nature of man
 also perceives clearly that his interior life is influent from the
 Divine Source, from the influx of which the whole man lives,
 loves, and has his being. He soon learns, that, cut off by
 any means from this influx, his interior life wanes and per-
 ishes; he gravitates straight to self: but, restored to his
 proper condition of reception, the soul is vivified again,
 fruitful of all good affections, and, freed from the bondage
 of self, goes forth peaceful, beautiful, immortal, to serve and
 worship God.

Thus man is taught that God, known by His influent
 Sphere of love and wisdom, is the *most intimate* Friend he
 has; is nearer to him, and better to him, infinitely so, than
 self; and he learns, therefore, to love God, and to renounce
 self; and he is thus gently redeemed from an external and
 natural life to a life internal and spiritual; he is drawn from
 the superficial and inverted life and wisdom of self to the
 profounder life and wisdom of the spirit, which are momen-
 tarily influent from God. Furthermore, as the spiritual
 horizon enlarges, and the senses of the soul grow more pure
 and perfect, the origin and character and modes of the in-
 terior life become more clearly manifest; and finally, all the

spiritual powers are concentrated, as it were, upon one point, and are overshadowed with a profound sense of the *Divine Humanity*. Henceforth, to this one grand centre all spiritual thought, perception, and love converge. The whole Word is luminous with His presence; it is an overshadowing cloud from which is heard but one utterance: "This is my beloved Son; hear ye him." In a word, as from the inner life of the true artist is unfolded the deep sense of the beautiful, which is in itself a "spirit of discernment," "piercing, quick, and powerful," admitting him everywhere to the knowledge and perception of that beauty which his soul loves, making all his faculties radiant with its light, and tender with its graces; so "in the fulness of time," and in the appointed order of its growth, from the deep interior recesses of human life there cometh forth the solemn sense of the Divine, opening to man a new region of being, admitting to his awakened perceptions the vast realm of the spiritual, which, with its joyous light upon his countenance, and its sacred peace within his heart, with purged vision, and with great love, he goeth forth to explore, to cultivate, to possess forever. It is his final inheritance and his eternal rest. And as the Spirit of Art, in whatsoever breast it dwells, turns the face of its worshipper to the classic land of Greece, where he finds the grandest revelation of the beautiful, and meets the truest of his brethren, whose master touches strike the deepest chords of the life he cherishes within him, so, likewise, guided by the same unerring instinct, and with equal spontaneity, do the hearts that throb with spiritual life turn to the holy land of Palestine; for there, engirdled by the mystic twelve, is the Divine Humanity of Christ most perfectly revealed; and the spirit that burns within them to-day is the same that lives within that humanity; and the words that Christ uttered then are the same that echo in their bosoms now. The true spiritual life of the race is concentrated in Christ, and the unfolding of that life must take his image, must understand his language,

must share his illumination and his love. Blot out that revelation to-day, and the heavens would give birth to the same to-morrow ; and the interior senses of man must be radically subverted before their spiritual vision can fail to recognize its Divinity. Just here rests securely the entire fabric of Christianity among men ; not upon tradition, not upon the authority of men ; not upon their infallibility ; not even upon the superiority of the worthiest apostles, — though this has just and weighty claims upon us ; *but upon the failing testimony of the full-grown spiritual man*, whose interior senses are as trustworthy in the realm of spirit as his outer senses are in the world of nature. This is the man of true spiritual life, and he is himself the most perfect embodiment of true spiritualism. And now a word as to his outward character. Internally, as we have already said, he is the man whose *spiritual senses are awake*, whose more interior life and thought have come forth in their native order. Externally, the best result of this inner evolution is *a mild and gradual transfiguration of the natural life*, making it conformable to the more beautiful image of the spirit. Can we say more ? The true natural life of man is spiritual within ; his spiritual life, when faithfully cultured, is perfectly natural without.

Such we believe to be a generally correct though feeble outline of man's spiritual life : it is the gradual organization and growth of the brain of wisdom and the heart of love within him, — a process normal in every feature and in every step. It is wholly independent of spiritual intercourse, and is, in character and in fruits, immensely superior thereto. It is superior also in the mode of its development, springing forth, as it does, from the soil of a life cleansed and cultured according to the Divine order of interior growth. Hence it is durable, — nay, more, it is indestructible. It is a fruit brought forth "in due season" by life, not the untimely birth of exorcism. Its evolution is, at every point, dependent upon the man's ability to live well ; not outwardly only, in conformity

to moral precepts, but inwardly also, in accordance with the deeper and more vital morality of the soul. Spiritual intercourse is not subject to such conditions. A corrupt life offers no barrier to its achievement. Wicked spirits and abandoned men may effect communication, perhaps as easily as those of better character ; whereas between them and the true interior life of which we have spoken, " there is a great gulf fixed," impassable to either. Just here is the point of divergence between the two spiritualisms. But granting all this, it is still true that there have been men, few indeed, and far between, who have grown up to an unusual spiritual stature in the first place, and have then been providentially admitted into the interior world. Such men may arise again. Their coming cannot be calculated beforehand. They are usually men of peculiar mental and physical organizations, whose lives are subservient to some great and useful purpose concerning the general good. But their spiritual intercourse is the least valuable of all their services, — the mere border of their garments, — I had almost said the *overgrowth* of their lives. Moreover, the nature of the communications of such men with the world of spirits is to be decided by the antecedent condition of their life and wisdom, by the depth and breadth of their vision, the purity of their illumination, the clearness of their perceptions, and indeed by the character and solidity of their entire mental organization. We are not now speaking of Divine Revelation, the interior structure and spirit of which attest its nature and its origin, without regard to the varied mediumship through which it came. Owing to the peculiar manner in which the word was dictated, its hidden significance being unknown to the medium, he could in no way alter or injure that significance, in which resides the supreme life and value of the Word ; but he could give to the influx a peculiar outward form and expression, conformable to the condition of his mind ; and this is the source of the unpleasant features frequently apparent in the *letter* of the Old Testament. Yet, as we have said before, the *spirit* re-

mains intact, and when it is recognized, the Judaism, which is all upon the surface, disappears, — somewhat as the light of a luminous thought overcomes its imperfect expression. A mediumship of purer personal character than the Jews could furnish would have given the same spirit, at times, a more beautiful letter. And, so far as the spiritual intercourse of the seers of Holy Writ is concerned, it is, and was, wholly subservient to the purpose of that revelation, and grew out of the structure of it, and cannot be truly studied apart therefrom. The question is not, Does it present the same outward aspect as modern spiritualism? — for in some measure it undoubtedly does; but, Does it present the internal marks of Divine revelation? — for this alters its entire character and use. If men, judging of the Bible according to the letter which kills, claim that it proves the righteousness of spiritual intercourse, would not a similar mode of treatment make it approve of polygamy also? The literal method of treating the Bible which has prevailed largely in the Christian Church since its first illumination passed away — for the early Christians and the Apostles did not so interpret it — has been productive of immense mischief, and must soon undergo a thorough revolution. Men have proved anything and everything by the Bible, simply because its inner meaning was unknown to them, and they thought it was the “flesh” alone that profited. When the Word is seen in its own true light, it will no longer be made subservient to unworthy ends, but will illuminate the mind of man as it was designed to do, and will exalt it above the realm of party, sect, creed, or *ism*, into a state of sympathy with the good and true *everywhere*, and in every form. The spiritualism of the Apostles was the *result* of this illumination, and was therefore secure, guarded, and discerning. The spiritualism of the Word proper, as distinguished from its epistolary and other apocryphal portions, has nothing to do, directly, with the question before us. The spiritualism of Swedenborg is a thing so marked and grand in its features, so lighted up with the rays of the

Word, so interwoven with the Divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ, the result of so vast and laborious a preparation, and attended throughout with such noble accompaniments, that it is impossible either to confound or compare it (except by opposition) with the trances, the visions, the clairvoyance, the magnetizing, and the mediumship of the present day. And withal, we do not hesitate to say, that his intercourse with the world of spirits is the poorest part of his experience, his example, or his work, and is the part least capable of repetition or imitation.

Not even to him, however, do we appeal, as an infallible standard by which to determine this matter, but as a superior example and illustration, the best the world affords. But we do appeal to the normal perception and illumination of the spiritual life which we have attempted to describe. The spiritualism of the past, the present, and the future, Swedenborg included, must be brought to that test, and must thereby stand or fall. We appeal from the abnormal to the normal ; from the diseased and doubtful action of the human faculties to their healthy action ; from the erratic movements of mental life, fraught with hallucinations and dangers, to the quiet and beautiful order of interior growth : we appeal from the uncertain flash and dazzle of ecstasy, to the calm and unalterable illumination of the Living Word. "Consider the lilies, — how they grow." Very sweet, very beautiful, very perfect, is the life of the lilies. If man but lived as purely, he would unfold to his full "measure of a man, — that is, of an angel," — as quietly as they unfold to their standard : he would live as happily ; he would die as calmly. He would be a preacher as eloquent, a medium as true ; and the light of his countenance would as faithfully reflect the ineffable beauty of the Lord.

R. N. F.

PROGRESS.

In the dim, uncounted days
Which the rocky page records,
Fairer with each changing phase,
Earth grew meet for human lords.

Where the giant fern had spread
Barren branches to the air,
Fruits and flowers their fragrance shed,
Smiled the earth with verdure fair.

Where engaged in horrid strife
Dragon huge and giant bird,
Roamed the forms of nobler life,
Peaceful browsed the docile herd.

Thus, with changing form and name,
Upward still their progress ran,
Till in godlike beauty came
Their great antitype, the Man.

Then for Progress' mighty law
Grander triumphs were begun,
When the Sabbath-æon saw
God's creative labors done.

Nobler each succeeding age,
Whatsoe'er the bards have told,
Praising in a mythic page
Reign of Saturn, Age of Gold.

Future grandeur, joys to come,
Which our prophet-visions trace,
Still we use to deck the home
Of the founders of our race.

Thus, still wandering through the night,
 Hope to Reverence tribute yields,
 And the yet unrisen light
 Gilds the ancient shepherds' fields ; —

As the traveller, eastward borne,
 Views with homeward-gazing eyes
 Borrowed tints of rising dawn
 Brightening all the western skies.

Upward lies our onward way,
 Though through valleys oft it wind,
 Clearer shines the brightening day
 Than on all the path behind.

Yet we 've nobler heights to gain,
 Upward far the race must move,
 Ere we reach the blissful plain
 Where the God-man reigns in love.

L. E. S.

"FOR God is not served by any law, but only by obedience. Laws are for the wicked, which will not embrace love and righteousness ; they are compelled and forced by laws. We all have but one only order, which is to stand still to the Lord of all beings, and resign our will up to him, and suffer his spirit to play (what music he will), and work and make in us what he will ; and we give to him again, as his own fruits, that which he worketh and manifesteth in us.

"Now if we did not contend about the various fruits, gifts, and knowledge, but did acknowledge them in one another, like children of the Spirit of God, what could judge us ? For the kingdom of God consisteth not in our knowing and supposing, but in power." —
 JACOB BEHMEN.

THE CAUSE OF NATIONAL DISASTER.*

A SERMON BY REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

RON. xvi. 9:—"For the eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth, & himself strong in behalf of them whose heart is perfect towards him. Herein thou see foolishly: therefore from henceforth thou shalt have wars."

THE record of Asa, in the Book of Kings, is more to his credit than what is here set down by the Chronicler. These historians studied the life of the Hebrew people from different stand-points. They were looking for different sets of facts. The earlier writer describes the whole man; later, the theocratic ruler, the king by the grace of God. The Chronicler amazes us by his persistent adherence to his ideal purpose, and his neglect of everything else. Grave of the individual the historian sets down in all their meanness, as in the case of David; whilst, on the other hand, the writer of Chronicles is silent about the terrible fall of the famous king, yet careful to put on record his sin of deceiving the people. We can complete our view of Hezekiah's life only by combining the two narratives, and, whilst we marvel at the Chronicler's silence, we can learn a great deal from what, in pursuance of his design, he was led to omit or suppress. In what he exacts and emphasizes is not a whit too exacting and emphatic. He tells us of the comings of Asa, which had made no impression upon the author of the companion narrative. Both writers describe him as on the whole an exemplary ruler, conspicuous during by far the larger part of a long reign for his devotion to the national faith and to the God of his fathers. Two places, however, the Chronicler specifies as exceptions to the general record,—his league with Ben-hadad, king of Syria, and his failure to make some public recognition

preached in the First Church, Boston, April 2, 1863, and at a Union Meeting of the Religious Societies in Dorchester Lower Mills, April 30, 1863, being the day of the National Fast.

of Jehovah, the healer of diseases,—his resorting to the physicians, to the neglect seemingly of priests and prophets, during a severe illness. The Chronicler adds, that for a time, and whilst he had fallen away from the highest and best counsels of state, he was an oppressive ruler, disposed, it may be, to rebuke and punish some freedoms of public speech. You see at once that our writer is very exacting. Probably the league with the Syrian seemed to Asa very good policy, and by no means an irreligious act, and withal it proved successful, whilst his neglect to put up prayers in the day of his infirmity would hardly be accounted, as the world goes, a very heinous offence. Nevertheless, they were departures from the highest and best and wisest. It was at once Divine law and worldly policy for the Jew to keep himself quite free from alliances with the great powers about him. Only in this way was there so much as a hope that his land could be saved from becoming what it did become, what it has been more or less from very early times,—a battleground of the nations. To invite a helper in domestic strife was to prepare the way for a conqueror, and a conquest by one strong king would involve the conquered people in that monarch's wars and fortunes. Moreover, it is an infidelity, and of bad example in a ruler, not to confess in times of sickness the hand that wounds and heals. And so I gather from the story of Asa what indeed you may gather in so many directions from history, especially from the history of the Jewish people, a very high doctrine of the demand which God makes upon the nation, and of the help which he accords when the heart of the nation is right. I do not know that I can offer you anything better for your Fast-day lesson.

It was written of another Hebrew king: "So the realm of Jehoshaphat was quiet; for his God gave him rest round about." And of Jerusalem Jesus said, in the spirit of a true patriotism: "O that thou hadst known, even thou, in this thy day, the things that concern thy peace." And "throughout the earth," this writer says, "the Lord seeks

or those whose heart is perfect towards him, that he may put forth a hand in their behalf." It is a law of national as of individual life, that the most entire trust and the most absolute faithfulness are the conditions of real and abiding prosperity. Say what you will of national defences, of an organized military system, of casemated forts and iron-clad ironboats, of the balance of power and the triumphs of diplomacy, of the miseries which the strong bring upon the weak, of power on the side of the oppressor, of the zeal which men often manifest in a bad cause and the lukewarmness which often hinders the just enterprise, it is none the less true that the ark of God is the glory of Israel, and that when the ark of God is taken the glory is departed. When any great calamity befell a Gentile people, the question ever was, What had we offended, and how shall we avert his wrath? and expiatory sacrifices, some of them of the most cruel sort, were continually offered. Sometimes they were told of groves profaned, of asylums invaded, of heralds insulted and abused; but these surface matters were, if we will consider them, only hints and suggestions of deeper things,—offences against the God of gods, violations more or less flagrant of his everlasting law. "Be sure your sin will find you out," is just as true of the nation as of the individual, and there is no defence like a sound national character. I do not mean, of course, that a people can be preserved from disaster and ruin by religious observances, by keeping frequent fasts, and by much praying unto the Lord. "Who hath required this at your hands, to tread my courts?" The sacrifice of the wicked is an abomination. The devotion of the nation must be more than devoutness. It must be consecration to principles, to ideas, to great impersonal ends. It is a combination of mental and moral force which prevails at last. Bulk is powerless against vitality. David without armor is more than a match for the mail-clad Goliath. Let the heart be perfect towards God, let there be enough true, consecrated manhood in the nation, and it is safe.

To take an example from ancient history, what could have seemed more gloomy and hopeless than the condition of the city of Athens, when threatened by the myriads of Xerxes? But the expedients to which the Athenians were urged by their wise leader, confident as he was in the energy and zeal of his countrymen, made them a great seafaring and sea-fighting people, and in the end saved Greece from the slavery into which her Asiatic colonies had fallen. The city that is thoroughly true to its best thoughts, is safe against internal disease and outward violence. How instructive the reply of these same Athenians to Mardonius, the Persian general, when he sought to detach them from the rest of Hellas, and engage them in the subjugation of states which deserved but poorly at their hands! Standing there in a half-ruined city, they said: "Cast not in our teeth that the power of the Persian is many times greater than ours: we, too, know *that* as well as thou; but we, nevertheless, love freedom well enough to resist him in the best manner we can. Attempt not the vain task of talking us over into an alliance with him. Tell Mardonius that as long as the sun shall continue in his present path, we will never contract alliance with Xerxes; we will encounter him in our own defence, putting our trust in the aid of those gods and heroes to whom he has shown no reverence, and whose houses and statues he has burned. Come thou not to us again with similar propositions, nor persuade us, even in the spirit of good-will, into unholy proceedings: thou art the guest and friend of Athens, and we would not that thou shouldst suffer injury at our hands." There is the ring of the true metal. Those who so speak and so do are safe. Do they not fairly come within the scope of the text? "Throughout the whole earth," wrote the Chronicler. But what nation is there which for any considerable period maintains such manhood? I answer, that I know of none; therefore, as said the old prophet, we have wars, rebellions, seditions, parties, instead of a party-forgetting patriotism,

l, where there were all the elements of prosperity, a nation which only the most wise and faithful efforts can save in ruin. A fast is not a mere tradition, so long as men go forth to the battle. No matter which party is right or which wrong, the world that is rent by such strife cannot be half Christian. What do we say of a Church of Christ whose members cannot keep from blows? The Apostle even treats the prosecution of a Christian by a Christian as an offence. We need fasts to remind us that nations rise and fall, grow weak and perish, because nations sin, because the heart of the people is not right towards God, because they are bent upon gains rather than upon godliness, and more crafty of policy than of principle. So far as I can see, these things are about equally true of all nations. In their public and private ways, they continually offend. Their official talk and action disguises very thinly indeed gross villanies, downright crimes. I do not mean merely that great communities are not perfect, but that they fall fearfully below perfection. When they come to grief, they reap what they sow. You will hear men talk about the war by which our land is so terribly afflicted, as if it were an unexampled thing that such a people, with such a past, and with such a promise for the future, should be thrown into such awful commotions. Are we, then, so much better than the rest of the world? Have we manifested such a perfect heart towards the God of truth and love? I cannot see that we have had much to boast of as a nation from the beginning of our national life. There is nothing ideal, to say the least, in our method of joining free States and Slave States into one Union, especially when we had just ourselves emerged from a war of emancipation under leaders who were almost to a man earnestly opposed to slavery, and abundantly persuaded of its ruinous effects. Not much to be hoped for from that alliance! Our peace, once! has proved to be war, war! And in the course of our public life thus far, in our dealing with the great problems of our social state, there has surely been no exceeding right-

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eousness, no marked superiority to the rest of the nations, no singular adherence to the justice and love which are everlasting.

The weapons that have been turned against us were of our own forging. The spirit that is vexing us is our own offspring. Busy about our ships and factories, we have suffered our noble and promising democracy to be almost overmastered by a proud and selfish oligarchy. At their bidding we have made war and peace, at their bidding we have enlarged our borders by an unjustifiable conflict, at their bidding we have tried to stifle our own love of freedom and conviction of human rights, and at last, as might have been expected, they have asked what no Christian nation can possibly accord to them, and have made an appeal to arms. It is a fearful judgment. It hath been and shall be a bloody harvest. Alas for those who pointed the first cannon ! But the seed of this terrible reaping was sown long ago. A truly Christian nation would not have tolerated such a sowing. And as yet we have not earned a shortening of our day of trial. We are not entitled yet to inherit a land at once united and free, and peaceful. We must be better and truer than we are, before we can conquer our rebellious oligarchy. God never meant that we should make money out of a bloody war. He will not give success to a double-minded nation any more than to a double-minded man. It does not matter to him whether Rehoboam or Jeroboam reigns, whether it is called a Union or a Confederacy, or both, so long as humanity gets no victory and a Christian civilization is not advanced, and it is a mere struggle for political power. If I had any anxieties as to the issue of our great conflict, they would not spring from any shadow of sympathy with the Confederates : their cause seems to me just as bad as it can be. I do not envy them their place in history ; not for all the worlds that God ever made would I hear that voice of blood which crieth against them from the ground ; and it is but a just judgment that the story of their uprising in defence of slavery shall come into

the same year-book which will contain the noble records of Italy and Poland. My anxieties would be connected rather with our own national shortcomings, our wretched party spirit, our wicked political jealousies, our unwillingness to suffer in a good cause a tithe of what our adversaries have already suffered in a most miserable cause, our eagerness to make a gain of godliness, our moodiness and impatience when the tide of success is interrupted for a moment. I will confess that I have not felt easy as to the result, when I have learned that a nation at war — a nation whose sons are falling sometimes by the ten thousand in a single day — can find the heart and the time for extraordinary festivities and the wealth for unwonted extravagances. Heroics and trifling go not well together. If we want to see the end, and a good end, we must be sober and just. We must restrain passion. We must forswear party. O for a little real principle, and for a little common-sense, and for a great deal of manhood! Some of our most thoughtful and religious people are sadly blinded by old prejudices, and ready to make concessions which would be fatal to liberty and humanity. And, on the other hand, there are those who insist that the reform of a century must be finished in a day, and yet give no evidence of those high principles and deep affections which alone can authorize one to talk in so high a strain. You shall find devout persons who are almost inhuman, and humane persons who are swearers and blasphemers. And then there are such extremes! To one of your friends the poor African is a demigod, to another he is little better than an orang-outang or chimpanzee. One sees in him a laborer eager upon the first opening to work for wages, another calls him sluggard and drone, when in truth he is a man, but not yet for the most part much developed, willing to live without labor like the rest of unredeemed humanity, — a man who, like every other man, ought to be free, and whose freedom on this continent is now as good as settled, and who it is likely will help us to secure our own freedom. I cannot magnify the nation or the peo-

ple. Not that we are any worse than others ; but we are no better. Great communities are great criminals. All the state despatches in the world will not conceal their guilt.

Let me read to you a leaf from the story of our own dealings with the red men of this continent, — dealings that are going forward this very day, — and then you shall decide whether we have any cause to say that we have had hard measure for our sins. My witness is Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, who is an honest man and a judicious man, and knows whereof he affirms. "There is not a man in America," he writes, "who ever gave an hour's calm reflection to this subject, who does not know that our Indian system is an organized system of robbery, and has been for years a disgrace to the nation. It has left savage men without governmental control; it has looked on unconcerned at every crime against the law of God and man ; it has fostered savage life by wasting thousands of dollars in the purchase of beads, paint, scalping-knives, and tomahawks ; it has fostered a system of trade which robbed the thrifty and virtuous to pay the debts of the indolent and vicious ; it has squandered the funds for civilization and schools ; it has connived at theft ; it has winked at murder ; and at last, after dragging the savage down to a brutishness unknown to his fathers, it has brought a harvest of blood to our own door. It was under this Indian system that the fierce, warlike Sioux were fitted and trained to be the actors in that bloody drama, and the same causes are to-day, slowly but surely, preparing the way for a Chippewa war. There is not an old citizen of Minnesota who will not shrug his shoulders as he speaks of the dishonesty which accompanied the purchase of the lands of the Sioux. It left in savage minds a deep sense of injustice. They were taught by white men that lying was no disgrace, adultery no sin, and theft no crime. . . . After months of waiting, the Chippewas have received at the hands of our agents a treaty which they are urged to sign at once. The alternative is peaceable or forcible removal. A wretched tract of country

is offered them in exchange for their rich reservations. The feeling that our faith has been broken is common among the Chippewas. . . . There are questions pressing upon us more grave than the hanging of a few hundred Indian prisoners. They concern a nation's broken faith and the reform of a crying evil. Deeply as our people feel on the question of slavery, they may see here on the border a system which, in curses to body and soul, in the loss of manhood, home, and heaven, has worked out a degradation to red men which slavery has never done for the African race."

So far the Bishop. Would I could follow him further! And yet, spite of these facts, righteous people that we are, we could give no account of the Indian outbreak of the last year, save to charge it upon the Southern Confederates. Surely they have sins enough at their door without that. It belongs to them only as a part of the nation. There is need, then, for fasting, with repentance. It will be of no use to keep fasts, State or National, unless we amend our ways and our doings. "Trust ye not in lying words, saying, The temple of the Lord, The temple of the Lord, The temple of the Lord, are these. For if ye thoroughly amend your ways and your doings, if ye thoroughly execute judgment between a man and his neighbor, if ye oppress not the stranger, the fatherless, and the widow, and shed not innocent blood in this place, neither walk after other gods to your hurt, then will I cause you to dwell in this place, in the land that I gave to your fathers, for ever and ever." The nation so exhorted, the nation to which pertained the adoption and the glory, proved to be false to its traditions, and the light faded before its dim eyes. Every year all Christendom sadly tells the fearful sin of that fallen people,—that sin through which an infinitely wise and loving God wrought salvation for a whole world. May he grant that in these Christian times warnings, reproofs, and judgments may not be in vain. Because we love our country, and believe in her great future, we cannot hide her sins, or recite on the

day of fasting only her wrongs at the hands of violent men. Where the people have so much power, the people must accept a huge responsibility. They must make the government which they are bound to sustain a Christian government, — the expression and the instrument of a Christian mind and heart. Then the book of man's life shall not be, as now, written within and without with lamentations and woe, and stained with tears and blood.

"WHAT HAST THOU DONE FOR ME?"

A picture by one of the old masters, representing the crucifixion, bears underneath the inscription, "I have borne this for thee! What hast thou done for me?"

FOR Thee, O Christ, for Thee
Relinquishment of bliss above, and gain
Of human ills, — temptation, want, and pain, —
For Thee the agony
Of coming to thine own, who love denied,
Or whose weak friendship, tested, turned aside.

For Thee the piercing Throe
Beneath the midnight sky and olive shade,
That wrung forth drops of bleeding agony;
They sleeping who should watch the while that woe
Pressed on thine holy heart. The traitor kiss
Of foul betrayal, and the faithlessness

Of one who proudly said,
"O Master, though all men, all friends, deny
Thy name and service, never yet will I."

All bitterness and scorn
Heaped in full measure on thy sinless head:
The mockery of the reed, and piercing thorn,
And purple robe, for Thee, who should have worn
The kingly garb instead;
And left by all whom thou hadst comforted!

The cross, foul with disgrace, —
 The felon on the right hand and the left
 Of One who knew no sin, — thy soul bereft
 Of light and comfort from the Father's face, —
 The nail-wounds and the spear, —
 The mocking crowd with taunt and idle jeer.
 The darkened sun, the rending earth, the tomb
 Yielding its frightened dead
 To walk in white, attest all nature's dread,
 While beings in God's image made, whose breath
 Was subject to thy pleasure, and for whom
 Thou didst endure the pain,
 Waiting impatient for thy tardy death,
 Parted thy raiment and cast lots to see
 Who should retain
 The seamless coat worn in Gethsemane!
 And canst thou be, O suffering Christ! the same
 Whose hand on childhood's head
 In love and blessing tenderly was laid?
 Who bad'st the blind go seeing, and the lame
 To leap, — the deaf to hear thy name, —
 The dumb to speak thanksgiving, and the dead
 To live and love, — and the demoniac dread,
 Clothed and right-minded, sit
 In adoration at thy holy feet?

O Thou, strong, pure, all-wise!
 That thou shouldst thus have borne all this for us, —
 This bitter anguish, — made this sacrifice, —
 And we, unheeding, spend our days and nights
 Groping for mean delights,
 Hoarding poor trifles, gathered from the dust,
 To perish with the using or the rust!

What have we done for Thee?
 What can we render for such love as thine?
 Take but our hearts, O Master most divine!
 And bid us do or be
 What thou wouldst have us, teaching us to see
 Thyself in all distressed humanity; —
 Our cup of water take,
 Given to thy child as given for thy dear sake!

H. W.

THE CONFLICT OF THE BRUTAL WITH THE HUMAN

THE SOUTH AGAINST THE UNIVERSE.

THERE is depth of meaning, as well as great beauty of sentiment, in the poetical fancy which affirmed that the heavenly bodies moved to music and made music as they moved. I do not see the idea to be carried still further? May we not think of the universe, with its myriad forces, as one grand harmony, in which the singing of birds accords, not only with the melody of forest-trees and the roar of waves and water falls, but also with all natural movements of gravitation and growths?

However much we like to believe in harmony, and in perfect unity, we are compelled to confess that Nature is not without discord, and even a kind of dualism. We find even the actual standing in mental antagonism to the possible and the real in contrast with the ideal. We believe in God, — him who is love and purity and justice and truth and beauty. Believing in the perfection of Deity, we believe in the reality of all conceivable excellence. Everything we can think of as great, good, beautiful, true, — everything that adds worth to being, — we ascribe to God. He is our absolute ideal. There is no duality in God: his character is singleness. In him only is the ideal and the real identical. Nature does not completely satisfy the thought of what the world might be. If there is beauty, there is likewise deformity; if there are fruits and flowers, there are thorns and thistles; if there are innocent birds of song, there are loathsome and venomous reptiles; if there are beautiful days of sunshine and balmy breezes, there are tempests and tornadoes; if there are fair landscapes, with running brooks, fertile meadows, and noble forests, there are dismal swamps, unreclaimed wildernesses, and arid deserts. I say that material nature does not seem to be all we might have expected, — that it does not completely answer to our ideas

of perfect workmanship. Nature has suggested to us more than we find performed in her. This holds good in the realms of the affectional, intellectual, and moral, as well as in that of the physical nature. There is everywhere imperfection and incompleteness,—the transitory, the weak, the finite. In the human character the discrepancy is universally recognized, and the antagonism deeply felt. We hear of nature and grace, the animal and the spiritual, the earthly and the heavenly, the human and the divine; and we need not be told that there is, in our conduct and our inmost feelings, “a coming short of the glory of God.” In the most favored portions of Christendom there is deplorable ignorance and immorality. The laws of God are but poorly understood and obeyed, and the mutual relations of men are too little appreciated and respected.

What is the meaning of this serious fact. Are we not helped to solve the problem by reflecting upon the past, and gathering up the testimony of the rocks? It seems to me that nothing is more clearly set forth in the light of the past, than that God manifests himself through nature by degrees. I do not base the conclusion upon any particular theory of creation. I affirm simply that which is indisputable, and with which we are all familiar. So far as we can trace the work of framing the fair earth, we see a process of ascending from lower to higher forms, and from the less to the more beautiful. It is equally true of the general appearance of the earth’s surface, and of the myriad plants and animals that live upon the land, in the sea, and in the air. In other words, the Creator is slowly, but more and more perfectly, manifesting himself in outward forms and in conscious beings.

The present plainly enough declares to us the reality of the two sides of life,—the whole and the perfect in which we believe, and the partial and the evil which we see. But the records of the past tend to steady and support us in the face of this discrepancy; for they show us the method of our

Creator, and allow us easily to believe that he may be perfect though his creatures are now imperfect. If we must believe that creation is completed, Nature would present a mystery which would weigh heavily upon the heart; but since we see that God has been working hitherto, introducing higher types of life, and securing continually a sweeter and more beautiful harmony, we can well believe that he is still to go on, and that the earth is destined to be a paradise for man, and man to be made worthy of that paradise.

It must not be said that the Almighty has failed in his undertaking. That is not the true statement of our thought. I have meant to say simply, that God's work is defective and incomplete because unfinished. Let us not rest with saying that he once created all things. The creative energy is even now striving with matter, to make it assume more and more of beauty, and the Holy Spirit is striving with the soul of man to mould it into a form of celestial grace.

That the work is a very slow one, and meets with manifold obstacles, is too evident to need assertion. Yet conscious opposition to the moulding and uplifting hand occurs nowhere in nature till we come to man, — man, endowed with consciousness and personality, is able to set himself against the Divine energy, and oppose the gracious influences which would draw him heavenward. This is sin and immorality; the setting up of private and selfish ends, in opposition to that movement of all things in which they have their true being, — the mounting upward towards the Ideal, the Perfect, the Divine.

The universal process is exemplified in the familiar text, "First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear." The tree is shaped by the twig, and the twig is shaped by the seed. So the matured character of man is largely determined by qualities we may call inborn; and the regenerated person bears unquestionably a close relationship to his former self. Though the converted man is a new creature, he is not made thus from nothing, but from that

very kind of lower nature which he possessed before. Thus the New England type of civilization grew out of a form one degree below ours in the England across the sea; we are obliged to confess that our ancestors, only a few hundred years ago, were but heathen and savages; and that that barbarous life of ours, compared with our present one, was no slight approach to mere animality. Let science determine what it may respecting our material origin, there is no doubt we are morally related to the lower animals; and our race has only by a long culture, and the means of grace afforded by Christianity, attained to something like human rationality. Individually, too, we have proceeded from the half-civilized state of youth, the barbarous condition of childhood, and the animal life of infancy. Only the poets represent little children as angels passing over into human beings. They are innocent indeed, but not more so than the sportive lambs. They are blameless and beautiful, and so are the lilies of the field. High human virtues they cannot, of course, possess, and only those who are soon to die are free from tendencies that we call downward.

Now man, coming up from one stage to another of partly sensuous and partly rational existence, is obliged to contend with brutal impulses. The animal appetites are common to man and the beasts. But it belongs to man to guide and regulate his desires by his reason and conscience, and to walk by the light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world. Animal instinct prompts to gratification without respect to the relations in which the being stands. The satisfaction of self is the highest law of the brute. The results of the action as respects the good of others, and the higher welfare of the doer, the animal nature does not consider. It is not given to the brute to form an ideal of right and proper action. It does not have its existence, therefore, as a conscious part of a great whole; its life is all centred in itself, and is good for it in proportion to its opportunities of self-gratification. It belongs to man, on the contrary, consciously

to ally himself to God, by the renunciation of all that is merely for self, — by refusing to make the gratification of his desires the controlling motive of life ; directing his conduct rather by his sense of the fitness of things, and a regard for the general welfare.

Behold our universe, — embracing earth and heaven, mind and matter, the succession of empires, the courses of the planets, the growth of plants, and the logic of mind, gravitation, and love, — all its parts corresponding and co-operating to reveal the blessedness of unity, order, and harmony, and declare the exceeding desirableness and worth of the morally right. It is given to man to perceive that there is something more here than land and water and living things, — to see the bond of thought which runs through nature, and makes into a single whole the many and the diverse, — to see the world as a progressive unfolding of the Creator's thought, and find, in transitory things, eternal purpose and unchanging law. It is given to man, seeing these things, to act according to the true and beautiful and sublime current of destiny, and conform his conduct to the will of God ; or, on the other hand, to act according to the narrow, selfish impulse and interest of the moment, as do the "beasts that perish." There are but two courses before us, — to act as brutes, or to conduct as men.

To particularize : there is a brutal and a human way of treating one another in our social relations. The animal law — the law of all unconscious nature — is, that the stronger subjugate and use the weaker as self-interest and instinct dictate. The human law, that is, the universal order reflected in man, action according to which is prompted and guided by the ideal of excellence, — the human law is, that the strong and the weak afford mutual help and render mutual respect, both endeavoring to build up for each and all true human character, and subserve true human welfare. Beasts of prey consider only their own appetites, and will not deny themselves a moment's gratification, though at the expense

f a world. The welfare of other creatures, law and order, the fitness of things, are nothing to them. Of man only is rational control of self, and action according to universal laws, to be expected. How often, alas! are they looked for in vain! Humiliating as is the confession, it must be made, that our social and political systems have, as yet, almost always been founded on the arbitrary will and pleasure of the strong, and not on sentiments of right, justice, and humanity.

The most flagrant violation of the human principle, and assertion of the brutal, which has been witnessed in modern times, is the institution of American slavery. Africans were not forced to our shores for the sake of Christianizing them. Their natural rights as fellow-men were not consulted. The white man was powerful, and the negro was defenceless. The former were experienced, the latter simple. The weak, therefore, were seized and subjugated, as wild animals are caught and subdued, — as a tiger pounces upon his prey, because he is hungry and lawless. Not to go into the details which characterize African servitude in America, the leading features are plain enough to all. Persons are used as things, are bought and sold and raised as farmer's stock, and are required to give the labor of brutes, — to give labor without the hope of its improving their condition. It is the mind even more than the body that slavery enthralls. It is ironed and beaten by an enforced ignorance and self-contempt. Slaves are forbidden to aspire to that which the free regard as the best part of life. The ties of marriage and family are subordinated to the interests and passions of the ruling and despotic class, and the poor subjects must come together, not as into society, but as into herds.

It is too late in the world's history, however, to argue with an unprejudiced people on the wrong of slavery. I wish simply to set in a clear light the fact, that to enslave men is to do that which is impossible for man as man to do. It is to act the part of a mere animal and a beast of prey. I will not inquire whether a slaveholder can be a Christian, — it is

enough that he cannot be a man. There are exceptional cases, in which one may be nominally a slaveholder, while he detests the principle of slaveholding. I say that he who cherishes the system of slavery, whether he actually owns slaves or not, whether he lives at the South or the North, is essentially brutal, and belongs among the lower animals. I am not saying that slavery is the sum of all villainies, and that the slaveholder is guilty of all the crimes forbidden in the ten commandments. I prefer to use milder terms. I simply say, that he who countenances the merchandise of men quite mistakes his place when he would sit down with civilized men. Undoubtedly he belongs with lions and tigers and bears. There is a real sympathy of nature, and a kindred fraternal spirit, between him and the other rapacious animals. We must not indulge in contempt for slaveholders, but we cannot help looking down upon them as we do upon the lower nature in general. Yet, inasmuch as these are animals capable of better things, we cannot but be grieved, not to say indignant, that the light of our age has so far shined in vain, and that these creatures of God, naturally able to walk erect, under the open heavens, and sympathize with the order and beauty of the stars, should persist in crawling about in dens and caves of the earth, affecting to despise a Christian civilization.

Our war is only a new form of the old conflict between man and brute. Taking a wider view, it is only a special instance of that "struggle for existence" which is going on every day, and has been proceeding for countless centuries, in every department of nature, between lower and higher types of being. If, in the popular sense, man has succeeded in subduing the earth, and becoming master of beasts and birds and fishes, and if the superior plants and animals have prevailed over the inferior, so that the earth has presented an increasing beauty and intelligence, we may be confident of the issue of this present struggle.

On our part it is strictly defensive. Not only has the

North the honor to represent, and stand up to maintain, the human and Divine principle, and the South the disgrace of being allied with savages and monsters in fighting against order, liberty, peace, and progress, but the barbarous and lawless element actually made the attack, aiming a death-blow at the higher life of society and state. It was unprovoked, unless Jesus may be said to have provoked the Jews to crucify him, and unless the blood of all martyrs is to be charged against truthfulness and heroic self-sacrifice. Nay, we did not go so far in our opposition to the aggressive policy of slavery as we ought to have done. We have only to reproach ourselves that we submitted so long and so amely. *None say that the North is to blame for the strife that is now waging, except those who are at heart implicated with slavery and rebellion.*

What is it, then, that has rendered perilous the cause of freedom and the North? Not the superior animal strength and courage of Southern men; for we, too, are sufficiently animal. There is no lack of physical force on our side, if we would but employ it. Our great danger lies in the existence of a half-concealed sympathy with the Southern cause. But how can an institution essentially low, grovelling, and inhuman, secure so much respect and countenance? Wealth, and the assumption of superior caste, will always find favor and fawning. The few raise themselves by stepping upon the many, and the dazzling social position thereby acquired blinds us to the unlawful means of attaining it. Moreover, many Northern men have found it for their pecuniary or political interest to uphold the system. Merchants for the sake of money, and politicians for the sake of office, have commanded the pulpit to keep silent, and too generally the pulpit has obeyed. Wherever the wealth of commerce and trade has had the control of religious congregations, the true mission and spirit of Christ have been ignored, and the pure morality of the Gospels carefully kept out of sight. May God forgive the faint-heartedness of his ministers, and lead

them no longer into so great a temptation ! Meanwhile the press has been bribed to demoralize the nation, — to set at naught God's higher law, and to stir up the baser passions against those high souls who have seen with deeper and clearer insight, and have dared to proclaim their vision to the people.

The present hostile attitude of South and North has greatly modified the popular sentiment regarding slavery. Our self-interest no longer stands so directly in the light of our reason. But old habits and associations are hard to break up ; and I believe you will find that those who have been commercially and politically allied to the South are generally those who take the lowest and most discouraging views of the war, and constitute among us the element of greatest danger. Professing to be merely holding in check the administration, they do most effectually clog the chariot-wheels of war. They tell us also of the blessedness of peace ! Do they mean that peace is to be prized above integrity ? Would they have us compromise justice, and the principles and institutions of freedom, and human brotherhood ? *Is not compromise with wrong the surrender of right ?* Can a man enter into a mutually binding agreement with brutes ? Is it not contrary to the nature of beasts of prey to keep a pledge that puts a check upon selfish gratification ? Any system of slavery is based on the maxim, that the stronger should rule and use the weaker, — that *might makes right*. This is the principle of inhumanity, the abnegation of social morality. Now, as you can enter into no sure compact with an insane person, because he does not govern himself by law, neither can you do so with him who is on too low a plane of life to recognize the existence of the law involved. It was *to* have been expected that the South would trample upon *our* flag and our Constitution, and all the solemn pledges *made* between us in times past. Slavery is either wilfully *opposed* to the human and Divine ideas of the relations of *man to* man, or, like animal instinct, is stupidly unconscious of

them. That there should be a reliable bond between free and slave systems is self-contradictory. How, then, can we express our contempt of the proposition to give up some of our natural rights as freemen, for the sake of peace with treachery and lawlessness? American slaveholding is not an insult to negroes only, but quite as much so to all laboring men. Nay, it is a well-known fact, that its conceited supporters have no higher respect for our thrifty and reading farmers and artisans than for their own slaves. Would they not even make us and all men the humble instruments of their ambitious schemes? Lawlessness knows no limits. He that would deprive one man of his rights for self-aggrandizement would tyrannize over a hundred. And he that despises the African, because of his supposed or real inferiority, has no proper respect for any human being.

While, therefore, the South stands up before us and the world in the attitude of a lawless beast of prey, let us think of no concessions, no compromises, no possible terms of peace. A war between the brutal and the spiritual forces of the world is necessarily one wherein no quarter can be asked or given. The North must subjugate the despotism of the South, or the South will subvert the liberties and manhood of the North.

For centuries the race has been toiling and struggling after the God-inspired ideal of equality and brotherhood. The fruit of generations of toil and sacrifice has been taken as the seed of a new civilization on our American continent. All the light, all the living forces, of the past have culminated here. With faith and noble endurance, our fathers gave themselves to freedom and humanity. Shall we surrender our birthright and heritage? Shall we, conscious of being in the grand current of universal being, voluntarily turn back and lose ourselves in a lower type of existence? If we are men, we shall, in the spirit of the Marseillaise, "march on," and take possession of the land and the liberty which the Lord God Almighty has given us.

" High hopes that burned like stars sublime
Go down the heavens of Freedom ;
And true hearts perish in the time
We bitterliest need them !
But never sit we down and say
There 's nothing left but sorrow :
We walk the wilderness to-day,
The promised land to-morrow.

" Through all the long, dark nights of years
The people's cry ascendeth,
And earth is wet with blood and tears ;
But our meek sufferance endeth !
The few shall not forever sway,
The many toil in sorrow ;
The powers of earth are strong to-day,
But Heaven shall rule to-morrow.

" Though hearts brood o'er the past, our eyes
With smiling features glisten !
For lo ! our day bursts up the skies :
Lean out your souls and listen !
The world rolls Freedom's radiant way,
And ripens with her sorrow ;
Keep heart ! Who bear the cross to-day
Shall wear the crown to-morrow.

" Build up heroic lives, and all
Be like a sheathen sabre,
Ready to flash out at God's call,
O chivalry of labor !
Triumph and toil are twins ; and aye
Joy suns the cloud of sorrow ;
And 't is the martyrdom to-day
Brings victory to-morrow."

D. B.

" ALL our actions are of like nature with their root ; and the *Most*
High weigheth them more skilfully than men can weigh them *one*
for another.

" Idolatry indeed is wickedness ; but it is the thing, not the *name*,
which is so."

NOTHER LEAF FROM A CHAPLAIN'S JOURNAL.

SHALL it be unabridged? It must be, on account of the at pressure of so many duties, and perhaps in this state will give a more vivid idea of the war and of things at the 1th.

Elizabeth City is a beautiful place at the head-waters of Pasquatank River, in the northeastern part of North Carolina. The Union forces, by which it is occupied, are under command of a thoroughgoing patriot and excellent officer. The neighborhood is infested with a body of guerillas, who take every opportunity of shooting our men and kidnapping the negroes. The Rebel army has recently menaced several places on the south of us, fully occupying the attention of the Federal authorities, and our post has become a measure isolated from the rest of the army, and left to its own provisions in the best way that it can.

It was found this morning that our stores were reduced to salt-tack and salt-pork, and the commanding officer concluded to send a foraging expedition back into the country. Besides securing the provisions, the men were to obtain the means of conveying them to camp. Thirty men were detailed for this purpose, and put under command of a captain whose varied experience here for the past year has well qualified him for such duties. I received permission to be present of the company. We started in the early morning, taking with us a brass twelve-pound howitzer and a supply of shell and shrapnel for the guerillas. The inhabitants of the city looked askance upon us as we passed through their main street. I had scarcely got out of the place when I met a man and woman coming in with a little cart of broken furniture. They said the guerillas had attacked them the night before, breaking up their furniture, destroying their house, insulting them personally, and now they had died for their lives. It was a common story. Every family

that is suspected of showing us the least favor is thus treated. We promised to settle the case if we could find the offenders, and pushed on. It was a beautiful morning; everybody was allowed to march pretty much as he pleased, and all were full of life and laughter.

Riding ahead with the captain, we soon came to a plantation. A negro was just going out of the yard with a horse and cart. "Hollo, boy! what sort of a horse is that?" "Dunno, massa; reckon he ain't much account." "Well, don't you think you can raise a trot on him 'no how'?" "Dunno; reckon I can raise one with the stick; he ain't much account, though." "Well, we want him. Bring him along, cart and all. Here men, jump in there, three or four of you."

We rode on to the next plantation. A white man was just going into the field to plough. His horse was taken, put into a cart, and driven off, and he was given a day's leisure to meditate on the importance of putting a speedy end to this foul rebellion.

Thus we went on. There was a scampering among our men to see who would get to a plantation first, and secure the means of riding. Where carts could not be found, horses alone were taken, some with saddles and some without. The teams were of every description, from very good down to the poorest of the poor, reaching a depth of style never seen in New England. One of the most ludicrous was a mule tackled with ropes and driven by two or three sailors. Every time that he saw an opening on either side of the road large enough to get his body through, he persisted, in spite of voice and rein, in running through it, and, having got himself through, cart and men were bound to follow.

By and by we came to a very neat residence, shaded by trees, and having a piazza and pretty yard in front. Some of the men commenced chasing a couple of horses with loud hurrahs round and round the barn; and the mule, seeing the yard-gate half open, rushed in, pulling the gate with him.

Two women, very tidily dressed, came out on the piazza. .
Wishing to prevent any unnecessary mischief, and seeing no other officer in sight, I rode in, and while waiting begged of the woman a glass of water. It was brought in a tumbler on a waiter, and as she reached it to me I noticed that her hand trembled violently and that she could hardly keep back the tears. Somehow it made me think of my own home in New England. How outraged the people would feel to have a body of troops riding along in this lawless manner from house to house, and seizing their property. It was a small matter in comparison with what it is to have a whole army marching over the country, and now and then making it the scene of a terrible battle; yet it brought before me vividly the difference between the sufferings of our people in this war and those of the South. Nor could I forget it, as I rode away, after seeing the soldiers leave. If a man had come out and sworn at us roundly for taking his horses, or if a body of guerillas had fired at us, I presume there would have been no compunctions. But this lady's tearful eyes and trembling hand, with the half-beseeching look she gave as she handed the cup of cold water, — they raised again the ugly question which had been put down, though not settled, so many times, — Is it consistent with the rule of doing unto others whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you? or, as it then came before me, as you would that others should do to your parents? The exhilaration of spirit with which I had started lowered many degrees, and I began to think that, after all, there was another side to the duty on which some are apt to insist, of thoroughly ravaging the Rebel territory. The section of country through which we passed, though level and not very picturesque, was fertile and pleasant. The plantations were interspersed with groves of pine. The roads were in good condition. The peach-trees along the route were in full bloom. The earth had begun to show the first delicate tinge of spring, and prophesy of summer's boundless luxuriance.

- By the time we arrived at Nixanton, where there was a flour-mill, all our men except five had means of riding, in one shape or another. Here we separated. Some went to the flour-mill to load up; some went over the river in a barge to help a Buffalo get his goods and chattels; and some rode off southward to seize the cattle of a man suspected of being a guerilla. I stabled my horse, and strolled over the place to see what acquaintance I could make with the people who had gathered here and there to discuss our arrival. Found them free to talk, and was invited to dinner. Had pork and greens, with corn-bread. Host hospitable and attentive, hostess ditto. Their parlor floor was sprinkled with white sand, after the old fashion, and the unplastered walls hung with prints of Queen Victoria and the United States Presidents. A social hour upon the war, the guerillas, and the loss of slaves, and I left. Our men had dined at the rendezvous of our howitzer on the main street, and were ready to start with our plunder for home. Kept a sharp lookout for guerillas at every copse of wood, and halted now and then for the Buffalo's stout wife to come up with us, who, as a means of protecting her pots and pans and saving her bacon, had put a favorite feather-bed over them, and seated herself on top of the whole load.

Arriving within four or five miles of the city, we saw a colored woman by the roadside at the entrance of a plantation, waiting for us with an expectant look. "Well, Susan, what is it?" asked the captain, who seemed to have a personal acquaintance with everybody in the country. Susan had run away from her master, Jim Scott, who lived on the plantation near by, but could not make him give up her "things and children." She wanted us to send a team and some men to get them; had been there all day waiting for us. It was getting late; the teams were all loaded; and the captain, in spite of his disposition to aid her, was inclined to refuse the request. It seemed to me, however, a good opportunity to atone for some of the mischief we had been

committing all day, and I seconded her request, volunteering to be one who would go. Just then an ox-team came up, which four or five soldiers had foraged simply to ride in. It was the very thing, and Susan's heart was made glad by seeing it turn down the lane which led to her "things and children." The captain sent the train along, and went with me to see that Jim Scott should not interfere. He was an elderly man, and came out of his house to meet us, as we rode into the yard. He made no objection when told our errand. Indeed, I was astonished at the submissiveness with which the people all day had yielded to our requests. There certainly are few Yankees who would not have cursed and sworn abominably at such treatment. While waiting, I entered into conversation with him. He was mild and gentlemanly, — not at all the picture of a bloodthirsty slaveholder, with whip and bowie-knife. Indeed, I am afraid the Northern chaplain, booted, spurred, mud-splashed, and with a revolver slung at his belt, was by far the most uncivilized appearing of the two. He had been a church-member forty years, and a Democrat all his life, which was twenty more. Voted the Democratic ticket because all his neighbors did; supposed it was the only way a Christian should vote; the stump-speakers said it was, and he had no other means of knowing about it. The war was causing an immense amount of suffering. Most of the people would like to have the South succeed, now it was into it, though he did not expect they would be any better off than before. All, however, were heartily tired of it, and would be glad to have it end *anyhow*, if it would only *end*. Felt sorry to lose Susan. She and her family were eighteen hundred and fifty dollars right out of his pocket, — money which he had paid five years ago in hard cash. Thought the country would be better off without slaves. It was only fifteen or twenty years since he began to own them, and he had not been as happy since. It was impossible to bring up young folks to industry where there were slaves around. Wished they could be

removed to some place by themselves. Since the Proclamation, they had been growing more and more saucy, and all the white people were in terror of their lives. It was only a few Sundays ago when, as he was walking with his little grandson out in the yard, he heard some one cry, "Halt!" and, looking up, he saw a negro with his gun resting on the fence, and levelled full at him. The fellow wanted something to eat, and went into the house, to the unspeakable terror of his "women folks." It was a dreadful state of things to have them around so, and was growing worse and worse every day. His trust, however, was in a righteous Lord, and doubtless, in his own good time, he would straighten matters out. Would I go into the house, and get something to eat? Was welcome to such as the family had. No; the team was ready, night was shutting in, and I must be on my way. Gave him my hand; told him, though I sympathized with the slave, I could sympathize with the slaveholder too; was glad to see him bearing his trials so bravely, and had no doubt that, after these troubles were over, and the country free from slavery, it would be prosperous enough to make up for all his present misfortunes.

Just then the team went by with Susan's "things and children." He turned his back to them, as if he could not bear to see so much property going to waste. I watched his face curiously. There was no anger in it, but just the same expression as when a man, who has toiled hard for years in acquiring a house, sees it on fire beyond the hope of salvation, and turns away from the sight, as too painful to bear. It was evident, in spite of his opinion about the evil of slavery, that the process of getting rid of it was hard.

Susan, for her part, walked sullenly by, without a word or look of farewell. Sharper words than had been used to me had probably sometimes passed between them, for she was evidently a woman well able to take care of herself,—had a bit of something in her eye that might have added to her price as a woman, but could have hardly done so to her

with as a slave. But her "things and children," — the
 cart was loaded with them; two twin boys, three-year-olds,
 neatly dressed, with round black faces staring out from white
 straw hats, — as much alike as two peas, — capping the cli-
 max. She herself was carrying almost as much as the team,
 a tub, a bandbox, a looking-glass, a pitcher, a silk gown,
 a bundle of bed-clothes, and a baby. Each of her little girls,
 who were trudging along on foot, was laden with as many
 articles of finery and household furniture as she could carry.
 A good-natured darkey that we had brought with us was
 driving, and evidently enjoying keenly the whole proceeding.
 As we left Jim Scott sorrowful in the twilight, and rode
 down the lane to the main road, the question came to me,
 whether, instead of atoning for the other mischief we had
 done during the day, this last act, depriving that old man
 of one stroke of above eighteen hundred dollars' worth of
 property, had not been the greatest villany, after all; but
 look at Susan's deep eye, now beginning to shine with
 a purer and holier light, — that of freedom and hope, — re-
 assured me. And, after getting into the city, I called our
 men together, — those who were not too weary, — and we
 had one of the best prayer-meetings we have ever held.
 I have described the case of Jim Scott so minutely, be-
 cause I believe his views and feelings represent those of a
 large number throughout the Southern country. Men of
 religion and sense are convinced that slavery is a bad sys-
 tem, and that they would be better off without it. They are
 bound to it, however, by the force of habit; it is the estab-
 lished state of society; their property is invested in it to
 a great extent; and the conservatism which makes changes,
 even the best ones, difficult everywhere, is operating upon
 them with tenfold force. The war will do what their own
 energy would never accomplish, — break up the system.
 There is no part of the country on which it is going to be
 so great a blessing as on the South itself. Thirty years from
 now, they will thank God for it, as one of his most benevo-
 lent ordinances.

This day's experience also has given me further insight into the workings of the President's Proclamation. It may not yet have reached into the heart of rebellion; but all along where our armies are placed, and for miles and miles back into the country, it is exerting an influence of the most decided character. The slaves are leaving their Rebel masters. There is ten times as much fear of them among the whites as there is of the Federal armies. The state of suspense in which the people are continually placed is almost as terrible as the actual ravages of the sword. If there is one thing more than another — more, even, than the want of bread — which makes them wish the war to end, either on one side or the other, it is this dread of negroes.

It needs, moreover, only a little outside assistance — somebody to set the ball rolling in the right way — to gather up an army of colored men that would crush like an avalanche into the very heart of rebellion. Those who are living in this neighborhood are all ready, very anxious to enlist. They are thoroughly acquainted with the country, with all its paths and rivers, and with the location and sentiments of the people. Exposure to the climate affects them far less than it does the people of the North. Many a time have I known them standing on guard all night without relief, and without a murmur of complaint. Their previous habits of implicit obedience enable them easily to be organized, and brought under efficient discipline. The uncertainty which now exists in regard to their fate makes them desirous of striking a blow for themselves. More than all, they have that one thing mightier than sharpened steel or blazing cannon, which is so sadly wanting among our own people, — an unbounded religious enthusiasm. This is the key with which to unlock their strength, the sceptre with which they are to be inspired, guided, and governed. Their officers should be living Christians, — men whose hearts have been touched with fire from the altar of God, and who, in unison with sense and tact, are able to match them in religious zeal throb for throb. With the negroes thus organized and led, a

powerful addition would be made at once to our armies, and the necessity would be taken away for a large part of the draft which is now impending over the North. How strange that we should hesitate, and how vast the cost of our folly! The thousands and tens of thousands of manly forms that must soon leave their homes, and go forth to the diseases of the camp and the slaughter of the battle-field are not merely a new gift to be laid on the altar of liberty, but a fresh penalty to be paid to a wicked and foolish prejudice.

What I have seen has made me more and more convinced that, while there is no available Union sentiment now at the South, there is nothing to prevent its people from being at last united firmly and heartily under the old government. It is folly, in the present condition of things, to expect any aid from them in putting down the rebellion. The accounts which are continually going North of the Union feeling which exists here are all a sham. The better class of people are strongly for the South. Many of the citizens, however, are rebels, not because they hate the old Union, but because the State has joined the Confederacy. The greatest possible stress is laid on their relation to the State. Allegiance to it is the doctrine in which for many years they have been carefully educated. They feel it a solemn duty to adhere to the fortunes of the Confederacy so long as the State shall do so. But whenever the constituted authorities shall think best to return to the Federal Union, these citizens will be ready, heart and soul. This is a fact which not only explains how men who at first opposed secession so earnestly should immediately after become thorough rebels, but suggests also the true way of securing a hearty reunion. It is not by waging the war loosely and tenderly, in the hope of conciliating the people. All efforts of this kind, at least as far as they have fallen under my observation, are worse than useless. I wish some of our authorities could see the utter contempt with which their conciliatory measures are often viewed by those whom they are designed to affect. Every favor of this kind tends only to strengthen and prolong the rebellion. Our

only way is such a vigorous prosecution of the war as shall crush out opposition. The moment we conquer the State, we shall win the people. The citizens will take the same conscientious pride in following the authorities into the Union, that they did in following them out of it. And the more thoroughly and unquestionably we whip them in the field, the more cordial and universal will be the feeling with which they will take up their broken allegiance.

K.

RANDOM READINGS.

READING FOR THE SOLDIERS.

SOME soldiers in one of the Massachusetts regiments were writing home doleful and despairing letters, evidently losing all faith in the good old cause, faith in the government, and trust in themselves, as a matter of course. "We are on a hopeless errand; we are throwing away our lives; we can never conquer the Rebels." "What newspapers do you read?" inquired a friend, in answer to one of these blue epistles; and the friend found, sure enough, that certain Copper-head sheets had found circulation among them. Newspapers of a different stamp were soon packed off to them, and the next letters from the camp breathed a tone of cheerfulness and trust. If every person who takes a newspaper, and a good one, would send it as soon as he has read it to some friend in the army, its bracing influence would be incalculable. Reading which is at once fervently religious and fervently patriotic, we understand, is very much needed. If you take the Christian Register or Inquirer, or the Congregationalist, or Zion's Herald, or the Independent, either or any of them, and will carefully mail it to some one who is fighting the great battle for you and all the coming generations, you will be very sure that you are administering a potent stimulus to the courage and patriotism and religious faith without which we cannot hope to prevail. Don't tear up any of these sheets, or lay them away in old closets, but *mail them*, and those who get them will fight better, or, if they fall, will die with serenest trust in God.

L.

A SUNDAY IN NUREMBERG.

NUREMBERG, more than any other important city, reconciles, contrasts, and holds the position which Agur, the son of Jakeh, prefers in his prayer. It is such a city as that capital of Cilicia, not "mean" in importance, yet occupying the "golden mean." It belongs to the Middle Age, and its earlier and later history alike converge to that central point. The houses are not new, yet are so well preserved that they are as good as new. The streets are not straight, yet are so regular and direct, that it is never difficult to find one's way in them. There are no signs of remarkable wealth, yet, on the other hand, there are no prominent signs of misery. If the equipages are few, the dress of the people is decent and clean, and the show of the highway is sufficiently picturesque. Nobody is in a hurry, and there is nowhere any crowd, yet most of the citizens seem to be busy, and there are few loiterers. The performances in the concert-rooms are neither very good nor very bad; they are mediocre, but they quite satisfy those who listen to them and those who take part in them. The sermons are not eloquent, but neither are they dull; they keep the attention, but do not rouse the emotion, of the hearers. The colors everywhere are of the neutral kind, gray and brown, neither gaudy nor sombre. There is nothing that resembles a Parisian Boulevard, yet there is nothing that reminds one of the narrow and dismal alleys of Venice. The very stream runs quietly, visible, but not obtrusive, too large to be mistaken for a ditch, yet too small to be mistaken for a navigable river. And of the castle it is easy to see that it is neither prison nor palace.

The churches of Nuremberg, too, are in style and ornament halfway between the Catholic and the Calvinist types. They are not bare of decoration, like the churches of Geneva, nor yet are they loaded with finery, like the churches of Rome. They keep just enough of the ancient works of art to satisfy those who love symbols, and they give just prominence enough to pulpit and pews to satisfy those who love preaching better. The *Sacramentshäuslein* of Adam Krafft, that miracle of tracery in stone, in the Church of St. Lawrence, is allowed to stay in its place, but no sacred wafer now is set in it, and its superstition is neutralized by the new stone pulpit of Heidenhoff, from which a more spiritual food is dispensed. The shrine of St. Sebald is allowed to stand in front of the worshippers in the church of that saint, but it is to the glory of the citizen artist

rather than of the sacred magician who turned icicles into coals. There is no external sign by which we can tell whether any of the churches are of the ancient or the Reformed faith. The Catholic church has a Protestant look, and the Protestant churches have a Catholic look. Even the "Beautiful Fountain" in the market-place displays a characteristic compromise between the various religions; and its three Christian heroes, Godfrey, Clovis, and Charlemagne, are matched by three Pagan heroes, Hector, Cæsar, and Alexander, and supported by three Jewish heroes, Joshua, David, and Judas the Maccabee.

The Sunday in Nuremberg is a medium Sunday, as far on one side from the Sunday of Paris as it is on the other from the Sunday of Perth. One who would realize the extreme of sacred rest on the Lord's day will find it to his heart's content in that old Scotch city at the head of the Frith of Tay. Edinburgh and Glasgow have in these latter days been secularized by the intrusion of foreign elements. They have Episcopal churches, which allow more latitude to worldly customs. Many railways find in them a centre, and the sound of the rushing wheels and the shrill signal is heard on the Sabbath at morning, noon, and night. But in Perth, a quiet like the grave, disturbed only by the sound of inviting bells, prevails during all the day. None walk in the streets, except to and from the religious service. The beautiful "Inches," on either side of the bridge, stand invitingly open, but no pleasure-seekers venture to stray therein. I shall not soon forget the look of amazement with which a ruling elder in the Kirk received the information that I was intending to go to Edinburgh by the train on Sunday morning. It was not merely wonder that I should leave the "powerful reasoner" in the Perth Cathedral, whose long sermon he had promised as an attraction, but wonder that a preacher should be willing to violate the Sabbath by travelling, though for the purpose of hearing a sermon from the pulpit of John Knox, and in the Cathedral of St. Giles. It was to him a sad outrage that trains should be allowed to run, and that Her Majesty's mails should be permitted to defy the statutes of Moses. Even the hospitable cheer which he dispensed in the previous evening must be put aside, and the guests dismissed, at five minutes before midnight, lest the sacredness of the Sabbath should be encroached upon. In a walk of three fourths of a mile to the railway-station on that Sunday morning I met not one carriage and not one person in the streets, and heard the sound of no human voice. Such Sunday rest was painfully oppressive, on that bright summer day.

A Parisian Sunday, as every one knows, is quite the reverse of ours. The churches are open, indeed, but so are the shops and so are the theatres. All the places of amusement are thronged. Everybody is abroad. There are military reviews on that day; excursion trains go crowded; water-works play; bonfires are lighted; cannon are fired; receptions take place; and it is the day above all others chosen for voting and for public assemblies. Everywhere we have the spectacle of pleasure, and the sacred day is a holiday. Quiet and rest are not ideas of a Parisian Sunday, — rather motion, excitement, exhilaration. Worship is a secondary consideration, and the Sunday worship differs from the week-day worship, in being more brilliant and exciting. On the week-days those who are pious can step into the parish churches and pray without notice or stir their conscientious prayer; but on Sunday, it is High Mass, with all its pomp of gilded vergers and swinging censers and enchanting music, to drown the stillness of personal prayer. The service of the churches is only the introduction to the sports of the parade-ground and the play-house, — the joy of the morning preparing for the joy of the evening.

To many minds this worldly Parisian Sunday has a fascination. Even some who are of the straightest Puritan sect are not insensible to the charm of this large joy. I heard, on one occasion, a New England preacher, sound in the orthodox faith, and of eminent standing, confess that he liked the Sabbath customs of the profane capital quite as well as those of staid Puritan Boston. And certainly, if the simple alternative were presented between the Scotch "Sabbath" and the French "Dimanche," there can be no doubt on which side the majority of voices would be found. Neither of these, however, fairly satisfies those whose prejudice makes Sunday a sacred day, a day apart and different in kind from the week-days. The satisfying Sunday to those who have been educated by New England traditions must have something of the Scotch element, however much it may borrow from the French; it must not be all Catholic, much less all worldly, — even while it is not all Calvinist. As the result in the fusion of the influence of Calvin and the influence of Rousseau has brought in Geneva a more enlightened and liberal Gospel, — the theology of Servetus on the spot where he was burned, — so the Sunday which we desire and prefer shall be the resultant Sunday of Catholic and Protestant coming together and giving each its own good to the other. Such a Sunday we find in the old city of Nuremberg. It is at once a serious and a joyful day, — a day of excitement

and a day of rest, a day in which the associations are at once solemn and tender, a day which the children delight in and the aged find comfort in, a day which has the constraint of the Law with the freedom of the Gospel. It is as far removed from gloom as from glee, and in ceasing to be dismal has not become boisterous.

It is not, perhaps, fair to judge the Sabbath custom of a city or people from the observation of a single Sunday. Possibly a longer experience might change the first impression. But there is reason for believing that in such a town the impression of a pleasant autumn Sunday is a fair type of the average enjoyment and use of the day there. I have no doubt that what I saw there on that beautiful September day might be seen on any Sunday of the year when the atmosphere is as propitious; — the morning walk of so many out to the old burgher *Gottesacker*, to visit the graves of dear ones, or of honored ancestors, and strew flowers on their memorial stones; the gatherings in the churches, filling these, but not crowding them, leaving room for the assistants to pass in collecting the gifts of the sanctuary, but no vacant spaces where the worshippers should be; the sacred rites in the season of noontide, — in one place a baptism at the altar, with the godfather and godmother adding their pledge to the promise of loving parents, — in another place, a marriage service, in which the spoken vow was prefaced by affectionate counsel of the pastor to the pair who had come for the nuptial benediction, — in another place, the service of the Eucharist, mystic in its simple appeal to those who ate the Saviour's body, — and in another place, a company of mourners, waiting for the parting prayer before bearing their friend to his burial; the interval then of rest, for two hours or more, in which no sound was heard in the streets, and all the people were gathered in their homes, — a fragment of the Scotch Sunday; then gradually, increasing more and more, the appearance of family after family, parents and children, young men and maidens, infants with the gray-haired, following on to the gateways and the gardens, where they will sit, and eat and talk and sing together, until the going down of the sun; in the evening, when the gates are shut, the families gathered at home, the musical societies meeting for practice in their halls; and the city all at rest at the hour when the gayety of Paris is at its height.

The "gardens," which make so characteristic a feature of Nuremberg, as of most German towns, are not exactly what we understand by that term. They are not planted either with fruits or flowers, but

are simply an enclosure, in which there are tables in the open air and under trees, around which the visitors sit to drink their ale or their coffee. A little way outside the southwest gate of Nuremberg is an enclosure of this kind called the "Rosenau," on an island in a pond, approached only by a winding path. This is the property of a private society of the *élite* of the city. Strangers, nevertheless, are readily admitted, and may meet here on the Sunday afternoon the descendants of the old burgher families, and witness the charming simplicity and comfort of these reunions. Though some hundreds are in the garden, there is no rioting, no confusion, no dispute, no excess of any kind. An intoxicated man is never seen. There is, of course, the inevitable pipe, from which only the churches in Germany are exempt; but the breeze blows away the smoke as fast as it rises, and the air is not poisoned by its dull effluvia. Children play with the swans on the banks of the pond, or chase each other among the trees. The old men look gravely on, conversing together, and the maidens and matrons employ their fingers with embroideries, or with that light "work," which is their play. An orchestra of thirty instruments discourses such music as only can come from a well-trained German orchestra, mingling in due proportions the grave and the gay, the waltzes of Strauss and the adagios of Beethoven. The young men go about from group to group, greeting acquaintances, and making the bond which joins the separate groups into one society. There is no abandonment to joy, yet all seem free and all seem happy.

This style of Sunday observance is not altogether after our New England type. It has not so much preaching as we expect, and it allows some indulgences which our asceticism forbids. But on the whole it combines more elements of what can make Sunday pleasant as well as holy than our more rigid style. It is in no sense a Jewish Sabbath, since it permits some kinds of work and some kinds of play; yet it has its hours of profound rest, and its work and play are so quiet as to seem part of the repose. It has worship in the church, sermons to which the people listen patiently, prayers in which they join heartily, and chorals of praise, which shame our inferior song by their volume of united voice, and their inspiring energy. All the more solemn and tender experiences of life are associated with the day, and its Christian worship and sacred memories go before, to temper its hilarity. Such a Sunday as this is approved by our better thought. Something of this kind must take the place of the Puritan

Sabbath, which no statutes and no logic can save from falling away. No citations from the Pentateuch can retain the traditional day; and only innocent recreation, or the regular weekly festival of the Lord, can forestall sinful indulgence. The heaven which the Christian heart hopes for is a heaven of family love, and the day on earth which is set to prophesy and remind of heaven should be a day on which the family is happy together. Comparatively few desire such a heaven as that described in the well-known hymn, "Where congregations ne'er break up and Sabbaths have no end," but all anticipate a state where the dearest ties shall be restored, and the affections of kindred shall have free course and be glorified.

C. H. B.

THE BLACK REGIMENTS.

THUS far the testimony is strong and nearly unanimous that the contrabands not only make brave soldiers, but are more free than white soldiers from the vices of the camp, from profanity and brutality. General Hunter writes Governor Andrew that the experiment is a complete success, and that the prejudice against it is wearing away. What if, after all our bungling and blundering and contempt of the negro, his heroism were to eclipse ours, to show us how despicable is our boasting and inhumanity? The conviction is said to be deep and general with the African race in this country, that their day of deliverance has come; as if it were a Divine inspiration that prophesies through them.

In all the annals of the war we have met with no instance of more touching and heroic self-sacrifice than the following. It is taken from Zion's Herald.

S.

"WILL THE NEGROES FIGHT?"

"At the late siege of Washington, N. C., a brave band of soldiers were sent for the defence of Rodman's Point. The enemy, ten to one, pressed heavily upon them to drive them from the point or destroy them. Overpowered, they fell back to the river (Tar), where only a scow remained in which they could embark. They hurried into her. The balls came thick and fast from the rebels close upon their heels. The boat had to be pushed from shore with poles. But alas! when she was loaded she stuck fast in the mud. The boat's sides afforded some shelter to the soldiers while they remained lying; but who should leap overboard and push her out into the stream? Who would deliberately lay down his life for the possible salvation of his fellows? When several soldiers were about to do it, a large negro said, 'You keep still and save your life. I can't fight. I can push off the boat. If they kill me, it's nothing. You are soldiers, and they need

you to fight.' This said, the negro leaped overboard and pushed the boat out into the stream, and sprang back into the boat, pierced by seven bullets. He died in two days. Does Greece or Rome offer a higher style of patriotism?"

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Essays on the Greek and Christian Poets and the English Poets. By ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. New York: James Miller (successor to C. S. Francis & Co.). 1863. — Essays on poets by so true a poet and so true a woman as Mrs. Browning need no advertisement beyond the simple title. Her estimates and criticisms afford the reader real help in forming his own opinions and judgments, and what she has written of the early Christian poets will be especially interesting to all who wish to study the ancient Christian anthology, — the first blossomings into beauty and fragrance of that tree of life which the heavenly Husbandman planted for these last centuries. The New Covenant has its psalms as well as the Old Covenant; and the glory of the New is more excellent than that of the Old, and the Psalter is as yet by no means complete. Mrs. Browning has abundantly enlarged the stores of true Christian poetry, and has a right to interpret the earliest poets of the New Life. E.

Letters on the Ministry of the Gospel. By FRANCIS WAYLAND. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1863. — Happily for those who are known as Unitarians or Liberal Christians, these letters were not written by one of them. If they had been, how much should we have heard in every orthodox quarter of the demoralization which surely results from any abandonment of traditions in theology! Dr. Wayland mourns over the decline of Gospel simplicity in the pulpit and in the pews, that ministers have so often become men of letters and fashionists at that, essayists, tourists, rhetoricians, whilst their parishioners are often only baptized worldlings. The explanation is not far to seek. The kingdom of God is not put first. We should differ from the Doctor entirely in his apparent assumption that the ministry is the only sacred calling. All callings are sacred. The Christian will insist upon so regarding and making them. But we agree with President Wayland most fully and heartily, when he insists upon the folly, uselessness, and wickedness of haranguing about the Gospel in a professional way, — so much eloquence for so much money, so much learning for so much position. Gospel ministrations are either amongst the most earnest of human works, or they are wretched farces. Dr. Wayland is keenly alive to this truth, and we hope that his book will rouse to life many a church which has now "only a name to live." E.

Chaplain Fuller : being a Life Sketch of a New England Clergyman and Army Chaplain. By RICHARD F. FULLER. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. — This is an affectionate offering from the brother of Chaplain Fuller, the avails of it being consecrated to the advantage of the bereaved family. The work very naturally divides itself into three parts, one which depicts the childhood and youth and the influences which had the first moulding of character, one which describes the life of the New England Clergyman, and one which describes the duties, sacrifices, and trials of the Army Chaplain. Among the early scenes his sister Margaret appears as "the load-star of his early days." Another influence appears, though the natural reserve of the biographer prevents him from bringing it forward except incidentally. A more saintly mother, combining the dignity and quiet energy of the woman with the loveliest graces of the Christian, rarely blesses the children with memories of a more beautiful life, or a serener faith in death. Under the life of "The New England Clergyman" appears prominently the pastorate of Mr. Fuller in Manchester, N. H., where his earnestness of purpose and energy of execution achieved remarkable success. He was among the few Unitarian clergymen who are thoroughgoing revivalists, depending mainly upon the prayer-meeting and the conference-room, and the results of his ministry in Manchester show that it is not the abstract doctrines preached, so much as the measures and methods, which fill the churches and the vestries. Mr. Fuller also threw himself heart and hand into the Sunday school, making it an important instrumentality; and for this his love of children, and power of drawing them around him, gave him special qualifications. Always he was lavish of his strength, and the mind wore down the body. The greater portion of the book, and that of more immediate interest, comes under "The Army Chaplain," where the biographer suffers the Chaplain to tell his own story, making copious extracts from his published and unpublished correspondence. The description of the duel between the Merrimac and the Monitor is wonderfully graphic, and reading it is next to being an eyewitness of the fight, on which for the moment the destinies of the country seemed to hang. The unsparing toil and sacrifice of the Chaplain, sharing the hard fare and fatigues of the soldiers, ready in the prayer-meeting, in the hospital with the sick and dying, and on the battle-field among the wounded, till sickness wore him down and brought him to the gates of death; his revival among the soothing influences of family and home; his return, when half recovered, to his "boys"; his last service, where he volunteered in the front of danger, and fell in the streets of Fredericksburg; — all these are brought freshly before us in the record of the Army Chaplain. The biographer has written with the delicate hand of warm brotherly affection, and the book will be read with lively interest by all the friends of the Chaplain, as the record of a singularly earnest life, freely offered up to the country in the hour of its greatest need and its sorest trial.

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EDITED BY

REV. E. H. SEARS AND REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

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THE

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

L. XXX.

JULY, 1863.

No. 1.

SECOND GLIMPSE AT THE HOSPITALS, WITH A
WORD ABOUT CONTRABANDS.

HAVING given the readers of the Magazine some account
things as I found them in the Army Hospitals the last
I venture to lay before them some of the observations
experiences of a more recent and extended visit. I shall
to say a word, beside, of the contrabands.

The hospitals all through the country presented a very dif-
ferent appearance from what they did in the autumn. Those
which I had then been most struck with I found in the same
deplorable condition. Others were greatly improved, while
others which were new to me seemed not behind in their
attainment. But the thing that struck me
nowhere was the absence of sick men. The hospitals
were comparatively empty. In some I saw scarcely a man
sick, and of these a very small proportion were suffering
from wounds, so long a time had elapsed since any general
engagement at the East or the West. It was evident all
through the country that government was making ample
provision for the reception and care of the sick and
wounded that must soon be thrown upon them as the season
of active operations and disease advanced.

L. XXX.

The interest in a hospital to a casual visitor, outside its general arrangements and detail, must centre mainly in the wounded. I do not think it quite right that it should be so. I have tried not to have it so; but I suspect it is a fact that wounded men are more objects of interest than sick men. Part of this may come from the fact that a wound seems to exhilarate, while a disease is apt to depress. A wound leaves the general system in tone; it is a local ail; while disease seizes and prostrates the whole system. The wounded man is at leisure, and desirous of communicating. The sick man crawls into himself,—he does n't feel and he cannot be agreeable.

The hospitals did not present so much of interest as I had anticipated. There is never any great satisfaction in merely looking in upon the sick. The novelty soon wears away. The general aspect of the hospitals is much the same. A ward is a ward, a bed is a bed. It is only as one has time to stop, to investigate, to talk with men, to get details, to watch nurses, surgeons, chaplains,—as he gets at internal history,—that he really sees or derives true pleasure or valuable knowledge. At the West there was some severe sickness,—men from the armies of the river dying of pneumonia; there was also some varioloid,—cases that excited one's sympathy, but which were out of the reach of word or deed of the casual visitor. At the East there seemed no prevailing and no amount of sickness. The convalescents seemed well cared for and content; but there is still a large work to be done among them, especially at the West. There, necessities pressed so close and so hard that neither time nor means seemed to offer for what many consider luxuries. The body was the one thought; to heal that, the aim. The mind, suffering from homesickness and ennui, was neglected. It troubled me that humane men did not go deeper, and realize that there is in the condition of the sufferer a broad middle ground, which neither the chaplain nor the doctor can minister unto. I know pains and aches are more tangible things,

seem most imperative, — but the weariness of convalescing quite as bad and wearing, if not quite as demonstrative. At one hospital I preached upon Sunday to a crowded hall of voluntary hearers. At the service there was singing by a Methodist choir, and such singing as I never heard before. After the service they went into the various wards, and sang those in bed. This they have done for more than a year, by a thoroughly disciplined choir of twenty.

The most complete, I might say magnificent, military hospital in the country, perhaps in the world, is the Convalescent Hospital at Chestnut Hill, about twelve miles from Philadelphia. The Sanitary Commission are inclined to consider it a little too nice. It stands on a commanding elevation, and consists of sixty pavilions, radiating from a centre like spokes of a wheel. These are all connected on the inner side by a circular covered walk fifteen or twenty feet wide, through the middle of which runs a tram-way, on which the patients are taken from the kitchens to each ward. This walk affords a covered promenade of a half-mile, the windows of which look out upon a parade-ground, in which, at the time of my visit, a band was playing. The whole is lighted with gas supplied in every part by water, and ample arrangements are made to put you everywhere in case of fire. In the chapel were heard singing psalm-tunes with the melodeon; in the wards, playing games; on the promenade, men smoking, talking, listening to the music. The cooking is done by steam. The guards are taken from the convalescents. The library was provided that it was used. The central office manifested system such as I had not noticed before, and the whole thing appeared admirably complete, but it is found difficult to get away. There are twenty-eight hundred beds here, and the surgeon's private purse is said to be largely drawn on, as well as private charity.

At Baltimore there is, on the principal street, a free reading-room, open to soldiers and all loyal citizens. I was in it out constantly, and always found the room well filled

with soldiers quietly reading or playing games. Tracts of our army series left upon the table were carried away daily.

I make these statements to show that the convalescent is not wholly neglected. In one hospital, at least, there are classes in Greek, Latin, French, mathematics. In one a young man was fitting himself for college. In some, men occupy themselves with knives and tools. I have seen some exceedingly good carving, and even cabinet work. The employment and happiness of the convalescent is attracting more and more the thought and sympathy of the charitable, but there is an immense work to be done yet. In many respects it is a greater and more difficult task than the care of the sick.

The hospitals at St. Louis and those of the Southwest Department are served by the Western Sanitary Commission, in the same way that the hospitals at the East are by the United States Sanitary Commission. In both cases the hospitals, and all that pertains to them, are the property and under the control of government. The Commissions are merely outside bodies, furnishing aid and supply supplementary to that allowed by government. Those who are eternally blaming the Sanitary Commission for everything which turns out wrong should remember that. The Western Commission sprang into existence from necessity, — a necessity not suggested by philanthropy, but demanded by fact. The United States Commission was, I think, the suggestion of philanthropy before the fact. It began by five gentlemen of St. Louis subscribing twenty-five dollars apiece. In six weeks it had two thousand beds in use, and its expenses for the first three months were one hundred and thirty dollars, — none of its officers receiving pay for their services. Its first appeal was to New England for a few pairs of socks, and Dr. Eliot told me he remembered his feeling of relief and of wealth when he received from Boston one hundred pairs! No sooner was General Fremont in the city than the awful condition of the sick and wounded that had been sent

up from General Lyon at Springfield attracted his attention. Through all the journey, and for some days after, they had not a change of clothes. They had been sent to the grounds of the State Arsenal, a little out of the city, and there they lay in their battle garments. He told Dr. Eliot and his friends that he was too busy to see to it himself, but that they must go ahead, and whatever they decided was necessary he would sanction. They found him as good as his word. Although there was a difference of opinion in regard to his administration, and though his truest friends would hardly care to have him back in command again, I could not but feel that he had shown great sagacity and foresight. He urged, and was ridiculed for urging, the building of gunboats. He saw the necessity of seizing the very points on the Mississippi it is costing us so much every way now to repossess. His policy with regard to the slave has become not only the national policy, but the popular policy. No man can be in St. Louis, and understand what have been the perils of the city, and not see that the much-ridiculed forts which surround it have had an effectual, though it has proved a silent, influence upon rebel action, if not sentiment, within it and without. His love of display, I was told, had been exaggerated, and would undoubtedly have been modified by time and the experience of actual service. His bitterest opponents were those who did not get his contracts. His great failure was in detail. The only real objections I could find against him were the character of his California associates, and his free use of money, though there were those who, under the circumstances, did not consider him culpable. His sanitary orders—orders based upon the suggestions of others—were of such value that, though in some instances wholly opposed to the laws of the service, they stand confessed by all commanders coming after to be absolutely necessary. His enemies, who have subverted everything else that he did, have not ventured upon these, and had he but remained in power a few days longer, things of greatest sanitary value, not yet passed through the many

stages of military requirement, would have been established by the stroke of his pen. The system of burials which he sanctioned — taking the matter out of the quartermaster's department and putting it into the hands of a responsible undertaker — is alone a matter of unspeakable comfort to surviving friends, and would entitle any man to the name of benefactor. I had an opportunity of contrasting the two systems. Connected with the magnificent establishment at Jefferson Barracks is the cemetery of the post, on the high bluff above the Mississippi. This had been greatly enlarged, and was the burial-place of all those dying in hospitals in and about the city, or on board the hospital boats coming up the river. The day I visited it, the *Memphis City*, hospital steamer, had come up the river with four hundred sick, and some twenty deaths had occurred on board. When I reached the cemetery, two ambulances stood there, and twenty coffins of pine, stained a walnut color, were lying on the ground, and a detail of soldiers were at work upon the graves. The ground was marked off into blocks, and these blocks subdivided into rows. The blocks were designated by letters, the rows and the separate graves by numbers. Each coffin had appended to it a card, with name, rank, regiment, company, and disease of the occupant. This was copied into the undertaker's book, and the name, with regiment and date, were printed upon a substantial head-board.

In this way friends were sure of receiving their own. No mistake had occurred, and they felt sure none could. I met two men there from one of the other States in search of a body, and they had to ask but a single question to get all the information they desired. Everything about the graves was done in a thorough and appropriate manner. Though it gave a deeper tone of sadness to the whole scene when I found that these remains, precious to some one, were put away without religious service of any kind, inquiry satisfied me that it could not be otherwise. In contrast with all this, in a corner were the graves which the quartermaster's de-

partment had furnished, — rude, shallow, sunken, neglected, with a look as of a potter's-field. One grave I well remember. The simple word "*Unknown*" was painted upon the head-board! How many noble, dear, and cherished are sleeping in *unknown* graves, — some, alas! "*without a grave, unknelt, uncoffined, and unknown,*" — who but for this fiendish rebellion might have lived and died among their own!

On entering the older Western hospitals, the first feeling to one conversant with those at the East would be of inferiority in equipment and detail. This is owing largely to the rudeness of the beds and the somewhat contracted premises. Called upon by a sudden emergency, at a distance from the great centre of mechanic ingenuity and skill, roughly constructed wooden boxes, or troughs, were hastily got together, and made to answer a purpose which for a little they might well do. These, in some instances, were placed very near together. There was no uniformity of covering, and, I must say, the bed-clothes themselves did not look so cleanly as at the East. This latter, however, is the fault of the occupant mainly. The Western man is not so cleanly as the Eastern man. Bed-clothes seemed to me to get very bad treatment from some of them. I doubt if they could be kept neat. In essentials the Western hospitals range by the side of ours, and the new hospital buildings are being furnished throughout with the light iron bedstead. Nothing contributes more to the air of comfort and neatness which invests the large hospitals on the Atlantic shore than the uniformity of the bedstead, with their coverlets of white or slate-color. When the mosquito-nets are used, one can hardly imagine the effect.

The new hospitals at St. Louis are wholly without the city, at Benton Barracks and at Jefferson Barracks, and it is intended to close as fast as possible the city hospitals, using only those which are recently constructed for the purpose in the country. Benton Barracks, two miles out of the city, occupy the beautiful fair-grounds of the city, some twenty

acres in extent. In the centre is a huge amphitheatre, an enclosure of two or three acres, with seats calculated for 20,000 persons, within which were exhibitions of animals and trials of speed. These seats have been floored over, and a huge circular ward constructed upon them, with every possible appurtenance and convenience, and will be made a light and airy abode of comfort, health, and pleasure to fifteen hundred patients. The space within is to be cultivated as a garden. It is honorable to the citizens of St. Louis that this place of public resort should be yielded to the sufferers from the field; and under the very efficient charge of Dr. Russell of Natick, I do not doubt that it will be all that it promises.

Jefferson Barracks are twelve miles below the city. You know this is a government station of some note, an old and permanent military post, the fitting-out and starting-place for all Western military expeditions. There are twelve hundred acres within the enclosure, richly wooded, and diversified with that peculiar graceful swell which characterizes the rolling prairie of the West. The old military barracks are now used as hospital wards, but are not at all adapted to the purpose. They are, however, very neat, and the open fireplaces make admirable ventilators.

Here as elsewhere, and again at Washington, I found some wards beautifully dressed with evergreen, in commemoration of Easter, while in others the walls were graced with pictures, and the window-seats filled with flowers, and over the beds, in large print, cheering texts of Scripture hung. There were not many patients here. I remember a talk I had with a joyous Western man, as he lay in his bed, close by a window. One would not suppose that he had ever had a care or a pain or a cross in his life, and yet he had a fearful wound in his thigh, his arm broken, his foot lacerated, and twelve balls through his clothes, "*though*," as he expressed it, "*they did n't go into my hide*."

At some distance from the old barracks they had commenced the construction of nine hospital buildings, six hun-

feet in length, which were to be divided into wards of hundred feet. But three of these were finished, and the rest never will be. The wards were exceedingly divided at the centre by drapery which broke the long tony and added a cheerful effect, and on such bright, days as that of my visit, when all doors and windows open, would do very well. At other times they must be close and uncomfortable. I found on inquiry that a carpenter had given the job to a carpenter, and, without assistance from an architect, these buildings, involving an outlay of thousands of dollars, and the health of thousands of men, had been erected. Speaking of this to the Medical Inspector at Washington, he turned to a reporter, an associate, confirming my own views, and showing that while the minimum of air for each bed is put at twelve hundred cubic feet, these had only between seven and eight hundred. Some of the beds in the first Western Hospitals had an allowance of but three or four hundred cubic feet to the patient. These are no longer in use. The administration of the hospital and the various arrangements for service were all that could be desired. "Ah, sir," said a poor fellow, who had been brought up from the swamps about Vicksburg, "I call this a soldier's paradise."

I found in these hospitals instances of suffering, neglect, and abuse, such as are continually and inevitably occurring, and which get talked a great deal of, and are freely quoted against the efficiency and credit of the most admirable and reliable system of charity; but I found, too, as I always have found, that such cases are exceptional, while everywhere I found a ready witness to the efficient and invaluable service of the Army Commission. The wonder with me is, not that there are these isolated cases, but that there are not more of them.

I was visiting a hospital with the President of the Army Sanitary Commission, a gentleman of social position and wealth, who has devoted his whole time gratuitously to the commission. As we entered, a fine-looking young fellow

greeted him with warmth, his expressive face lighting up with joy, and as I lingered behind he told me that he was coming up the river in one of the government boats,—a government boat is a very different thing from a Sanitary Commission boat,—on which he and those with him had received little or no attention, every man on board, whatever his disease or condition, being served with a *Dover's Powder*. When at Memphis, this gentleman came on board, saw the condition of things, sent for supplies, turned back with the boat, and gave himself up to the care of the sufferers. I think a repetition of this neglect on that boat would be impossible. At the Lawson Hospital, at St. Louis, a building with six hundred beds, where the patients were lifted to their wards, and all food and heavy articles brought by the aid of a steam-engine, I was drawn into conversation with a very intelligent middle-aged man from Illinois, who had lost his hand. It had not been a bad wound, but for three weeks it had not been cared for through the drunkenness of the surgeon in charge of the wounded coming up from Rosencrans's army, and when examined at the hospital it was found to be mortifying. In this case the mischief done had had the effect of reforming the surgeon apparently,—a poor compensation to the sufferer, who said he need not have gone into the fight at all that day, for he had been badly hurt a short time before; but there had been a good deal of shirking in his regiment, and he thought his comrades might think he was trying to shirk. I repeat, that, from all I have seen and heard, I believe that cases of neglect or ill-treatment of the sick and wounded are comparatively few. Still they do and will occur. There are in our service some three thousand surgeons,—nurses and hospital attendants almost without number, and it is expecting more than we find in any other department in life if we look among these for perfect honesty and fidelity.

I have alluded to hospital boats. These were early suggested, and have been in constant use, bringing the sick and

rounded from the army camps below to St. Louis. They are chartered and furnished and rationed by government, with assistant surgeons, male and female nurses, and hospital stores are supplied by the Commission. The *City of Memphis*, the boat I was on board of, had just brought four hundred sick and wounded from General Grant. One who has never seen these river boats can form no idea of their appearance, or their wonderful adaptation to such service. In every way these boats are unlike our own, except that they are boats, and go by steam. Of a length of three hundred feet and upward, by forty or sixty in breadth, they draw but two or three feet of water, so that there is no hold at all, and the boilers are on the first deck. Above this rise three other decks, till the steamboat stands higher than most houses, far out of water. The guards on the boiler-deck are very broad, and here, defended from sun and rain by curtains of duck, are spread cots, in which the sick are said to be more comfortable than in hospitals on shore. The long saloon upon the cabin deck has a double row of beds running the full length, while the state-rooms opening into the saloon and out upon the guards give ample quarters to still other patients, all of whom can be easily served. The draft made by the motion of the boat is most beneficial. Neatly folded upon every bed I found a clean hospital shirt awaiting the next comer. These boats are constantly going backward and forward, and have saved hundreds of lives and much misery and suffering.

With great quietness, thoroughness, decision, and economy, this Western Commission does its work. It is largely indebted to the East for money and for hospital supplies of all kinds. That it is not merely dependent upon the East may be shown by a single statement. The ladies of Dr. Eliot's society give one day each week, bringing their dinners, to preparing hospital work for the poor women of the city, and this is only one among many charities of theirs. In one day they have used *nine* bales of cotton cloth, making two hun-

dred and ten dozen sheets! They have cut up since last November seventy-two bales!

Next to the hospitals the subject of interest to me was the contraband. It is too late now for any man to turn up his nose at that word. The negro is coming into an important place in this great historic drama, and it is fast becoming a conviction to the most stubborn, narrow, and prejudiced, that he holds the balance of power in this contest.

In the Border States of Missouri and Maryland the condition of the negro is no mere theme for philanthropic sentimentalities or political antagonism. It is a present, prominent, pressing, stubborn fact. They have had slavery among them, and they know what it is. Said a prominent gentleman at St. Louis to me, — himself once a slaveholder, having large property in the South, while many of his family side with the rebels, — “Slavery is not the pretext, it is the *cause* of this war, and for one I do not wish to see it stop till the cause is removed, and South Carolina converted into a colony for free negroes.” In the beginning, because of his interests and sympathies, this gentleman, as most Border men did, leaned to the South; and when he took his stand at last for the Union, declared that if ever any attempt were made to use the blacks, he should join the Confederacy. Now he says *use* them any way, every way; and what he says say the larger portion of the really thinking and influential men. I stood in an assembly of three thousand men in the city of Baltimore, presided over by a slave-owner, and spoken to by slave-owners, and heard the most ultra emancipation doctrines received with wildest applause, waving of flags and cheers, — such words as to-day, even in Faneuil Hall, would not meet with unqualified approval. Where the thing has to be faced, where the issue is brought home, where they see slavery on the one hand and freedom on the other, there is a clearness of conviction and a sternness of decision we have not got. No peace, they say, till the cause is removed. “I am a slaveholder,” said a speaker; “but if slavery is in the way, let

and my slaves go." It would have done every Northern whose sympathies lie South — I have been advised use the word Copperhead — good to have heard the contempt with which he and his purposes were of by loyal Southerners.

city election, while I was in St. Louis, carried by the emancipationists, showed the majority in favor of n as five to two. The refusal of Congress to pass a compensated emancipation — a bill which is believed to have been defeated by the jealousy and intrigue of Indiana, and Illinois — they regard as retarding the n, not merely of freedom, but of loyalty, and insuring another year of guerilla warfare and uncertainty. It ous to see how interest ever stands in the way of prin- und to know that these great Free States are unwilling w that boon to a suffering neighbor, lest her better e and cheaper lands should draw the tide of immigration, and even entice their own citizens.

Proclamation of the President has had a most unhappy upon one class of slaves. While it frees the slave of el, it rivets the chain of the slave of the loyal man. unaway of the rebel master is protected by the military he runaway of the loyal master has no protection from il or military. He must be returned, if he cannot be t off or run off, and is returned more surely than

Under the military law, the slave of the rebel be- a freeman, is protected, provided with work and while his equally deserving fellow-sufferer is remanded ery because he chances to have a loyal master. Said a l negro, — a runaway from a disloyal man, who made, er, great professions of loyalty, — referring to this state gs, "I always notice when two dogs quarrel over a t is done gone for the bone." The story of this negro touching one. He had fled from his master, bringing of secret meetings and concealed arms. The friend I ith had hired him, and he had proved honest, indus-

trious, and capable, and was always singing about his work. One day, when there were none but women in the house, his master's son, attended by a driver and a mock policeman, drove up, and, after a severe fight, secured him and drove away. A neighbor gave the alarm. The house was some two miles from the city, and it was long before my friend returned. Informing the city police, the man was soon found in a jail, where he had been placed for security, and, by a series of judicious movements, all his captors were captured, and by nine o'clock the same evening he was asleep in his own bed, and they in his place in the prison! Speaking about it to my friend afterward, he said: "I am dissolved on one thing, — Providence supporting this nigger. Pa'n't going to die the slave of a Secesh master; I going to die the slave of a Union master anyhow; unless," he said, after a pause, "I die before I get through this scrape." At another time, he said he would n't kill his master, "*but just put him under doctors till he die.*" It came out before the Court of Inquiry that General McDowell was then holding in St. Louis, that certain Union officers had enticed contrabands on board a steamer near Helena, whom they sold for cotton to load the boat with, and the *Sam Gaty*, steamer on the Missouri, had recently been boarded by guerillas, the escaping contrabands taken out, and, while one man held a lantern, another went down the line shooting them, while at the same time a negro blacksmith at Cairo, earning two dollars a day, finding that the ladies who had charge of the contraband school were obliged to give it up on account of illness, threw down his tools, and devoted himself gratuitously to their instruction. It is such things as these on the one side and on the other, in the midst of which they live, that open the eyes and intensify the interest of the people in this great question. And their zeal, and faith, and purpose, and self-sacrifice shame the pitiless meanness of much of our Northern sentiment.

There are in St. Louis three places of rendezvous for contrabands, — one of them being a hospital supported wholly

y the free blacks of the city. At the Missouri Hotel — a large building, and once the leading hotel — I found large numbers of them. Here they are safe, under a military guard. Let me say a word of this guard, — the Iowa 37th. You may have heard of them. They are a regiment of ex-slaves; are called the Silver Grays; one of their number is eighty-two years old. Another told me that he was sixty-eight that day, was with his father in the last war, had twenty children, and that the women had put in fifty acres of corn, and he *guessed that would do them!* The motive for forming the regiment was to release the younger men from the temptations of the city. They do all the provost and guard duty in the city. Protected by this guard, the contraband is safe from his master. Government rations are dealt him as long as he remains, a school is kept for all who wish to learn, and the aptness to learn is surprising. Any one hiring is obliged to bring a certificate as to his loyalty, and otherwise satisfy the person in charge of his ability and will to keep the bargain he may make with the new freedman. I spent considerable time here watching and conversing with the people. They were under no apparent restraint, were all comfortable, and seemed happy. There was every grade of character and ability, as you would suppose. I found a bright girl of about twelve very eager with her spelling-book. She had first seen one the day before. She began at the head of the alphabet, calling each letter correctly all the way through. I was amazed, but I soon found that it was simply an act of memory, that she could remember the names and the sequence of letters, but did not know any one when taken by itself. I drilled her some time on four different ones, and saw that she was not only eager, but quick, and did n't want to give up. Three days after I went again. Though not knowing the whole alphabet, she had learned to spell several words. I found from her mother — with whom I had been pleased before, and who was much interested in her daughter's efforts to learn — that they were to leave for Iowa that

afternoon. Her husband had been a carpenter and she a sewing-girl on a large plantation near Helena. The master had gone South, the overseer had died, and two hundred negroes had kept together peaceably till the army came, when they made their way North. At a time when there were nine hundred contrabands in St. Louis, there had been some three thousand applications for that class of labor. Ignorant, degraded, this long-abused people surely are, but where individuals show the capacity of Toussaint l'Ouverture, Frederick Douglass, or this little child, — where a regiment, three hundred of whom have been slaves, pass through Boston streets, and the police declare that no regiment going to the war has caused so little trouble, — it is useless to hope to get by the great fact of their capacity and our duty, by a sneer.

I was surprised to find at the West how general had been the purpose of sloughing off New England, — how men of New England antecedents went for it, believing that their interests lay with the South. Men who to-day see that their salvation lies in standing by New England, and carrying out New England principles, a year ago would gladly have let all that go. We who have fretted at the delay in military and naval operations on the Mississippi, may set that delay down as prominent among the providences of God with which our history is just now so full. Had the Mississippi been opened easier, the Northwest would have insisted on peace at any price, or have joined the Confederacy. Stand on the levee at St. Louis, and you will see in the quiet there the strong, imperative demand self-interest would make. The long delay has been God's doing. It has brought the people up to a better standard, a second, sober thought; and though I detected some bitterness because of the prosperity of New England now, and because of what is felt to be extortion on the lines of railway communication, I doubt if there be to-day anywhere a more genuine loyalty than in that region, and especially in the State of Missouri. In Ohio, and throughout his department, the administration of Burnside was pro-

cing the most salutary effects, while the passage of his celebrated corps — *the Ninth*, composed of New England men — through some of the States into Tennessee, had awakened an enthusiasm toward New England and encomiums upon her most grateful to her sons.

Indeed, wherever I went I felt proud of my birthplace. In an immense crowd I heard a eulogium on Massachusetts which brought down thunders of applause from those that were not of her at all; and standing in one of the hospitals on the side of a large box of games I had sent there, I heard many strangers from the Eastern Shore of Maryland, after examining the things, and wondering who could have thought them, ask where they came from? "From Massachusetts," replied the lady in charge. "Bless old Massachusetts," exclaimed one of the party, "she is always thinking and doing something for the good of others." I think there is no danger of her being left in the cold.

One word more. I am asked by all I meet, how people feel South and West about the war. My answer is, More hopeful and brave than we do at home. I heard of more sustaining faith in four days after my return than in the six weeks of my absence. We might learn a lesson of determination, patience, loyalty, and faith from those into whose everyday life this thing comes, whose fireside it invades, whose pain it has taken, whose prospects it has blighted, whose future it threatens. "We here in Maryland," said one speaker, the other night, "are either unconditionally loyal, or unconditionally rebel." There is no intermediate third. But the unconditional rebel is not the man to-day he was a few months since. He has seen the writing on the wall. He feels the cold presence of a near doom. He has not half the hope of his Northern ally, whom he despises. There is but one man hopeful to-day, — North, East, West, South, — the *conditional lover of his country*.

J. F. W. W.

P R A Y I N G .

IN the conference of Unitarian ministers held on Wednesday morning of Anniversary Week, the subject of prayer came incidentally under consideration and discussion. The following facts were cited as setting forth two different orders of experience, and involving the whole subject in difficulties.

Müller, as his experience is given to us in the "Life of Trust," edited by Dr. Wayland, is a signal instance of answer to prayer. A large charitable institution which supports hundreds of orphan children, and missionary operations which involve in whole or in part the support of a hundred preachers, are sustained year after year through the prayers of George Müller. If he wants money, he prays for it, instead of going about begging, and the money always comes. If at dinner-time he has no bread for his orphans against supper-time, he goes into his closet and prays, and the bread always comes, and his orphans have never wanted a meal. Dr. Wayland, it will be remembered by those who have read the book, cites the case of George Müller as shaming our systems of agencies to collect funds, and remands us to the simpler and more childlike trust of prayer. This is one order of experience.

On the other hand, Haydon the painter was also a man of prayer. He prayed and prayed, and hungered and starved. He keeps praying all through his biography, and getting lower and lower down, and finally ends his life miserably by suicide. This is another order of experience.


Clearly, then, it is not the quantity of praying that saves us, but the quality. The Rebels are said to pray earnestly. Like us, they have days of fasting and supplication; and Stonewall Jackson is said to have been specially gifted both in pious exhortation and in assaults upon the throne of grace.

The *end and aim* which governs a man in his prayers, as well as deeds, makes all the difference between praying right

and praying wrong. If his end is in himself, his life is wrong, and therefore his prayers, which are the breathings of that life, place him in no communion with God, but of spirits like unto himself, and his fervors are not the fires of the Holy Spirit, but self-love kindled into a warmer glow. Praying for personal salvation, — understanding by this personal enjoyment hereafter, — the staple of much of the praying that is going on, is the most subtle and specious of all selfishness. If a man's end is out of himself, — that is, if the centre of all his aims is the good of the neighbor and the well-being of humanity, — then prayer is the aspiration of such a life, and straightway brings the soul into conjunction with the Lord, and fellowship with his angels. It is always and everywhere answered. Not, it may be, after the manner of George Müller, in bread for orphans, for we do not live by bread alone. It is answered in an ever-growing and diffusive peace, repose in God and in his providence, in strength and wisdom daily imparted for daily need, in adaptations of our plan of life to work out its beneficial ends.

Prayer to God for the realization of our personal schemes, or for personal salvation as a favor bestowed on us above our fellow-sinners, or as a means of getting on well here and getting into heaven hereafter, passes sometimes for piety, but it is a mock-piety which is awfully deleterious. The true heaven of the good man, and the only one he will ever enter, is the heaven of serving others, thereby bringing the soul into harmony with God and all the saints that do his will. Praying without serving is only spiritual gymnastics, barren of any good results. Praying *and* serving — praying for light and love and strength to serve faithfully and well — is always answered, and turns life into a song of joy and praise.

We think there is some misapprehension touching the dealings of the Lord with George Müller. We do not understand his theory of prayer to supersede working. He would not say to the farmer, "Keep in your closet and trust God for your crops." He does not exclude any means and



agencies proper to be used. He makes known his wants freely to those who have the means of giving, and this done he simply trusts for the morrow, and throws himself upon the arm of Providence as a little child ; and so doing he has never failed. And what he does in his own sphere he recommends all others to do in theirs. In the workshop, on the farm, in the school-room, in the counting-room, work and pray,—work for an end beyond yourself, and pray God to help you, and the help will come. There is nothing original, as we read it, in the theory. George Müller only puts the theory into practice with a faith and singleness of purpose and childlike trust not often to be found.

S.

“FOR true knowledge is the manifestation of the Spirit of God through the Eternal Wisdom. He knoweth what he will in his children ; he poureth forth his wisdom and wonders by his children, as the earth (produceth) its various flowers. Now, if we dwell on with another, like humble children in the spirit of Christ, one rejoicing at the gifts and knowledge of another, who would judge (or condemn) us? Who judgeth (or condemneth) the birds in the woods, that praise the Lord of all beings with various voices, every one in its own essence? Doth the Spirit of God reprove them for not bringing their voices into one harmony? Doth not the sound of them all proceed from his power, and they sport before him? Those men, therefore, that strive and wrangle about knowledge and the will of God, and despise one another for that, are more foolish than the birds in the woods, and the wild beasts that have no true understanding. They are more unprofitable in the sight of the holy God than the flowers of the field, which stand still quietly (submitting) to the Spirit of God, and suffering him to manifest the Divine wisdom and power through them. Yes, those men are worse than thistles and thorns (that grow) among fair flowers, for they stand still: indeed, those men are like the ravenous beasts and birds of prey, which fright the other birds from singing and praising God.”—
BEHMEN.

MORNING BLESSING ON THE STRIFE OF THE DAY.

TRANSLATED BY REV. C. T. BROOKS.

LORD Jesus Christ, I, in thy name,
From off my bed arise ;
To thee, who ever art the same,
I turn my heart and eyes.

Again awaiteth me, to-day,
Much labor, toil, and care ;
O teach thou me, dear Lord, I pray,
All things to do and bear !

To do, according to thy mind,
The least, the greatest work ;
And when life's press my sight would blind,
Let Faith make thee her mark.

I have not, Lord, long time to pray,
Thou seest, in this short life ;
Yet know'st thou what the eye would say :
Ah, Lord, I am at strife !

Ay, gird me, Lord, to meet the fray
With all that hateth thee !
Conquer will I again to-day,
Thy hand upholding me.

And when by earthly cares oppressed,
Then will I fly to thee :
Thou that hast lulled the storm to rest,
O still the storm in me !

Teach me, in all, thy mind to know,
To follow, and not shrink ;
When on the waves thou bidst me go,
Then hold me, if I sink !

Ah, leave me not to perish, Lord !
Thou know'st I 'm truly thine ;
And if my courage fail, that word
Shall save me : Thou art mine !

ANNA SCHLATTER.

AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE THE MIDDLESEX SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY,
AT LEXINGTON, MAY 20, 1863.

BY REV. EDWARD J. YOUNG.

WHEN we consider that the distinguishing feature of Christianity is its regard for children and for the poor, and that the Saviour's injunction to feed his lambs was co-ordinate with the charge to feed his sheep, it seems strange that eighteen centuries should have passed away before schools were established for the religious culture of the young. The Church, which ordained the baptism of children, provided nothing for their subsequent instruction. But, as the State saw the necessity of their intellectual and physical training, so the Church at last felt the importance of their moral and spiritual education. Now the Sunday school has become a power second only to the Church, counting its teachers by hundreds of thousands, and its pupils by millions, having its books, its newspapers, its conventions, its missionaries, and no institution bids fair to do so much for Christianity and for the highest interests of the people, so noiselessly and so inexpensively, since the days of the apostles. What, then, is its true province and sphere? What may reasonably be expected of it? And by what means shall it best fulfil its office?

The Sunday school should provide religious instruction for all the children of the parish and the neighborhood, not superseding, but supplementing parental instruction. It should gather in all those who are deprived of the influences of religion, to whom we owe Christian sympathy, counsel, and care. It is, however, neither for infants nor adults, and its purpose should be, not to make converts to a sect, but to save souls. It is quite a recent and novel peculiarity of some Sunday schools, which seems to be rapidly extending, to have

infant as well as adult classes, and to have mission schools, in the interest of their sect, connected with them. The latter has been called "the aggressive feature of the system." But children of four years of age should be under the parents' rather than the teacher's care. It seems almost a misnomer, that a Sunday school should include among its pupils men and women. It may be doubted whether the discussion of important and difficult questions in criticism, interpretation, and theology by those who have not been trained to study them is profitable or desirable, and whether a "little learning" in regard to them is not prejudicial rather than useful. And we cannot approve the practice of organizing each class into a missionary circle, of giving Bibles as a reward to those children who will bring in the greatest number of new pupils, of establishing branch schools because churches will grow out of them, and of admitting children to the church at ten or twelve years of age, — all which are parts of a system, which would compass sea and land to make a proselyte. We do not believe that the Sunday school should be a forcing-house, in which the young plants are brought forward and ripened prematurely ; but that it is by the silent and steady influence of the genial rays of the sun that they are to develop unto perfection. The Sunday school should be distinct from the Church. The latter alone can furnish strong meat for men, whilst the former gives milk for babes.

The less, however, we work outwardly, the more should we labor and accomplish inwardly. The Sunday school should interest and retain all who belong to it, and all whom it can legitimately reach. The tree is known by its fruits. The number of Christian disciples ought every year to be increased by it. The Church should annually receive additions from it, since its law of progress is internal growth rather than external accretion. It is not chiefly by conversions from the world, but by education within our households of faith, that the kingdom of God is to be built up and enlarged. The Church should feel a deep interest and respon-

sibility in the training of its own children, furnishing them with teachers, watching over their growth, and regarding them as its precious jewels. Having been received by baptism into its arms, and growing up under its nurture, they should at length be enlisted under its standard, and should go forth in its service. It is of the utmost importance for young persons themselves, at the very time when they are about to go out into the world, that they should be surrounded with the best influences. The period between fourteen and eighteen is more critical than that between ten and fourteen. If they turn away from religion now, it will be difficult for them afterwards to return to it. It is sad for a pastor, who has watched with interest the unfolding of the religious sentiment in the younger members of his flock, and who has looked forward to the time when it should be deepened and matured, to see them, just when they might be expected to exhibit seriousness and earnestness as the result of their training, yielding to the fashion of the world, absenting themselves from the sanctuary, and given to vanities and follies. Must it not be confessed that here is the weak point in our system? What occurs occasionally as an exception to this state of things ought to be the rule. There is a very marked difference in this respect between our own and other churches. It is the young people who carry the world forward. It is an unfavorable sign, therefore, when they are not attracted to a church, which remains composed for the most part of the middle-aged and the old.

It cannot be denied that a reaction has commenced in our community, against Puritanism on the one hand, and against individualism which has led to radicalism on the other. The tendency is to forms and institutions. In the Church and in the State there is felt the need of a stronger government. The worldly and fashionable go with this movement in religion; and we may, perhaps, hereafter realize in part the truth of the proverb, that no carriage goes to a dissenting meeting-house for the third generation. Others, also, whose

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terest has just been awakened in religion, and who do not set with that sympathy and life which their souls crave, are not satisfied amongst us. Feeling religion to be the most solemn reality, they are chilled by the coldness and indifference which they see manifested in regard to it. They feel (and I quote what has been said to me on this subject) that a Sunday-school lesson ought not to be heard simply like a grammar-school lesson; that a church which exists to any purpose ought to be alive; that it is not for the weekly gratification of its members, but for the good of others, that it has been established; and they prefer to go where their spiritual energies can be employed. It is not primarily from the disbelief of our doctrines that any have left us. They seldom can give any satisfactory reasons for their change. It is with them, in the first instance, rather a matter of feeling and sentiment. It is the heart that dissents, and not the head. Arguments, therefore, are of no avail. And if this is the case with the more intelligent and learned, much more is it the case of the simple-minded and lowly. Affection with them is stronger than reason. It is the part of wisdom for us, not to ignore, but to recognize these tendencies, which present indications show to be likely to increase, and to endeavor to meet them. This brings us to the third question proposed in the beginning of this address,—How shall these evils be remedied, and the objects which we desire be gained? or, in other words, How shall the Sunday school fulfil its office?

In the first place, intellectual teaching is not enough. Information is not the chief object to be attained. A knowledge even of the Bible is not the ultimate end at which we aim. Biblical geography, history, and antiquities may be called sacred; but they are not religious simply because they relate to Palestine, any more than are certain newspapers because they are printed to be read on Sunday. Memory is not spiritual apprehension, and still less is it faith and love. I recollect that in a school in Halle, the boy who knew Luther's catechism best was a Jew, who did not believe a word of it.

Not that we are not to study the scenes in the Scripture narratives, so that we may be able to reproduce them ; but this is to be done so as to make a religious impression. Thus the places mentioned in Jewish history must be associated with their grand and inspiring events. The life of Jesus must be portrayed so as to excite gratitude and love. The journeys of Paul must be so delineated that the pupil may catch the spirit of the indefatigable, self-sacrificing apostle. The teacher's aim must be to make the child, not only wiser, but better. As in the church, so in the Sunday school, it is the *religious* influence that is the chief power. We are to awaken and quicken the spiritual life. If this is done, there need be no fear of sceptical tendencies.

And there is a native religious element in the soul. The same longing to know Divine truth which prompted the boy Jesus to tarry behind in Jerusalem to ask the Jewish doctors some questions, takes possession of every youthful breast. There are deep questionings and unutterable aspirations, a panting of the soul to God, and a hungering for the bread of life, of which the world knows nothing. Faith is as yet undisturbed by doubt, the affections are pure, the conscience tender, and the love of right strong in the young child's heart. It is *then* peculiarly susceptible to Divine influence ; and as Joseph, Moses, Samuel, David, and Timothy all became the servants of God in youth, so these tendrils may be twined round the true Vine. Education would be a mockery if there were nothing good to be educated. Jesus said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

The Sunday school is the child's church, and the teacher is in a certain sense his pastor, and is so regarded by him and by his parents, especially in sickness. The teacher, therefore, should endeavor to meet the child's wants, clear up his difficulties, show him what he shall believe, and give him help and encouragement in his duty. He should bring God near, and make Christ familiar, and be to him literally an evangelist, a *bearer of good news*. He should make re-

igion to be a reality, at once reasonable and obligatory, and applicable to his temptations and sins. He must not go beyond the pupil's experience, by speaking to him of truths which he cannot comprehend; but remember that he is a child, and that he must think as a child. He must not take away the mystery and the sacredness which encompass so many objects of faith, but he must clothe these, as Jesus did, in the language of imagery. He should make the child feel that "the *Christian* is the highest style of man," teach him to be unselfish, and to be a law unto himself. He will take his illustrations from nature, from the flowers of the field and the birds of heaven. He will secure his interest in the Bible, which can be made the most interesting of all books, by reading with him the thrilling stories of the Old Testament and the touching parables of the New. But especially will he teach Christ and his great sacrifice. This will be the most frequent theme of his discourse. It is not by inculcating the precepts and abstract truths of Christianity, but by awakening reverence and loving confidence in the Saviour, that the child's heart is to be gained. The Fraternity of the Music Hall, though they commenced, never were able to sustain, a Sunday school. Let the life of Jesus and of Paul be once comprehended by our classes, and there will be but little more to be desired.

Our teaching should be positive rather than negative. There is but little permanent good derived from preaching against sin. The true strategy in attacking any vice is by putting in a virtue to counteract it. It is only the love of goodness which will induce us to copy it. Our object should be, not simply to keep children from sin, but to give them motives and aids to virtue. While there should always be a religious impression left by the exercises of the Sunday school, as by the services of the sanctuary, the lessons should be made interesting. Unless this is the case, no good will be accomplished either by the teacher or by the preacher. The limits of continued voluntary and intelligent attention are,

with children, comprised within so few minutes, that it is very important that the subjects presented should be set forth in their most attractive light ; for it is a principle in education, that, after the receiving power is wearied or exhausted, whatever is then given is not only useless, but injurious, since we thereby weaken instead of strengthen the receiving power. I may add, that, in the case of religious instruction, a positive distaste may be created against all sacred truths by the manner in which they are exhibited. A moral can often be best inculcated indirectly rather than directly, by suggestion rather than by statement, the pupil being left to infer rather than the instructor to announce it. Religious teaching, indeed, is the very finest of fine arts. The spiritual nature of the child must receive the most delicate treatment. It is not to be rudely handled or curiously examined, but is to be reverently watched and cautiously tended. The finest chords must be touched only in the finest way. Spiritual sculpture requires the greatest care.

With regard to the ecclesiastical tendency which has been referred to, it is not because any persons prefer forms to thought that they are carried along with it. The love of forms arises when there is a lack of life. It is to be counteracted, not by yielding to it, which would serve only to augment it ; not by borrowing others' methods, imitating their liturgies, adopting their plans, which we can never make so effective as theirs, and which in fact is only saying to them, " Give us of your oil, for our lamps are going out," but by our making more of the *substance*. We shall fail in the attempt to combine systems of worship which are essentially distinct. We have been providentially called to our work, and we shall accomplish it far better by acting in the line of our history, than we shall by departing from it. If the religious nature is awakened, and its wants are met, our young people will have no desire to leave us. " Salt your sheep, and they will not stray," said one who was rebuked for filling up his church by drawing away from others. Our salt

~~It~~ must not lose its savor. When we are asked for bread, we must not offer a stone.

Next to a religious interest, it is all-important that there should be implanted in the mind an intelligent and rational faith. The intellect craves knowledge on the highest subjects, clear and just views of God and Christ, of the Bible and immortality. It is because these were not acquired, that any have left our body. They went out from us, because they were never of us. Our duty is to *feed* the lambs and the sheep, and not to lure them by tinkling bells into the fold. And to this end we need more unity, order, and system in our instruction. Without these there may be perpetual motion, but there will be no progress. The young themselves love method. They are conscious how much they gain by it in other schools, and how little they receive in proportion here. This explains the want of interest of their active minds. As the understanding advances, it must have food suited to its capacity. The pupils do not complain, but love to attend, when they are really learning and interested. No instruction on any subject can be thorough, which is without method. Information is of little value, if it be not arranged so as to be ready for use. Nothing will do so much to retain the older pupils in our Sunday schools as spirituality and system. If, in addition to these, we can provide something to be done *by* them, as well as for them, we shall have no anxiety that those who have once tasted the good word of God and the powers of the world to come will ever fall away.

But the most essential requisite of all remains to be stated. The teacher must have a deep interest in his work, and be spiritually as well as intellectually prepared for it. His heart must be in it, else it will become a dead, mechanical task. There is no magical power in the mere words of the Bible. Something more is necessary than simply hearing the recitation. The best part of the hour is often that when the lesson is done, the books closed, and the teacher speaks from his

heart. It is only feeling in the speaker that can move the hearer. It is the spirit that quickeneth. Just so far as the fire burns brightly on our own hearts shall we be able to kindle it on the hearts of others. Hence the need of study, prayer, and meditation. The very word Teacher implies that one has learned and knows. His usefulness will keep pace with his own growth and life. He must study more than his pupils, for he is not only to reiterate old truth, but to lead them onward into new. And as he grows they will grow. As one cannot give what he has not, or be a guide to others over a road which he has never travelled himself, so without an inward experience of the Word there can be no true teaching of it. We must announce what we do know, and testify what we have seen; and because we believe, we must therefore speak. Thus will the truth have the added power of personal experience, and it will create a desire in others to know and feel it for themselves. You remember that when the Queen of Poland was asked which of the two champions, Bossuet or Fénelon, had rendered the greatest services to religion, she replied, "The one has proved its truth, the other has made it to be *loved*."

Our Sunday schools are an index of what our churches are to be. To you, therefore, fellow-teachers, is intrusted, to a great degree, the future of our denomination. You are at work upon the foundations. It is an office of great rewards and responsibility. The ministry yields to it in importance. Though you cannot see the results, and though as fast as the fabric is woven it is rolled up, it will one day be unrolled. What you now inscribe will be made manifest after the perishable covering shall have fallen away. We ought never to be discouraged, since God works with us, and it is his cause that we are helping to advance. "Tell them to persevere to the end," was the message which Rev. Richard Pike sent to his Sunday-school teachers, just before he passed from earth. Be not weary in well-doing, for in due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not.

THE YOUNG HEART'S TWILIGHT HYMN.*

we heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day."

My heart shall be a fair, sweet garden,
Filled with fresh and gentle things ;
Where the sunlight falls and sparkles
On the drops from living springs.

Here the singing-birds shall nestle,
Here the loving children play ;
Here the clearest winds move softly
To refresh life's weary way.

And within this earthly garden,
The Eternal Presence bright,
God the Father, ever loving,
Walketh forth by day and night.

God will walk within my garden,
If its way be kept for Him,
And this dear and high communion
Glorify each shadow dim.

So the shadows of my garden
Make more beautiful the light ;
While they nurse the tenderest floweret,
Till sweet Nature give it might.

I seek him in the dewy coolness :
Straight I feel his outstretched wings,
Breathing freshness o'er my spirit,
Bathing all from heavenly springs.

Father, God, with thee forever
Would this soul most sweetly dwell,
While full harmonies from heaven
Ceaselessly around me swell.

Till in yonder peerless garden
I shall walk in robes of white,
With the beautiful and sainted, —
God our glory and our light !



THE ESCHATOLOGY OF CHRIST AND OF ST. PAUL COMPARED.

PART I.

THE term Eschatology, which denotes, in its literal acceptation, the doctrine of the last things, is used, in its broadest sense, to signify the second coming of Christ, the resurrection, and the final judgment. In this article I shall use it, however, in a more restricted sense, to denote the second coming of Christ, without entering into a discussion of the events supposed to accompany it. That the New Testament teaches such a coming will be granted by all. Indeed, I believe this has never been questioned. The inquiry that presents itself is, rather, what is the character and the time of that coming as represented in the New Testament, and is the representation uniform? It has been maintained, on the one hand, that Christ and the Apostles taught one and the same thing with regard to this doctrine, and, on the other, that Christ taught one thing and the Apostles quite another.

We wish in this paper to investigate these positions with regard to Christ and St. Paul. In doing so we propose,—1st. To compare the language of Christ on this subject with that of St. Paul; 2d. To endeavor to discover what is Christ's real meaning; 3d. To endeavor to discover what is St. Paul's real meaning. We shall pursue this course with the purpose of finding out, if possible, what differences, if any, exist between the teaching of Christ and that of Paul.

A few preliminary remarks, however, may not be unnecessary before proceeding upon the plan just laid out. First, a difference must not be assumed to begin with, for two reasons:—1. Because this would bias the result; and, 2. Because, *a priori*, the presumption is rather in favor of an agreement. Secondly, an agreement must not be assumed as certain, for there is nothing *in the nature of the case* to warrant this. Thirdly, the subject is a momentous one, in-

olving the most awful truths the human mind has ever contemplated; therefore it should not be discussed with flippancy nor thought of in a trifling manner. Fourthly, much as has been written on the subject and many theories have been presented, all of which cannot be true, and all of which may be false; therefore we should not be too dogmatic in asserting the correctness of any theory. Fifthly, of all theories on the subject, that which least interferes with the character of the Apostles as divinely inspired teachers should, other things being equal, be regarded by Christians as, *a priori*, the most likely to be true. And, lastly, if our *ingenuity* is to be exerted in any direction, it should rather be exerted to find an agreement than a difference between the teachings of Christ and those of his commissioned Apostles. For common sense no less than piety will ever continue to ask this question: "Why not give the Bible the benefit of your ingenuity?"

With these preliminary remarks we proceed to the first division of our subject,—a comparison of the language of Christ and that of St. Paul. Let this canon of criticism, however, be kept constantly before our mind as we proceed, viz. that, unless the context or the nature of the subject, or both, forbid it, the same language should always be interpreted in the same way.

We proceed to quote a few of the sayings of Christ as to the time *when* he (judging from the most *literal* and obvious meaning of the language*) expected his second coming. Matt. x. 23: "But when they persecute you in this city, flee ye into another; for verily I say unto you, Ye shall not have gone over the cities of Israel till the Son of Man be come." Now, whatever the coming of the Son of Man may mean here, it is evident it was to take place in the lifetime of some of the disciples. † Nor is there anything in the verse nor in

* I wish this qualifying clause to be kept constantly in mind while reading the first part of this paper,—the most *literal* and obvious meaning.

† In *what sense* Jesus meant it would take place, will be shown under the second division of our subject.

the context to indicate what is to be the nature of that coming, or what particular event of the world's history is referred to as corresponding to that coming. Not even the destruction of Jerusalem, behind whose demolished walls so many theorists intrench themselves when explaining such phrases, is spoken of or referred to in any way whatever. From this passage, then, we can only learn the *when*, not the *what* or *how*, of Christ's second coming. We will go on, therefore, to other passages, only remarking by the way as we proceed, that it would be difficult to find in St. Paul a more definite statement of the time, or language indicating a more speedy fulfilment of the event, of Christ's second coming. Matt. xiii. 39-43: "The harvest is the end of the world, and the reapers are the angels. As, therefore, the tares are gathered and burned in the fire, so shall it be in the end of this world. The Son of Man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend and them which do iniquity, and shall cast them into a furnace of fire. There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth. Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father." (See also verses 49, 50.) Here not so much the time as the manner and some of the results of the coming is referred to. But the following, Matt. xvi. 27, 28, is very definite: "For the Son of Man shall come in the glory of his Father, with his angels, and then shall he reward every man according to his works. Verily I say unto you, there be some standing here which shall not taste of death [i. e. die] till they see the Son of Man coming in his kingdom."

Now I would ask, what are the indefinite expressions of St. Paul, "the day of the Lord," "that day," "the day," "the day of Christ," "the appearing of the Lord," "the glorious appearing of the Lord Jesus Christ," &c., &c., compared with this definite language of Christ as recorded here in Matthew? Paul is accused by some critics of having a gross idea of Christ's glorious reign about to begin in his own lifetime. But where will you find a passage in Paul's writing, if judged

simply from its *letter and form*, so gross as this? Matt. xix. 28: "And Jesus said unto them, Verily I say unto you, that ye which have followed me, in the regeneration, when the Son of Man shall sit in the throne of his glory, ye shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel." Again, Matt. xxvi. 64: "Hereafter ye shall see the Son of Man sitting on the right of power and coming in the clouds of heaven." If Paul had used such strong language as this, it would have been regarded as positive proof by certain critics of his literal expectation of a literal and speedy reign with Christ on earth. Again, Luke xxii. 29, 30: "And I appoint unto you a kingdom, as my Father hath appointed unto me, that ye may eat and drink at my table in my kingdom, and sit on thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel." It is said that Paul commands the believers of his time to wait (i. e. to look forward to with hope) the coming of the Lord. But what less can be the purport of Christ's injunction, so often given, "Be ye also ready, for the Son of Man cometh at an hour ye think not"? (Luke xii. 40.) "Watch," &c.? In the Gospel according to John, it is true that the second coming of Christ is couched in language whose letter and form is more spiritual, and yet it must be granted that much of the language used there, if tried by the same canon according to which St. Paul has sometimes been interpreted, must give up its spiritual meaning. The language indeed seems at times not so much figurative as enigmatical. Take the following examples: "I will come to you again." (John xiv. 18.) "Ye have heard how I said unto you, I go away and come again unto you." (Verse 28.) "And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am ye may be also." (Verse 3.) To be sure, this language was meant to have a refined and spiritual interpretation; but I submit, that it is not its most obvious and literal meaning. Nor can this remark be met by saying that the Oriental mind delights in tropes. It requires more than an Oriental apprehension "to

pluck out the heart" of these divine sentences. For surely were I to say, even to an Oriental, "I will leave you now for a little while, but will come back again soon," he would understand me to refer to an actual bodily presence, and not to a mere spiritual influence which I should exert upon him. In John xxi. 22 there is a very strong intimation that Christ would come again to the earth before the death of the Apostle John. "Jesus saith unto him, If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?" It is true John does not seem to have understood it as indicating that he should not die, but he informs us that others did. It has often surprised me that some ultra rationalistic interpreter has not discovered in John's explanation an apology on the part of the disciple, in his old age, for the non-fulfilment of his Master's promise.

Thus far we have said nothing of the language in Matt. xxiv., xxv. Here it would seem that the teaching of Christ on this subject is brought to a focus, all that is taught elsewhere being concentrated here. We will not enter into a discussion of the whole two chapters. Suffice it to say, that, at the beginning of chapter xxiv., the disciples ask really three questions, "When shall the destruction of Jerusalem take place, what shall be the sign of Christ's coming, and of the end of the world (*αἰών*)?" How the matter lay in their minds when they asked these questions, whether they meant by *αἰών* the Jewish dispensation, or the literal end of man's probation on the earth and the destruction of the *κόσμος*, cannot be positively known. Nor are we at this point of our inquiry concerned about it. These questions will come up in another part of our investigation. With regard to the general subject of Christ's coming as described in this twenty-fourth chapter, we may remark, that it was to be sudden, unexpected, preceded by false Christs and such suffering and distress as had never been before. It was to be evident to all, plain and clear as the lightning (verse 27). It was to be followed by tribulation and anguish, and a mighty separation of saints from sinners. This is all described in

guage at once bold, grand, and impressive. Read the following verses, 29 – 31 : “ Immediately after the tribulation those days shall the sun be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of heaven shall be shaken ; and then shall appear the sign of the Son of Man in heaven, and then shall the tribes of the earth mourn, and they shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory, and he shall send his angels with a great sound of a trumpet, and they shall gather together his elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other.” Then I come to this the 34th verse : “ Verily I say unto you, this generation shall not pass *till all these things be fulfilled.*” I do not stop here to inquire what Christ meant by this language. I only wish to state it as my firm belief, that if De Wette, Meyer, and other interpreters of the same school, had found such language in St. Paul, they would regard it as a proof that he expected the speedy coming of Christ. Indeed, De Wette and Meyer both regard these verses (29 – 31) as teaching a literal and speedy coming of the Saviour after the destruction of Jerusalem. But De Wette is prevented, evidently through the influence of his early religious education, from attributing the error to Christ, and in his anxiety to save his Saviour shifts the error upon Matthew.

It is claimed that Paul speaks of being alive at the coming of the Lord. But what is the rhetorical “ we ” of Thessalonians to the definite statement in verse 34 ? Paul says that Christ shall descend from heaven with a shout ; Jesus says, “ Then shall appear the sign of the Son of Man,” that the Son of Man himself “ in heaven.” Paul says there shall be an “ archangel ” and “ the trump of God ” ; Jesus says there shall be “ angels ” and “ a great sound of a trumpet.” Paul speaks of the saints on the earth being caught up in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air ; Jesus speaks of coming in the clouds of heaven, and collecting,

through the instrumentality of angelic messengers, all the saints in all parts of the habitable world.

Now if the language of Jesus is to be interpreted figuratively or spiritually, much more should that of St. Paul be so interpreted. For the language of Paul is not so strong and pointed as that of Jesus.

2 Thessalonians i. 7-10 is quoted to show Paul's gross notion of the second coming: "And to you which are troubled, rest with us when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ; who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord and the glory of his power, when he shall come to be glorified in his saints, and to be admired in all them that believe in that day." But there is nothing in these verses that is not taught in Christ's discourse, Matthew xxiv., xxv., much more forcibly and in plainer language. What are the facts taught here? Christ is to be revealed from heaven, accompanied by his angels; Matthew has the same thought, almost in the same language; he is to punish the wicked for not obeying the Gospel, sending them into "everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord and the glory of his power," while he is to "be glorified in his saints and admired in all that believe"; Matthew represents him, likewise, as judging and condemning the wicked who know not God, and sending them into everlasting punishment; while the "Come, ye blessed of my Father," &c. announces the same great truth as that revealed in St. Paul's language in the passage under consideration. There is not a single reason why the one place should be interpreted figuratively, and the other literally; or if there is, the superior claim to a figurative interpretation does not belong to the language in Matthew.

It is said Paul uses the expressions, "The Lord is at hand," "The day of the Lord draweth nigh," "The last days," "The night is far spent, the day is at hand," "As ye

see the day approaching," &c. ; but what are all these indefinite expressions to the pointed warning of Christ, "When ye see all these things, know that it is nigh, *even at the door*" ?

Now if it is said that Christ is referring to one event and St. Paul to another, we answer, — (1.) that, in almost every case where these indefinite phrases occur, as also the phrase 'unto the end,' there is nothing in the context to show what Paul does refer to ; and (2.) therefore, since these expressions of Paul seem to be borrowed from similar though much stronger expressions of Christ, it is but fair to refer them to the same thing ; and (3.) that such egregious errors should not be charged to St. Paul, without stronger reasons than are furnished by these vague phrases.

Again, 1 Corinthians xv. 51, 52, is quoted to show that Paul differed from Christ on this subject : "Behold, I show you a mystery ; we shall not all sleep, but we shall be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump ; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed." But what is here in this language which need startle a man acquainted with the language in the Gospels ? Even admitting that the pronoun "we" limits the occurrence of the event to the generation then living, this would be no more than Christ had done in Matthew xxiv. 34, and other places. The resurrection is taught here, but Christ taught it likewise on several occasions. A trumpet is spoken of, and the same figure is used by Christ when speaking of his second coming. The only new feature is the changing of those who shall be alive at Christ's coming (in order to fit them for his spiritual kingdom). But it must be remembered, (1.) that what that change is to be is not described by Paul ; (2.) that the nature of it is not revealed to him, for he calls it a mystery ; and (3.) that some change in those living at the coming of Christ, as showed by himself, accords perfectly with the genius of Christ's teaching, and even seems to be demanded by it. We shall examine St. Paul's language more particularly

under the third head of this paper, and need not say more about it here. We have, however, referred to the passages in his writings which are the strongest in support of the alleged difference between his teaching and that of his Divine Master. We think these passages do not show such a difference. The language of Paul is quite as susceptible of a spiritual interpretation as that of Christ, and indeed in some cases apparently more so. But more upon this hereafter.

(To be continued in the next number.)

THE FESTIVAL OF ST. AGNES ;

AT ROME, IN HER CHURCH WITHOUT THE WALLS, JAN. 21, 1860.

"O virgo felix, O nova gloria,
Cœlestis arcis nobilis incola."

Inscription over the Tribune.

O QUAINTEST and most ancient fane,
Whose simple beauty rears
The memory of a pure life slain,
Through thrice five hundred years !

I journey down the stairs' long line,
Beneath the hollow ground,
To what I deemed a dusky shrine
Of holy Agnes bound.

But the half-buried church is bright
With many a candle's ray ;
And windows high pour on the sight
The purer blaze of day.

Nothing is dark or saddening there ;
Nothing is worn or old ;
Lo ! colors rich and marbles rare,
And virgin white and gold.

No faded frescos stain the wall,
No blackened paintings grim ;
All cheers us like a festival,
And warms us like a hymn.

The sculptured Maid within her arm
Her typic lamb caressed ;
While sweetest music joined a charm
That heightened all the rest.

And see, two lambs to the altar brought !
Not for a victim's fate,
But to express a gentle thought,
And to be consecrate.

Thus yearly keeps this ancient fane,
With garlands, lights, and song,
The memory of one pure life slain,
So tenderly and long.

And thus, without the Roman wall,
To all the world it saith :
Behold what shining honors fall
Round Innocence and Faith.

N. L. F.

FOR OUR CHURCH FESTIVAL IN 1859.

"The Church heareth none but Christ." — MARTIN LUTHER.

HARK the cry of surging nations !
Man his heritage would free !
Must his cry for home and country,
God of Battles ! be to Thee ?

Hark the wail from green plantations,
Bodies writhing in their thrall !
God, our Maker ! shall we chain them
Till to ashes both shall fall ?

God, our souls have been imprisoned,
High the walls thy Church doth raise,
Thee, the Unconfined, to limit
To her sacred walks and ways !

Now her morning-gates we open ;
Wide the sweep o'er heaven and earth,
Broad the ways that lead her people
Homeward to their rights of birth.

By our love to God our Father,
By our fealty to his Son,
We, "the Church," are pledged to welcome
All the wandering exiles home !

H. S. W.

FOR OUR CHURCH FESTIVAL IN 1863.

"The Church heareth none but Christ." — MARTIN LUTHER.

FAR away upon the holy temple,
Lifted to the clear and solemn sky,
Stands the Christ in white and silent marble,
Looking onward where the shadows lie.

In the sunrise of each day's returning
Shines the vision on my gladdened sight,
"Christ is here!" believes my morning worship,
"Christ is here!" repeats my prayer at night.

In my dreaming, lo! the Christ has vanished;
Where begin the long and hopeless quest?
Worn and weary with my midday travel,
Thought my heart to enter into rest.

O'er a plain my feet are wont to traverse,
Strown with duties for my watch and ward,
High in heaven my country's flag is floating,
There the Christ I seek stands keeping guard.

Spirit Christ! thou Breath of God the Father,
Rests our cause, and the great world's, with Thee:
Life and soul we give our land, believing
God with man will work till man be free.

H. S. W.

RANDOM READINGS.

A FESTIVAL DAY IN PRAGUE.

Most of the cities in Europe have some one or more days of national or local celebration, in which the characteristic life and the holiday freedom of the people may be seen to advantage. In the old city of Prague this day is the Festival of St. Wenzel, the patron saint of the land. History does not mention any remarkable acts of this saint in his lifetime. His piety and his suffering, his martyrdom and the miracles wrought at his tomb, were sufficient reasons for canonizing the first Christian king of Bohemia. Does not the credulous Bishop of Olmutz rehearse the marvels of his posthumous power, and exhibit the patience of this Christian ruler, hunted to the death by an unbelieving mother? Timothy of Derbe had both a mother and a grandmother of exemplary faith; but, if the Bohemian Bishop John is to be trusted, the son of the Duke Uratislas was only fortunate in his Christian grandmother. His mother was a pagan and a fiend, and conjured up all the furies of hell against him and against his counsellor, the *Beata Ludmilla*. There is no festival in honor of John Huss, or Jerome, his friend, the real heroes of Prague. Those heretic names are now not holy on the lips of the Bohemian people. In four centuries the memory of the martyrs of Constance has been fairly obliterated from their own city; and if you ask a bystander in the streets of Prague, where is the house which John Huss lived in, your answer will probably be a stare of surprise that any one should ask such a question in a Catholic city. Even the janitor of the Clementinum, the Jesuits' College, is reluctant to show the manuscript relics of the accursed Reformer, which are among the curiosities of the library. Without special pains and inquiry, one will find very little in the city of Prague to recall the time of the Hussite wars. The name of the *Ziskaberg* alone perpetuates in the public thought the terrible blind leader of the destroying Hussite band. Neither his effigy nor that of his master is found among the statues which garnish the parapets of that quaint old bridge over the Moldau.

The special honor of St. Wenzel in Prague has been for some centuries shared by the fortunate martyr who was thrown headlong into the

river, and in the month of May of every year a week of pious devotion is given by all Bohemia to the memory of St. John Nepomuk, the patron saint of bridges. But Wenzel is the legendary protector of the Tschekkh race, and their extravagance of rejoicing is reserved for the day of his martyrdom. It comes on the 28th of September, just at the season when the rich-colored flowers of autumn are in bloom, when the red grapes are fully ripe, and when the temperature is most genial. A Bohemian, whom we met at Innsprück in the Tyrol, had said to us: "If you want to see Prague in all its beauty, you must come on the feast of St. Wenzel." But he did not tell when the day was, and we had quite forgotten his remark, until, on entering the city on the 27th of September, in the afternoon, the singular show of the streets brought it to mind. There was a strange exhilaration upon these dark Bohemian faces, a strange neatness and picturesqueness in these carefully arranged costumes. Banners were floating from the larger buildings, and streamers were hung from the windows. Along the way at intervals broke forth peals of the wild national music, with its sudden bursts of sound, and its deafening crash of drums and cymbals. As evening came on, the hasty steps of the crowd, increasing more and more, directed our way down the wide avenue of the Kolowrat street, — formerly the ditch which divided the old from the new city, — to the still wider street of the Roßmarkt, at once a magnificent avenue and a public square. In the centre of this wide avenue is the statue of St. Wenzel on horseback; but on this evening both man and horse were completely hidden under the canopy of boughs, of wreaths and garlands, which the patriotic fervor of the people had hung there. Altars were erected around the statue, and the intervals of prayer were filled by wild hymns and anthems in honor of the Bohemian saints. The glimmering of lamps through the branches, of the candles borne in the processions continually coming and going, the undulation of the sea of white-robed maidens, rising and falling and disappearing in the darkness, the confused murmur of the crowd, eagerly pressing to be near the altars, the illuminated robes of the priests, the grave soldiers pacing up and down to keep order, the display of light and beauty in the windows of the stately houses on either side, and the brilliant stars looking down through the clearest of skies, almost realized the tales of Eastern enchantment. All night long these lights and processions and chants are kept up, and even in the daylight of the next morning

some late pilgrims will be found waiting at the shrine, and priests will continue to sing mass there far into the day.

But the grand religious service of the day is on the other side the river, on the hill of the famous Hradschin, and in the Cathedral of St. Vitus, one of the most extraordinary treasure-houses in the world. From nine in the morning an uninterrupted stream of pilgrims, dressed in blue and red the hues prevailing, pours across the long bridge and on to the Castle Hill. The more pious stop to cross themselves and repeat a prayer before the statues of one or another of the guardians of the city. Some rest on their way in the Church of St. Nicholas, where mass is going on at half a dozen altars. How the crowds find room in the enclosure of the Hradschin is a marvel easily comprehended. The court-yards are separately not very large and the interior of the church is much impeded by the multitude of its monuments. Thousands must have been within the precinct when we reached the church, yet there was still room for many more and it was possible to pass through the throng without disturbing any kneeling worshipper. It was a most striking spectacle. Just in front of the great door of the Cathedral, the Cardinal Archbishop of Prague, in the splendid robes of his office, with a retinue of assistant canons and priests, was saying mass for the souls of the monarchs of Bohemia, before the great marble mausoleum beneath which kings and emperors are buried. It would need many masses to bring repose to the souls of some who lie there, of such as the fourth Charles who persecuted the Jews and trafficked in orders of nobility, and such as the first Ferdinand, the murderer of Martinuzzi.

Farther on, in a chapel to the left, were many women kneeling before an altar at which no priest was officiating. On ordinary occasions this would not be remarked as strange. In all Catholic countries the faithful are accustomed to pray at the altars, with the intercession only of their mute symbols, their crosses, flowers, pictures, and ornaments of gold or silver. But on this occasion, when many priests were officiating in other chapels of the building, it seemed singular that any should be worshipping at this altar apart. It was the relic there which was the object of their reverence, a fragment of the seven-branched candlestick which was once a sacred sign in the temple of the Jews. The Jews in Prague are numerous, and their foundation there is very ancient. But it is the boast of the Christians of Prague, that they have an older Jewish relic than any which the

Hebrews preserve. The relic itself is probably not genuine, but only an ancient imitation of the candlestick of Solomon. It is accepted, nevertheless, by the pious of the city with undoubting confidence.

We passed on by a long row of chapels, in several of which mass was going on, around the high altar and in front of the tomb of King Otocar, pausing a moment to look at the striking wood carving of the Crucifixion,—a master work of Albert Dürer, which no one seemed to notice,—till we came to the silver and crystal coffin of St. John Nepomuk, borne up on angels' arms and guarded by angels hovering in the air. Here there was no priest, but the lamps were burning above, and the eager crowd were kissing the silver covering of the shrine, which seemed almost to shake in the strong trumpet blasts that broke from the nave of the cathedral in jubilant ecstasy. Wondering at such superstition, (for we had not then seen the churches of the East, and become familiar with this practice of kissing pictures and relics,) we came to the Chapel of St. Wenzel, nearest to the grand entrance, and most magnificent of all, with walls covered in every part by rare old frescos and plates of gold inlaid with precious stones. The music, so wild and barbaric, had ceased to resound under the arches, but the low tones of many priests still kept their murmuring, and the crowd lingered as if held by a spell. There was no need of adding the special relics, with which this cathedral is well supplied,—the bones of the Patriarchs, the thorns of the Saviour's crown, the fragments of the True Cross,—to increase the fascination of this strange pageant. There was enough in the mingling of sounds and colors, of attitudes and gestures, of curiosity and wonder and reverence and delight, of ancient and modern art, of genius, of pride, and of misfortune, in the contrast of the present joyful rapture with the histories of terror and crime recorded in these monuments, to make the scene memorable.

In this religious celebration of the national feast-day of Bohemia we could not help noticing the absence of those military features which in other cities and lands are marked on such occasions. The music was martial enough, but there was no display of soldiery, no firing of guns, and none of that noise and disturbance which accompanies a Christmas in Greece or an Easter in Rome, much less any such fearful din as an American Fourth of July brings. Brilliant as were the streets and the bridge, they were perfectly quiet. There was no shouting or swearing, no signs of intoxication or quarrel. It

was a gala-day, but not a day of license. This might be owing to the vigilance of the omnipresent police, in Prague especially numerous and watchful. But, from whatever cause, it is probably the fact that fewer arrests are made in Prague on the feast-day than on ordinary days. There is reason and moderation in this joy. It begins with prayer, and it ends in music and dancing; but it has no frantic outbursts, and no brutal orgies. A Scotch Sunday could not be more quiet than the streets around the Hradschin in two hours after the mass was done, and no one would imagine that where only the tread of the sentry was heard at an hour past noon, thirty thousand persons had passed in the morning hours. It was a strange hush to follow so large an excitement.

To the general demonstration in Prague on the feast-day of its patron saint there was, however, one marked exception. In the Judenstadt, the most ancient, populous, and squalid quarter of the city, there were no signs of any rejoicing. No gay streamers were hung across the narrow streets, no sound of music came out from the low doorways, and no bright raiment gave relief to the prevailing aspect of wretchedness. The Jews of Prague are not prompt to honor any of that line of kings whose piety was proved by wrongs done to the race of Israel. The treasures of their old synagogue are quite other than those of the Cathedral of St. Vitus, and its dusty precincts are opened to the faithful, not on days of joy, but only on the great fast-day of their religion, the *Yom Kippur*, the Day of Atonement. The votive offerings which they bring to their dead are not of silver and gold and precious stones, like those at the shrines of St. Nepomuk and St. Wenzel, but of rude pebbles piled upon the coarsely-sculptured tombstones. In the monuments of the old graveyard,—crowded as those of Père la Chaise or of Nuremberg,—there is little to distinguish the great man from the common man, the rabbi from the money-changer, the huckster, or the beggar. The tribes are marked, Aaron and Benjamin and Judah, but not the honor of any in the tribe. Yet all the monuments—the most dilapidated not less than the few which stand firm in their places—are jealously watched and guarded against the profanation of a Christian touch. No Christian hand shall break even a twig from the old oaks which shade the enclosure, or disturb the mould which fills and defaces the lines of the Hebrew inscriptions. The throng which followed us as we threaded the crooked ways of this Jewish town and burial-place was

throng, not of happy enthusiasts, glad in the memory of a martyr and deliverer, but of sad fanatics, jealous of the honor of their faith and their God.

Many are the traditions of this quaint city of Prague, which the pageant of its feast-day recalls. On the western hill, where are now the cloisters and gardens of the rich Strahov convent, the pagan Bohemians once kept the rites of their worship of fire. In the Jewish town the fable runs that the merchants of Israel were dealers in slaves in the ages of the Roman Empire. In the enclosure of that royal palace were practised all the barbarities of torture in the Middle Age. There the "Iron Virgin" embraced her victims, and the prisoner of state was lowered into his living tomb. One may see the ring which Wenzel clasped when he was murdered by his brother, and the challenge of dispute which Huss fastened to the University gate. In the same Museum, which all on the feast-day are invited to visit, are collected the idols of Paganism, and the emblems alike of Greek and Roman and Protestant worship, — a statue of the goddess of harvest, a Byzantine cross, the spoon of the Utraquists, by which the bread and wine are administered together to infants, and the iron-bound flail of the merciless Ziska. And as we sat in the shade of the trees on the beautiful Sophien island, in a stillness which the harmonies of plaintive music only seemed to deepen, and watched the sun descending on the once pagan mount of Lawrence the Saint, gilding the spires and turrets of the lofty castle, the black masses of the Jewish town, the quaint gables and domes of the ancient city beyond, and the garden heights where the Hussite leader once marshalled his band, we could feel that the remark of our companion in the Tyrol was more than justified, and that in the experiences of this festal day we had witnessed the pageant of a long history and the mingling of many religions.

C. F. B.

RAIDS.

RAID is from the Anglo-Saxon *ridan*, to ride. But a raid is a ride for a very special object, namely, for predatory warfare, destruction, and plunder. John Brown's invasion of Virginia was not, properly speaking, a raid, because he and his men went upon their own feet. Stuart's cavalry incursion into Pennsylvania seems to

have set the example of raids proper. It was intensely suggestive to the Union troops. It started this train of reasoning: If Rebel cavalry can ride into the loyal States, where two thirds of the available force yet remains at home to defend them, how much easier can Yankees ride through Rebeldom, stripped of nearly all its available force, with three millions of negroes to welcome the invaders. Since these incursions have therefore been made since the first of May which resulted in the taking and bringing off of *nine thousand contrabands*, many of whom, doubtless, are to be made into soldiers — And this, we observe, is only a prelude of what the government proposes to do in this line.

Raids open a rare field for daring, heroic adventure, and romantic incident; and when the history of this war is written, or recited in fireside tales, these will furnish the exciting themes. This is a kind of warfare, too, specially liable to degenerate into savage barbarities, unless those engaged in it are rigidly bound by the war code to plunder nothing but contraband of war. It ought to be remembered, that this is a game that two sides are playing at, though the advantage is vastly on the Federal side, involving an incalculable amount of distress to women and children. A chaplain says, who accompanied one of these incursions, that when they came to "a neat residence shaded by trees, having a piazza and a pretty yard in front," two women, very tidily dressed, came out. When a glass of water was demanded, and one of the women presented it, "her hand trembled violently, and she could hardly keep back her tears." The chaplain adds, "Somehow it made me think of my own home in New England." We hope those who make raids will plunder in the most gentlemanly way, and think of their own homes when they do it, perhaps "shaded by trees, with a pretty yard in front," and liable to the same visitation.

We had hardly finished the last sentence, when news was brought in that the visitation had taken place in the raid of Lee with his hungry hordes. They come, we hope and believe, on a useful mission, — to rouse the government from its dreaming, drive the North into a more compact and invincible union, rouse its slumbering forces, shake the Copperheads out of it, and precipitate the end of the civil war. Where is Fremont? It would be a good time to recruit down South the two hundred thousand proposed contrabands. s.

HYMN FOR THE CONGREGATION.

O CHRIST, we wait for thee ! as now before thee
 Here in thy best-beloved name we meet ;
 For thou hast gone up to the central glory,
 And promised to send down thy Paraclete.

Here may the aged ones, their griefs forgetting,
 Breathe the sweet quiet which thy temple fills ;
 And may their sun of life, when near its setting,
 Clothe in more beauteous gleams the distant hills !

May childhood learn the words which thou hast spoken,
 And give its fresh and morning hours to thee,
 Ere sin the earliest charm of life has broken, —
 “ O let the little children come to me ! ”

And here may all, strong man and blooming maiden,
 When with the grievous load of sin oppress,
 Hear thy loved voice, — “ O come, ye heavy laden,
 Come unto me, and I will give you rest.”

And passing on through earth's brief joys and trials,
 May we, thy people, join the immortal throng,
 Who sweeter incense waft from golden vials,
 And worship thee in their unending song.

8.

CONFIDENCE.

DEEPER than all personal griefs, all political wisdom and calculation, is the calm, settled confidence that pervades the common mind at this solemn hour. It seems like the transfusion of the Divine mind, giving clear intimations of the Divine purpose and will. Never was such blundering by political and military leaders. One might almost say that blundering has been their main business. In spite of which, the cause of freedom has gone steadily onward, identifying itself more and more with that of the government, — yea, the blunders seem to have been woven into a great plan not of man's devising, as if Providence was to work out the grand results of this war with the least possible flattery to our pride, and the least occasion for self-glorying. We have had disaster upon disaster, after all which, confidence in the cause has strengthened, and the common loyal mind of the country no more believes that the constellation of the Union is to be broken up, than that the skies are going to fall. Dr.

Channing said he was more and more convinced of the impotence of statesmen. The course of history is through channels which God makes for it, let them do as they may. It will be the miracle of this age, that, while North and South were both struggling to preserve slavery, the logic of events was shivering the system into atoms, — or rather the Divine Providence scourged us and cornered us up to its destruction.

The Congregationalist cites the following incidents, illustrating the unwavering confidence of the people.

"Some time ago a Scotch gentleman residing in New York called upon the agent of the United States Treasury in that city, and said: 'I have travelled extensively in your Northern, Eastern, and Western States, have studied your institutions, have watched the progress of affairs, and have acquainted myself with the spirit of your people, and I have made up my mind that you will go through, — that you will put down this rebellion, and come out stronger than you were before. So here are twenty-five thousand dollars that I wish to invest in government securities, and by and by I may have something more.'

"The certificates were made out, and the gentleman took his leave. On the day of the news of Hooker's repulse — perhaps the very bluest day in Wall Street since the war began — this Scotchman appeared again at the Treasury, and, reminding the agent of his promise to make a further investment, said: 'Here are twenty-five thousand dollars more, and I don't think that I could come with it on a better day than this.' That was a faith worth regarding, and its influence was at once felt in the highest circles of the government.

"Mr. Secretary Chase, who was at Boston, fearing the effect of Hooker's reverses upon the then critical position of the finances, hastened to New York for consultation. Immediately upon his arrival this incident was told him. 'Ah,' said he, 'if that is the spirit of the people, we *shall* go through, and I need have no apprehension about the Treasury.'

EXCERPTS FROM MR. JAMES.

THE vigor with which Mr. James in "Substance and Shadow" deals with the shams which afflict him, may be judged of by a few of his pregnant sentences. The following is his rebuke to the Church. It should be premised, that he makes in connection all charitable exceptions and qualifications.

THE CHURCH NOTION OF GOD.

"The very *gravamen* of our native ignorance and imbecility is, this low conception we entertain of the relation between us and God, as being not

wholly creative or spiritual one, but a strictly moral or personal one. And the Church keeps up her dishonest prestige in the world by diligently menting these natural prejudices of ours against God, teaching us to look upon Him as an essentially outward and therefore finite power, sustaining the most intensely literal and personal relations to us, and feeling precisely the same low emotions of moral or voluntary approbation and disapprobation towards us as we feel towards ourselves and towards each other. For example, I am tempted when young and immature to tell a lie, or to do some other evil thing, to save myself from punishment or advance myself at my brother's expense. The evil is pronounced and palpable, and I secretly condemn myself for it, devoutly asking God's forgiveness. Now in these circumstances what does the Church, speaking by my parents or guardians, do for my intellect? Does she afford me the least hint of anything involved in the transaction beyond the rupture of a purely *personal* tie between me and God, beyond the infraction of a merely *moral* obligation? Not a whit. She leaves the relation between us precisely as she finds it, what is, altogether actual and outward, so that if by prayer or other personal sacrifice I get rid of a whack at His powerful hands, I shall feel myself, to the extent of her influence over me, absolved from all further damage. Our basest natural prepossessions of Divine things being thus authenticated by her unfaithful stewardship, our spiritual faculties of course remain crippled, dwarfed, and distorted; so that if we ever do cease to regard God as a mere unparalleled policeman intent on catching us tripping, and come to the discernment of Him as a tender father, burning to endue us in His own spotless righteousness, it will not only be without her help, but in defiance of her authority, and to the consequent discredit of our own good name.

"What has been the consequence to the Church herself of the spiritual attitude she has thus reduced us to? What has she herself gained by thus persistently degrading the soul's relation to God into the relation of an evil-doer to a policeman, of a poor, timorous, skulking mouse to an accomplished, omnipotent, infallible tabby? Why, she encourages every sneak of a fellow who has been robbing a hen-roost, and is dismally afraid of being found out, to snuggle unchallenged up to the very altars of God; while they to whom the bare thought of evil-doing brings disgust invite at her distant recognition, are very fortunate indeed if they do not incur her decided enmity. God's true Church on earth is incapable of proving a refuge for roguery; it is a refuge only for those to whom roguery is an impossible thing. The evil-doer has no part nor lot in its inheritance, but only the man who is inhibited from moral or actual defilement, by an exclusively inward or spiritual cleansing. Yet the technical Church has so effectually debased public sentiment on this entire subject, has so completely

fixed our native imbecility and idiocy in Divine things, by persistently exalting the demands of religion above the demands of life, or, what is the same thing, postponing the claims of human society, human fellowship, human equality, human brotherhood, to her own claims, that what we now recognize as the distinctively 'religious' mind, has at last got to be out of all comparison the least spiritual mind of the day. Talk to a 'religious' man of what he conceives to be the highest themes, and you will learn, to your astonishment, that God takes no interest in universal questions, that is, in those economical, political, and social questions, which interest all good and wise men in proportion to their goodness and wisdom; but only in some piddling private question of the 'salvation' of this, that, and the other individual soul: such 'salvation' apparently meaning, first of all, the deepest possible conviction, on the part of its subject, that he is exposed to extreme personal danger at God's hands; and then a secondary persuasion that this primary conviction has gone far enough to placate the Divine animosity, and turn it away from its injurious designs. In other words, the 'salvation' of my soul, according to the current pulpit orthodoxy, amounts, in plain English, and when stripped of its euphuistic disguises, to this: 1. the utmost possible excitation of my lowest and most selfish fears towards God; or the outbirth of a distrust towards him in my bosom which would scandalize a Hottentot, and is able to justify itself only on the hypothesis of his essential inhumanity; and then, 2. a persuasion that these base fears themselves have proved a tribute so well-pleasing to God, as to constitute a righteous basis of discrimination for him between me and other men, and a righteous basis of hope consequently for me that I at least shall eventually escape his vindictive judgments."

The Orthodox doctrine of *creation out of nothing* Mr. James handles after the following manner:—

"The mother fallacy which breeds all these petty fallacies in the popular understanding consists in attempting to conceive of an infinite power acting finitely, or under the limitations of space and time. Natural religion conceives that there was originally a space *where*, and a time *when*, creation was not. It conceives accordingly that these two great idle wildernesses of time and space were inhabited by a mute, inactive Deity alone; and that this extraordinary Deity, tired at last of slumbering in eternal sloth, sent forth a great creative shout, or succession of shouts, which made the existing cosmos suddenly appear as if it had always been.

"Even if we admit this hypothesis, creation turns out a vastly greater boon to the Creator than it does to the creature. Whatever benevolence such a creation may be argued to involve to the creature, it unquestionably argues much more to the Creator himself. For who can fancy the ghastly solitude to which, for so many orthodox eternities, the Creator's imputed inactivity

had condemned Him, without a shudder of boundless horror? And who, therefore, can perceive this hideous solitude suddenly blossom into the profusest society, without feeling that he who alone had encountered the past desolation was infinitely more to be felicitated upon the present surprising transformation, than they who were to have only an *ex post facto* knowledge of it?

"But the whole conception is boundlessly and bewilderingly absurd; absurd enough to nourish a standing army of famished Tom Paines into annual fatness. There were no time and space prior to creation, simply because time and space are experiences of the finite mind, of the created consciousness exclusively, and so fall within creation, not outside of it. They are constitutionally involved in all purely conscious or subjective existence; time having no meaning save to furnish a *rational* or relative basis — space a *sensible* or finite basis — to such existence. Without time I should have no logical existence, or capacity of thought; without space, no sensitive existence, or capacity of affection. Were it not for the logical substance or background which time furnishes to the events of history, history would not exist to me. Were it not for the sensible substance or background which space communicates to the objects of nature, Nature herself would not exist to me. In short, the very stuff of my intellect and sensibility is furnished by space and time, so that in proportion as you abstract them you reduce me to blank unconsciousness or non-existence. Thus time and space do not exist in themselves (or apart from the mind), but only relatively to the human subject; the all of time representing the bounds, thus the integrity, of human thought; the all of space the bounds, thus the integrity, of human passion: so both alike compelling, the one all history, the other all existence, within the strictest limits of the human form, within the straitest dimensions of the human consciousness.

"We do not see Time and Space to be what they really are, mere constitutional conditions of our consciousness: and we do not see Nature consequently to be what she really is, nothing more and nothing less than the contents of our universal subjectivity, made visible and objective to the individual or derivative subject: because we have no belief in the real universality of consciousness, but only in its phenomenal individuality; because, in other words, our reason is still dominated by sense, our science still swamped in imagination. A spiritual intelligence, which means one no longer dominated, but on the contrary completely served by sense, perceives time and space as embodying the true and entire mental subjectivity of the race; and as having, therefore, no objective truth or validity save to an inferior or finite and derivative subjectivity. Every enlightened person perceives the true substances of the universe to be exclusively human or spiritual, as goodness and truth, love and wisdom; and regards time and space as mere sensuous forms or appearances of these realities, accommo-

dated to the needs of our infantile understanding, by dimly imaging or symbolizing verities which it is as yet too gross to apprehend. Of course the young must be talked to as if creation took place in space and time, i. e. as if it were a purely physical, and not a purely spiritual, exertion of Divine power. Because, as they are still under the dominion of sense and incapable of spiritual insight, we must either clothe our instruction in parables of sensuous imagery, or else give up instructing them altogether. But our Orthodox theologians are men in understanding, being able to discern spiritual truth or substance in its own light. They therefore should be ashamed to regard creation as a work effected by God in space and time; and should insist upon regarding it exclusively in the light shed upon it by the great truth — to which, moreover, they profess so much allegiance — of the INCARNATION; i. e. as a work Divinely wrought within the strictest limits of human nature, or the bosom of universal man."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Life in the Open Air, and Other Papers. By THEODORE WINTHROP. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — The editor of this volume announces that it is the "last of Theodore Winthrop's works." A fine portrait of the author fronts the title-page. The sketches are life-like and grotesque, fresh as mountain breezes, full of humor, perfectly charming to take up in a hot day. The excursion among the lakes of Maine and the lumbermen of Katahdin and the Penobscot, is told with the same genius for description that inspired "John Brent." The "Other Papers" include "Our March to Washington," "Washington as a Camp," and "Fortress Monroe," wherein the incidents which opened the tragedy of our civil war, and in which the writer was personally concerned, are sketched with the same wonderful word-painting of which he was master. s.

Good Thoughts in Bad Times, and Other Papers. By THOMAS FULLER, D. D. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — Coleridge says of old Fuller, "You will hardly find a page in which some one sentence out of every three does not deserve to be quoted by itself as a motto or as a maxim." His times extended through the civil war in England, and his "Good Thoughts" have special application to them, and sometimes a very special application to these bad times of ours. His wit and his wisdom are unfailing; his style is the pure old English gold, and the reader is never tired, but charmed on and on as he gathers up one morsel after another, whose flavor, like that of old wine, improves with the lapse of years. The good honest face of the old divine looks out upon us fronting the title-page. We are heartily thankful to the publishers for reproducing in beautiful dress

a favorite work of one of the old authors, whom we have learned to love. We hope in these bad times it will have the circulation which it deserves.

Lectures on the Symbolic Character of the Sacred Scriptures. By REV. ABIEL SILVER, Minister of the New Jerusalem Church in New York. New York: D. Appleton and Company. — These Lectures were delivered during the past winter in the City of New York, and were evidently suggested by recent controversies in the English Church and the rationalistic churches touching the authenticity and historical accuracy of the Pentateuch. The Lectures are from the New Church point of view, and are designed for the uninitiated. They are popular in form and style, and excellent in spirit, though less able and elaborate than Noble's eloquent utterances on the same subject. We hope Mr. Silver does not imagine that he has met here the objections which modern scholarship and science have raised against the plenary inspiration of the Old Testament. He does not even seem to be aware of them. Professor Norton demonstrates to his own satisfaction, both from historical and internal grounds, that the Pentateuch could not have been written till after the captivity, or a thousand years after the time of Moses. Alphabetical writing did not exist in the Mosaic age, and the Hebrew language, such as we find it in the Pentateuch, was the contemporaneous language of Ezra, not of Moses. Mr. Sawyer's reasoning and researches are to the same effect. Then the naturalists claim to have discovered traces of Pre-adamite men, and that these men were but just removed from the gorilla, demonstrating as they suppose the *development theory*, and upsetting the Church hypothesis of the fall and the Swedenborgian hypothesis of the Church of a primitive golden age. Mr. Silver must see that his doctrine of a spiritual sense will not meet these objections, unless he can exhibit such a spiritual sense as avouches its own Divine origin, and is so self-luminous as to overwhelm the objectors with its own light. This is exactly where he will be disputed, or he will be told that his exposition of the first chapters of Genesis is as artificial as the allegorizing of the scholiasts of Spencer, Dante, and Homer, or the allegorizing of Origen and Philo, and so doubtless it will be to all who begin on the circumference and allegorize inward towards the centre. The objectors will stare blankly enough when told that the great whales mean "the science of correspondences," the firmament "the plane of the rational mind," and the gathering together of the waters into one place the "storing up of knowledge in the memory."

After all, the difficulties of candid men of learning and science are not difficulties of exegesis. The Orthodox Church has always allegorized the Old Testament, and the German Evangelicals make out a complete Christology from it. The difficulties are philosophical more than exegetical. Let the New Church exhibit its Christology, its Pneumatology, its profound philosophy of creation and men, as they exist in living organic connection, and as they shine through the let-

ter and transfigure it without any aid from dictionaries of correspondence, beginning with the central truths in their beautiful coherence, and the letter would very soon be illuminated by them. Instead of beginning with the great whales, with Baalam's ass, and with the tails of Samson's foxes, we would begin with the Divine Humanity and incarnation, the creation of the world by spiritual laws, the nature and destiny of man, the origin and use of evil, the laws of Providence, the nature and laws of retribution, the doctrine of degrees and the doctrine of life, and the light of these central truths would soon enough avouch the sanctity of the letter that clothes them, even to Samson's foxes and Jonah's gourd. Mr. James's admirable essay just published, on "the Physics of Creation," illustrates what we mean. O that we might have more with the same breadth and depth on the doctrine of Redemption, of Incarnation, and of the nature and destiny of individual and social man! Swedenborg formulates these doctrines without professing to disclose very much of their Divine contents. But we are not complaining of Mr. Silver for not giving us more. We thank him for what he has done, while still we hunger and thirst.

s.

The Story of my Career. By HEINRICH STEFFENS. Translated by WILLIAM L. GAGE. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. — The original autobiography of Steffens is in ten volumes of some four thousand pages. Mr. Gage gives here the essence and most readable portion in one volume of two hundred and eighty-four pages. It is a charming book to all lovers of German literature and German characters, as it takes them genially through the scenes and incidents of the scholarly and social life of Germany, bringing them into the company of Goethe, Schiller, Schelling, Schleiermacher, Fichte, Novalis, Schlegel, Neander, Malte Brun, Gall, Humboldt, Müller, Jacobi, and many others.

s.

Tales and Sketches. By HUGH MILLER. Edited, with a Preface, by MRS. MILLER. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. — These are some of Hugh Miller's earliest writings, but they are full of the promise of what he was to be as master of the English tongue. His style in these sketches is limpid as a running brook. "I would give my right hand for Hugh Miller's style," said one of more learning than he. The sketches are not remarkable for stirring incident, but he narrates charmingly. Some of the tales are narratives of actual incidents, and are pleasant and instructive reading.

s.

Woman and her Saviour in Persia. By a Returned Missionary. With five Illustrations, and a Map of the Nestorian Country. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. — This volume puts in strongest contrast the state of woman in her degradation, and her state as elevated and renewed by the Gospel. It is practically the strongest argument that could be offered for the Divine origin and power of Christianity. The

sonal incidents and experiences will be read with much interest those who appreciate the labors, trials, and successes of missionary
8.

Substance and Shadow, or Morality and Religion in their Relation to Life: an Essay on the Physics of Creation. By HENRY JAMES. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. — At last we have a word that speaks to the purpose, and speaks with a tone and emphasis which will command attention, whether or not they command assent. Those who have followed Mr. James in his former essays with any appreciation of his remarkable genius, whether for the most subtle philosophical analysis or the eloquence and power with which he wields the English language, will be ready to go along with us when we say that he has produced the most significant book of the times. To our mind, it goes further towards reconciling science and philosophy, reason and revelation, than all the controversies of the last quarter of a century, simply because these skirmished at the outposts, while Mr. James attacks the citadel both of false religion and unbelief. He shows that the mother fallacy of all the brood of fallacies which corrupt the heart of the Church, and turn the philosophy of the age into a ghastly atheism, is a false theory of creation. He sifts Kant and Sir William Hamilton, and cuts up their sophistry from top to bottom with a logic which is not less keen on account of its brilliancy. Sometimes he undermines their work, sometimes he plies it with shot and shell. He is thoroughly master of his position, and leaves nothing of Scotch or German metaphysics but heaps of rubbish and ruin.

The blows which Mr. James deals upon the Church for her hollow pretensions, and her shameful divorce of religion from life, rather strike the reader at first. But they are the blows of a man downright honest in his purpose, possessed and borne on by profound and burning convictions, and thoroughly disgusted with shams. He is a devout receiver, but not mechanical copyist, of Swedenborg's philosophy and theology, and draws thence the impenetrable intellectual armor in which he both pulls down and builds up. The old buildings, when over to the bats and the owls, he demolishes with a robustness and vigor equal to Carlyle's; but, unlike Carlyle, he never pulls down an old structure without showing you the plan of one to rise on its ruins in diviner proportions and grace. The doctrine of creation and redemption, of human nature and society, of the origin, nature, and uses of evil, is either unfolded or shadowed forth, and, where not given to the reader in full, the reader has the clew put into his hands for finding the path which leads to the open clearings.

The reader, nevertheless, will start up and protest at almost every page, as his old conventionalisms of thought and language are ploughed rough and thrown out of the way. The more he protests, however, the more he will be borne on in the irresistible sweep of the argument, determined at all events to see the end of it. The writer keeps his reader's faculty of thinking upon the strain, and at the same time carries him on by his wealth of language and illustration. Such a

work thrown into the midst of our shallow controversies will have a varied reception. The ecclesiastics will fly in the face of it. The sceptics will wonder and misunderstand. But it will live and have its way, and wake up the thinkers to deeper thinking, haply may make the Church ashamed of her inhuman theology and her sensuous and shallow philosophy. S.

Annual of Scientific Discovery, or Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art for 1863. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. — Does what it professes to do, exhibiting the most important discoveries and improvements in Mechanics, Useful Arts, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, &c., &c., noting the progress of science during the year 1862, and commemorating famous scientists. It is an exceedingly useful and entertaining book, even for those who make no pretensions to science. The student of life cannot do without it. Think of being able to speak by the *spectrum*, if not by the book, of the matter of which the sun is made! A fine portrait of one of the greatest mechanics of the age, Mr. Ericsson, adds greatly to the value of the volume. E.

Common Prayer for Christian Worship: in Ten Services for Morning and Evening. With Special Collects, Prayers, and Occasional Services. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 1863. — We have already called attention to the English work of which this is mainly a reprint, and have spread upon our pages a large extract from the Preface. We would add, that in our judgment it is incomparably the best of the Liturgies, not even excepting the Book of the English Church. It is altogether superior to anything of the kind which has been set forth amongst us; the occasional prayers are exceedingly rich, and singularly Christian in spirit and form. We know of nothing finer than some of the Canticles, and hope some time to hear them sung. The book will find its way into families, and we hope, when the convenient time shall have come, into churches. The externals of the volume are all that any could ask. E.

Out-Door Papers. By THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. — Colonel Higginson has proved to be a good soldier; and he was a good writer before. A genuine lover of sea and land, of waves and woods, he is abundantly able to counsel saints as to their bodies, and teachers as to the out-door training, without which learning is vain and scholarship unto the increase of sorrow. These papers were richly worth gathering up. Bound magazines make clumsy books, and what in them is fit to be read more than once should be rescued from the death in life of the "Back Numbers." May we not hope for something very rich from one who in this very hour must be gathering up so much from all out-of-doors? E.

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REASON AND REVELATION.

HENCE comes our religious knowledge? Is it derived by reasoning? Is it communicated by revelation? Or is it discovered by intuition? This is a fundamental inquiry. There are three sources of knowledge,—consciousness, the senses, and human testimony. The first of these is by far the most trustworthy and certain. The philosophy of the last century asserted that the mind is like a blank piece of paper, and that all our ideas come from sensation and reflection. There being nothing in the intellect which was not furnished originally by the senses, all ideas of spirit were denied, the infinite was unknown, and the system ultimately led to materialism and atheism. But, though all our knowledge begins with experience, it does not follow that it all arises from experience. The mind is not a mere passive instrument, reflecting like a mirror the objects that pass before it; it is an active, originating power. It has primary conceptions which could not be derived from experience, since they transcend its sphere. Such are the ideas of Cause, of Substance, of infinite Time and Space. These are universal, evident, necessary truths, having realities corresponding to them. There are also moral and spiritual intuitions,

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which are a primitive gift of God to us. Man cannot acquire a knowledge of divine things, unless God reveals them unto us by his Spirit. Reason is natural revelation. The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth us understanding. To disparage reason, is to dishonor the image of God in which we were made. This was never done by the Author or the first preachers of Christianity, who always addressed men as reasonable beings, calling upon them to judge what was right, appealing to every man's conscience, exhorting them to be always ready to give a reason for the faith that was in them, and, while children in malice, in understanding to be men. The soul is to be believed when it tells us of the spiritual world, as much as the senses when they tell us of the material world. Yet it is not easy for those, who from their earliest childhood have lived under the influence of the Gospel, to determine precisely how much they are indebted to it, and how much they might be able to know without it. Because they now receive its truths, it does not follow that they could have discovered them. Reason sometimes takes the credit which belongs to Christianity. When the latter has given the answer to a problem, she ciphers it out afterwards, and then boasts of the result.

Man is by nature a religious being. There may be nations without cities, without literature, without government, but never was there one without altars and without prayers. God has not left himself without a witness in his own children. Man is conscious of his dependence on the Creator. The ideas of the perfect and infinite arise at once in his mind with that of the imperfect and finite. The ideas of personality and of spirit are given in the consciousness that he is a person and a spirit. God has allied us to himself by our very constitution. Our belief in him is not dependent on education. It is only in his heart that the fool says, There is no God. Even the devils believe and tremble. Religion, which is a consciousness of God and of our relation to him, is not

tained by any arguments. It is spontaneous and native to the soul, distinguishing man from the lower animals. We cannot demonstrate logically the existence of the Deity ; though, when the fact is given, many reasons confirm, which would be inadequate to prove it. We cannot argue from the finite to the infinite, or deduce the absolute from the relative, because our conclusion must contain only what is involved in the premises. We cannot pass from thought to existence and obtain objective reality by any process of reasoning. If we had only the senses and the understanding, we should never rise higher than phenomena, and never believe in a deity. The idea of the Unlimited could not be communicated to us, unless it were born in us. But this God-consciousness springs up in every human breast. Hence prayer is natural and universal. Christianity does not attempt to prove, it takes for granted, this primal perception of the soul. It presupposes a religious faculty in man, in order to be understood by him. It declares that we may have immediate knowledge of the Deity. The pure in heart *see* God. If we love one another, *God dwelleth in us*. Unless God were present in us, we should not find him out of us. If there were no revelation of him in the soul, we should see none in nature, in history, and in the Gospel. He who feels not the Divinity within him will not find him anywhere.

We are compelled also by the consciousness of moral obligation to postulate a moral law of Duty and Right. That mysterious voice within us which declares what *ought* to be, which commands *thou shalt* and *thou shalt not*, speaks with such authority, that we feel that it is the voice of One whom we are bound to obey. This law implies a lawgiver and enforcer. And it is written on the hearts of all, even of the Gentiles, and it is the light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world. It is God that speaks in this still, small voice, and it is his Word that is so nigh to us, even in our hearts testifying of him.

The belief in Immortality seems likewise to arise spontane-

ously in the human soul. It has prevailed among all nations. It is not derived from nature or experience. The argument drawn from the mind's immateriality and immeasurable capacity does not establish its endless, personal existence. The conviction of this, though general, is not so clear and strong as is that of the Divine Existence.

These intuitive truths, however, though they are the basis of all religion, are in themselves so vague, that natural religion fails to satisfy the soul. Even in the most brilliant periods of ancient civilization, the wisest men were groping after God, and speculating about immortality, confessing their doubts, and declaring that they must wait till either a god or some inspired man should instruct them upon these subjects. It was essential that the religious sentiment should be enlightened and directed, as that it should be bestowed. The world has always tended to idolatry, and these great verities might become weakened by sin and perverted by superstition, unless they were confirmed by testimony from heaven. Revelation was necessary, not to supersede reason, but to supply its deficiencies. The idea of God needed to be developed ; the idea of duty, to be defined ; the idea of immortality, to be strengthened. Christ came not to destroy, but to fulfil. Christianity is a republication of natural religion, and something more. Jesus is not so much a bearer of Divine communications, as he is himself a Divine revelation. "He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father." A new light being about to rise upon the world and be a day-star to the nations, its appearance would be no natural occurrence. The Almighty is not bound by his own laws, which, having been established for the benefit of man, might also be suspended for his benefit. We see interpositions in the material universe ; we might expect them also in the moral universe. God's influence is felt constantly in nature ; why should it not also be exerted in the soul ? He is in direct contact with our spirits. Man, in his ignorance, sorrow, and sin, has wants which he can never supply. A God of love would make clear

those truths which are so necessary to his happiness. Revelation is only a stronger inspiration and illumination of the mind than reason, differing from it not in kind, but in degree. The Eternal Word, or Reason, which dwelt in Christ, came into his own ; in him was life, and the life was the light of men. One message from heaven cannot contradict another. The last may go beyond, but it will not contravene the first. Religion being implanted in our very being, man cannot outgrow it, or ever satisfy his deepest longings. Christ is still the desire of all nations.

The idea of God as the Infinite, the Absolute, the Unconditioned, is not sufficient for the soul. If we take only that view of him which is universally received, this meagre, abstract conception is not worthy of our reverence and affection. Intuition leads merely to deism. Reason teaches that God is, not what he is. If further questioned, her answer would be that of the philosopher to his royal master, who, being asked what God was, begged every day for more time, saying, The longer I think, the more obscure it is to me. Even if she discover the I AM, the world is only a machine, and human suffering is without explanation and without solace. With the universal belief in a Divinity, there has prevailed almost as universal a degraded conception of his character. A pure theism never has been found among any people apart from revelation, Mahomet having borrowed his monotheism from the Bible. Nature places an infinite distance between the Great First Cause and us. It teaches a retribution and an inexorable law. Its vastness and silence are oppressive to us. Our feeling of dependence does not acquaint us with the character of the Being on whom we depend. He may be benevolent or malignant. We may fear him, but we cannot love him. Reason tells us that we ought to worship him, but it does not inform us what homage we should pay to him. Conscious of having violated his laws, men may even represent him as a stern and vindictive ruler, whose anger they must endeavor to appease. Natural religion knows nothing

of mercy, or of that blessed doctrine, the forgiveness of sin. It cannot affirm that a Divine Providence watches over even the humblest, and that the Infinite will hear and answer prayer. These truths even now are rejected, where Christianity is denied. Out of Christendom God is not known as a Father, whose name is Love.

In like manner, we may say that there is an absolute morality, but what it prescribes cannot be accurately determined without the aid of revelation. Conscience, which Jesus calls the eye of the soul, may become diseased and darkened. It has often led men astray. It has sanctioned crimes, and failed to inculcate many virtues. It is utterly unable to give inward peace. Without a knowledge of our true relation to the Deity and his creatures, the fulfilment of the two commands of love to God and love to man, which constitutes the sum and substance of religion, is impossible. From the simple sense of right, we cannot infer what are the obligations of parents and children, masters and servants, rulers and citizens. The duties of humility, self-denial, forgiveness, striving after perfection, are inculcated and exemplified only in Christianity.

Reason, though it suggests, cannot give us a sure faith in a personal Immortality. The natural evidence for it rises only to a probability, through a series of analogies and presumptions.

"Nature with faithful trust restores the grain,
Which man unto her bosom doth commit;
But tells him not that he shall live again,
Or only in dim type obscurely speaks."

Yet without this assurance we should be most wretched, since no one could roll for us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre. To those who have no faith in revelation, immortality is only a conjecture, "the great enigma," as one of this school has called it, about which, as another has said, "confidence there is none, and hopeful aspiration is our highest state." The Christian alone can triumph over death, regard-

ing it not as the king of terrors, but as an angel of mercy. And Jesus adds to the doctrine of immortality that of eternal life, which is not endless existence, but a holy and blessed life, fed from eternity, but beginning even here on earth.

This revelation, so long and so earnestly desired, has come. The fact is manifest to all who will not close their eyes to the truth, that it was long prepared for, that it was given, and that it has changed the world. The Bible contains this revelation. Its very first chapters, at a time when the majority of mankind were polytheists and polygamists, announcing the unity and holiness of God, and the oneness and indissolubleness of the marriage relation; the law of Moses, including the Decalogue, proceeding from a leader of fugitive slaves, who had but recently fled from a long Egyptian bondage; the almost Christian sentiments in the Psalms; the prophecies, especially of Isaiah, which is the Gospel of the Old Testament; the Christmas carol of the angels, wonderfully embodying the essence of Christianity; the Sermon on the Mount; the Gospel of John, which has not its parallel in all literature, — are entirely inexplicable by any mere human origin. Jesus said that he spake not of himself; Paul asserted that he was an apostle, not of men, neither by man; and they were falsifiers, either fanatics or impostors, if they were not specially inspired to make a revelation to the world.

But the object of revelation was not simply to communicate knowledge. "I am come that they might have *life*, and that they might have it more abundantly." Christianity is a moral and spiritual power for the salvation of men. The ancient philosophers taught a pure morality, but they were never able to reform the world. In Jesus truth has appeared incarnate, law has given place to life. He has realized that which all other religions seek, the union of God and man, and he is to be in us, "the hope of glory."

Reason, then, cannot be our supreme rule of faith and practice. It cannot give positive certainty; it cannot afford

strength and peace ; it cannot be a substitute for Christianity. The different systems of philosophy have, one after another, perished, and there is not one which is universally received at the present day. Christianity alone can be called the absolute religion, since it meets all wants, and includes the truth of every other system of faith. It is not a product of the human faculties, else among heathen nations we should find many resemblances and approximations to it. The motto on the architrave of the temple of Isis, "I am whatever has been, and is, and shall be, and my vail no mortal has ever drawn aside," may be adopted by all the Pagan religions. The deity they reverence is an unknown God, until Christianity proclaims, "Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you." The future is to them an impenetrable mystery, until He is preached who has abolished death and brought life and immortality into a clear light. The Scriptures are not a book of human origin. Were their authority and influence to be subverted, the people would soon become the victims of superstition, and would gradually sink both in morality and religion, until preachers and moralists would exert but little influence upon them. This is taught by the experience of the past, and by the signs of the times in the present. We cannot demonstrate everything. We are obliged every day to believe far more than we know. While we render unto Reason the things that are Reason's, we should also render unto Faith the things that are Faith's. And in view of this glorious Gospel, we may well join in the ascription with which the great Apostle concludes his greatest epistle : "Now to him that is of power to stablish you according to my Gospel and the preaching of Jesus Christ ; according to the revelation of the mystery which was kept secret since the world began, but now is made manifest, and by the scriptures of the prophets, according to the commandment of the everlasting God, made known to all nations for the obedience of faith ; to God, only wise, be glory, through Jesus Christ, forever. Amen."

E. J. Y.

THE FORSAKEN SOLDIER;

OR,

WHERE WAS THE AMBULANCE?

“HURRAH, boys! It’s almost over now!
 Hark, — nothing but scattering shots.
 Now they’ll have picked up the hurt in the rear,
 And make for these foremost spots.
 If my leg and arm both were n’t broken, — bad luck!
 I’d manage to walk or roll
 To see them coming, and give three cheers,
 There from that nearest knoll.
 Where can the ambulance be?

“Take heart. After every well-fought field,
 Brave men must be ‘faint and sore.’
 ‘Don’t I feel any pain?’ A little perhaps, —
 Perhaps a little or more.
 We’ve given too many hard knocks to-day,
 The softest of knocks to take.
 But would n’t we bear ten times our share
 For the country and Freedom’s sake?
 Where can the ambulance be?

“If we have to wait till it gets pretty late,
 The sun sets clear and bright;
 And if they don’t come till after it’s down,
 You know there’s a moon to-night;
 Or if they don’t find us till morning dawns,
 At least we shall have the dew. —
 Who sobbed in the dark? Why, drummer-boy Sam!
 What have they done to you?
 Where *can* the ambulance be?

“Poor little chap. ‘It bleeds,’ he says!
 Pull the handkerchief off my arm.
 ‘The air will make it smart’ a bit?
 Let it then; where’s the harm?

Crawl over to me, Sam. Here I am.
 Take hold, Tom, with me and tie.
 There, sleep with me, Sam, and I'll keep you warm,
 And the stars sha'n't 'prick your eye.'
 Where can the ambulance be?

"I dreamed they were watering horses then,
 At the well by father's door.
 Somebody else should have had his turn
 If I'd dozed for an instant more.
 But half a night now is all that's left.
 No doubt by this time to-morrow
 We shall have good drinks to our hearts' content,
 And bad ones too, to our sorrow.
 Where can the ambulance be?

"When once we're stowed on the hospital shelves,
 It would n't be strange if there
 Was mother's own writing on jellies and jams;
 And then I should n't much care
 If you ate all the inside of the jars,
 If you'd save the names for her son.
 She dried all her apples for us last year.
 Little Sis would eat but one.
 Where can that ambulance be?

"Speak lower. This boy is sound asleep.
 Why, Sammy! He don't look right!
 Talk on, if you like; you won't wake *him*.
 The child has died in the night.
 I can't well stir myself nor him.
 I hope that they'll be here soon;
 For the cold of his death strikes all through me.
 But the sun will be hot at noon.
 Where can the ambulance be?

"Of course they'll bring casks full of water, Jim?
 What's that you are eating? 'Grass'?
 Put some into my mouth; — I can't move my hand; —
 It will help the time to pass.

Beasts live on it ; could n't a man then, — think ? —

If he had to, — a day more, — two ?

They 'll find us soon. We must give them time.

They 're few, with much to do.

Where can the ambulance be ?

“ They can't mean to march and leave us so ?

How long ago was the fight ?

What ! Only ‘ four days ’ ? Fourteen, at least !

Forgive me. Perhaps you 're right.

I would n't be cross if a cloud could rain, —

One of those clouds from home, —

And moisten our tongues and slake our wounds

Just till the doctors come.

Where can the ambulance be ?

“ Don't swear, Jim, don't ! They 're coming there ! Hark ! —

Was it only the ‘ wind in the trees ’ ?

Well, we can't spare God, if all beside

Forsake us in times like these.

He 's closer far than our brothers are.

Don't let us drive Him away.

While we 've voice enough for cursing left,

We 've voice enough to pray.

Where can the ambulance be ?

“ Let 's keep asleep till we hear it near.

My eyes are drowsy and dim. —

Halloo, what a light ! Is it lanterns ? No.

Sunshine. How are you ? — JIM ! —

Jim, too ! And he 's the last of them all !

And his last word is said !

So now there 's no use in my talking ! — None ;

But the stillness sounds so dead !

Where can the ambulance be ?

“ I think my soul is striking its tent ;

For like fire that 's almost out

It seems, now here and then elsewhere, —

Flickers and flies about.

Just now 't was up in the Congress Hall ;
 And it heard them speak and say,
 They 'd put the bill for an Ambulance Corps
 Off to a future day !
 Where can the ambulance be ?

"Is there any future day for me
 On earth? I forgive my foes,
 That fought with us, who fought with them,
 Easier than friends like those,
 That we fought for, — that leave me here to die! —
 Those words were worse than the shot. —
 But, Father, forgive, — forgive them, — they —
 They don't know what — they do not —."
 Where *could* the ambulance be ?

E. FOXTON

 THE NEW LIFE AND ITS ENEMIES.

"A MAN must wrestle so long, till the dark centre that is shut up so close break open, and the spark in the centre kindle, and from thence immediately the noble lily-branch sprouteth, as from the divine grain of mustard-seed, as Christ saith. A man must pray earnestly, with great humility, and for a while become a fool in his own reason, and see himself as void of understanding therein, until Christ be formed in this new incarnation.

"And when Christ is born, *Herod* is ready to kill the child, which he seeketh to do outwardly by persecutions, and inwardly by temptations, to try whether this lily-branch will be strong enough to destroy the kingdom of the Devil, which is made manifest in the flesh.

"Then this destroyer of the Serpent is brought into the wilderness, after he is baptized with the Holy Spirit, and tempted and tried whether he will continue in resignation in the will of God. He must stand so fast, that, if need require, he would leave all earthly things, and even the outward life, to be a child of God." — JACOB BEHMEN.

ST. LOUIS.

THE history of a warlike saint presents to us a subject appropriate to the present time. Divine Providence has brought this nation a lesson which it needed. The manly qualities of valor, hardihood, and patriotic devotion had been for some time without their proper appreciation among us. They existed still, but they needed an occasion to call them forth; and had not that occasion come, they might have faded into yet deeper forgetfulness. Now, while we thank God that the emergency has shown their continued life, the determination is general that they shall not again be suffered nearly to pass away.

But in order to retain them worthily, we must combine them with what else is worthiest. The examples we are to contemplate should not be those of mere fighters, but of men who fought with a noble purpose; not even those of patriots alone, but of Christian patriots, whom the love of their own country did not blind to the general interests of Christendom. The character of such a hero we propose briefly to delineate. It is obscured, indeed, by the errors of a half-lightened age; but through those errors beams the light of honor, justice, and religion.

When, after the close of that great tragedy, the fall of imperial Rome, the curtain rises to display the scenes of modern history, we soon discover the ancient mistress of the world reasserting her sway, though in an altered form. The conquering barbarians have received Christianity from the race they subdued. They naturally recognize the bishop of the old imperial city as the chief priest of that religion. Their rude princes look to him as an umpire in their disputes, and seek his sanction for the wars they wage. The crafty policy of some, and the mistaken piety of others, confer on him that sovereignty over Central Italy which the Catholics of a future age shall desire, yet know not how, to take

away. At the beginning of the thirteenth century the power of the Popes had attained its height, while its accompanying crimes of ambition and corruption had begun to undermine that foundation of public reverence on which it stood. The Popes had compelled sovereigns to kneel before them; had given away kingdoms and resumed them at their pleasure. It was at the period of which we speak that Pope Innocent III., availing himself of the opportunity given by the doubtful title and the base and weak character of John of England, compelled that prince to resign his crown to him, receiving it again as subject to the Holy See. Not satisfied with this conquest over craven royalty, that ambitious Pope turned his spiritual arms, and excited princes to use their temporal power, against the Albigenses in the South of France;—men who held a form of Christianity much more pure than his own. By a series of the most frightful cruelties, the Albigenses were subdued; and through the means of the Inquisition, then recently established, the work of their utter extermination was at length accomplished.

Louis VIII., King of France, died in 1226, while engaged in an expedition against the Albigenses, and his crown devolved on his son, Louis IX., better known by the title of sainthood which the Romish Church conferred after his death. He was then a child of twelve years. The regency was given to the queen-mother, Blanche of Castile, the princess so finely described in Shakespeare's "King John."

"If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanche?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanche?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanche?"

The royal person, of whose youth this was a description, exercised the sway that devolved upon her with a firm hand. She subdued or appeased the disturbed districts of the South, and broke a formidable league of barons in the North,⁸⁰

at when, ten years later, she resigned to her son the royal authority, it was comparatively well established, though not beyond danger from factious opposition.

She resigned her power; but her son, far different from her youthful monarchs, had no wish to shorten, but rather extend, the term of his mother's authority. "The leading feature of his character," says Michelet, "was an exquisite sense, and sensitive love of duty; and his duty he long took to be obedience to his mother's will." On coming of age, he immediately availed himself of her advice; and, whenever he left the kingdom, committed the regency to her.

The beginning of his government was not without serious dangers. A league was formed by the nobles against him; and the king of England, Henry III., though nearly related to Louis, took part with the discontented barons. These, who had been hitherto held in check, thought the accession of a young and inexperienced prince a suitable occasion for advocating their rights or their pretensions. So far as they had right to plead, they might have obtained much from justice, but their mode of asserting their claims left the king no course but to defend himself. Louis acted with a promptitude that soon terminated the war. He quelled the most formidable of the insurgent barons before their English allies had landed, then turned to meet these, and defeated them also. He lost an advantage for a time through his valiant courtesy, and his unwillingness to fight on the lord's day; but this loss was soon repaired, and the allies were obliged to sue for peace, which they obtained on generous terms. The counsellors of the king of France remonstrated against the treaty, as granting more to the English than he could rightly ask. "It is true," replied Louis; but we married sisters; our children are cousins, and there ought to be peace between us."

In the course of the war, Louis summoned a castle which belonged to the king of England. The governor, though hard pressed, declined submitting until he was authorized to

do so by his liege lord. The king of France, when at length he received the castle, gave it back to the keeping of its brave defender, upon his oath of allegiance, with the words, "Thou alone hast borne thyself loyally."

"In order to spare those who held fiefs both from himself and Henry all temptations to perjury, he warned them, in the words of the Gospel, that 'no one can serve two masters,' and allowed them to make their choice."

We must now turn from France and England to the far East. The Mohammedan power, originating there, had spread its conquests northward in Asia, and westward through Africa, had seized on Spain, and still continued to threaten Christendom. To oppose this power Europe had repeatedly risen in arms, and the Holy Land had been the battle-field. The statesmen of those ages probably thought the crusades necessary for defence against a formidable power; the desire of distinction or of gain urged many to engage in them; but the motive avowed alike by princes and people was a religious one. To fight for the sepulchre of Christ was thought an action of high merit in the sight of Heaven. It was a way of serving God more in harmony with the feelings of a race but recently emerged from barbarism, than the quiet path of gentleness, usefulness, and self-restraint.

Yet, if we censure the bloody fanaticism of those wars, we must not forget that there were provocations offered, such as human nature has not been taught, even by Christianity, to endure unmoved. The Holy Land was the resort of thousands of Christians from the West, and these were often treated with savage cruelty by the Mohammedans. Their sufferings occasioned the earlier crusades, which succeeded in establishing a Christian kingdom at Jerusalem. At the time which we are now considering that kingdom had been overthrown, and repeated attempts to re-establish it had failed. The tidings now came to France that a new horde of barbarians, the Mongol Tartars, issuing from Central

Asia, had invaded the Holy Land, its Mussulman and Christian inhabitants uniting for its defence in vain. Five hundred Knights of the Temple had been slain in battle at Gaza. Jerusalem had been taken, and its Christian inhabitants, who had fled, were lured back again, only to be massacred.

The young king of France was sick when this news arrived. He was at one time so near to death that his attendants were about to cover his face, thinking that life had departed. As he began to amend, "to the astonishment of all about him, he had the red cross placed on his bed, and on his vestments. His mother," says the historian, "would have been better pleased to see him in his grave, — him, weak and dying as he was, to vow to go so far, beyond sea, to a deadly climate, to shed his own blood and that of his subjects in that useless war which had lasted above a century! And both she and every priests besought him to renounce his intention. He was inflexible. The idea which was supposed to be so fatal to him apparently saved him. He hoped and wished to live, and did live. As soon as he was convalescent, he sent for his mother and the Bishop of Paris, and addressed them as follows: 'Since you believe that I was not perfectly myself when I took my vows, I now pluck my cross from off my shoulders and give it into your hands. But now,' he went on to say, 'you cannot deny that I am in the full enjoyment of all my faculties; then give me back my cross, for He who knows all things also knows that no food shall enter my mouth until I have again been marked with his sign.' 'Tis the finger of God!' exclaimed all present. 'Let us no longer oppose his will.' And from that day forward no one gainsaid his project."

Before he departed on his crusade, his care was given to the cause of justice and peace at home. His tenderness of conscience questioned his own right to some of those possessions which the princes who had preceded him had won by force or policy. Among these was Normandy, which his grandfather, Philip Augustus, had wrested from the feeble

John of England. Louis consulted the bishops of that province on his right to its possession, and endeavored, though at this time in vain, to obtain an entire reconciliation with the English king. In the same conscientious spirit he indemnified others who might assert their claims to portions of his inheritance. From these acts of personal justice he turned to that of making peace among the neighboring powers. The Pope of that day, one of the most haughty and violent of that arrogant succession of priests, had long been at bitter enmity with the Emperor of Germany. Claiming the right of assigning kingdoms at his will, he had declared the Emperor deposed, and had offered the imperial crown to a brother of Louis. The king would not allow him to accept it. His answer to the Pope shows a singular union of good sense with the persecuting bigotry of his age. He said that this offer was evidently the effect of hatred against the Emperor, who had always appeared to him a good Catholic; however, he would send ambassadors to be informed of his faith. If he found him orthodox, he could see no reason for attacking him; but if he found him a heretic, he would make war against him to the last extremity, as he would against the Pope himself in the like case. He now offered his mediation between the two powers; but Catholic as he was, the conduct of the Pope disgusted him so much, that it was not without great unwillingness that he consented to see him.

These arrangements made, he entered on his expedition to the East. Those who had preceded him with a similar purpose had in general gone directly to the Holy Land. The attempt of Louis resembled more the far-seeing policy of modern statesmanship. It was felt that the possession of Egypt was necessary to the conquest and retention of Palestine. The king, therefore, after a stay of some length in the island of Cyprus, turned his course towards the mouth of the Nile. Departing from Cyprus, his vessel grazed a rock, and lost a portion of its keel. The king was advised to leave

but he replied, "Lords, I see that if I leave this ship she will be considered lost, and there are eight hundred souls, and more, on board; as each loves his life as well as I do mine, none would remain, but would perish in Cyprus; therefore, under God, I will not peril the lives of such a number, but prefer remaining, to save my people." They died at Damietta, the king leaping into the water sword in hand. The Saracen troops drawn up to oppose them were defeated, and the city was taken. But this first success was surely their last. Entangled in a country which was intersected with canals, they consumed a length of time in preparing roads, which afterwards proved needless. The king's brother, Robert of Artois, fell in a brave attempt to storm the city of Mansourah. Louis, when he heard it, exclaimed with tears, "God has wished for what he had given me"; and to one who inquired of him respecting his brother, answered, "All I know is that he is in Paradise." Another brother, the Count of Anjou, he saved by a great effort of personal valor; and at the close of the melancholy day, though himself wounded, returned thanks to God in the midst of his army for a rescue from destruction that seemed almost miraculous.

Sickness came on, in new and hideous forms. Joinville, chamberlain and biographer of Louis, tells the story of himself, that he was sick and in his bed receiving the sacrament from a priest, when the latter fainted; the sick baron rose from his bed, and supported the sick priest through the service, which he completed, but which was his last service on earth.

They came one day where the ground was covered with festering remains of some of their comrades who had perished in a skirmish. The army shrunk from the loathsome spectacle; but the king declared that the last honors must be paid to these martyrs of Christ, "who," said he, "have suffered more than we." So he set the example to his host, bringing himself the body of one of the victims to the burial.

In the Cathedral at Baltimore is a picture of the scene, presented to that church by Charles X. of France. The sainted king appears, in his royal and martial attire, looking with rapt devotion up to heaven, as he bears the body of his dead soldier.

Louis himself at length fell sick, and the increasing pestilence rendered a retreat necessary. The disabled soldiers were sent back to Damietta by the river, while the rest of the army were to retreat by land. The king, however, would not be separated from his troops, but was carried with them, till, as he seemed in almost a dying state, his attendants found rest for him in a humble cottage.

The retreating army were soon met by the enemy in overpowering numbers. A fearful massacre took place, and the king and nobles of France were made prisoners to the Saracens. To obtain their liberty they agreed to surrender Damietta, and to pay a ransom of four hundred thousand golden bezants. But scarcely had the terms been settled, when the Mamelukes of the Saracen army revolted against and slew their Sultan; and some of the murderers rushed, with savage insolence, into the presence of their royal prisoner. Louis answered them not a word. The French knights thought that their last hour was come, gave absolution to each other, and knelt together to receive the final blow. But they were reserved for other scenes.

S. G. B.

(To be concluded in the next Number.)

“How deeply soever men are involved in the most exquisite difficulties, sincerity of heart, and upright walking before God, and freely submitting to his providence, is the most sure remedy. He only is able to relieve, not only persons, but nations, in their greatest calamities.”

HOSPENTHAL.

CLEAR dawn upon the heights of St. Gothard !
Wild Nature and scant Life !
And huddled dwellings, where few comforts are,
Seemed with them both at strife.

The rude church promised little to the soul ;
Yet its old claim would put,
When the tall round tower on its rocky knoll
Rewarded not the foot.

One pushed the door and entered. All around
No being met his sight ;
No sign of motion and no breath of sound
Stirred in that early light.

He walked and gazed and mused awhile ; when, look !
In funeral trappings dressed,
A child its last, mysterious slumber took,
Christ's emblems on its breast.

Close by the altar steps they 'd laid it out, —
Out from all harm and dearth, —
And nearer than elsewhere, they did not doubt,
To the God of heaven and earth.

He was not now alone ; the newly dead
A strange, sad presence made,
Which all night long its unheard lesson read
Through the deep, double shade.

No, not alone. Lo, spirits back from the Lord,
A loved, lamented crowd !
He bent, like Jacob, o'er his staff, and poured
His matin prayer aloud.

SORROW : ITS ATTRIBUTES.

A SERMON BY REV. J. H. PHIPPS.

PSALM cxix. 71 : — "It is good for me that I have been afflicted."

THE writers — as any one may see by glancing over the pages of his Bible — both of the ancient Scripture and the new, have much to say of sorrow. A collection of the Scripture sayings touching human affliction — the troubles and woes of our mortal life — would be a triumphant vindication of the claim of the Bible upon the veneration of mankind. It would show how singularly the sacred volume is adapted to the actual necessities of our common humanity, how thoroughly practical it is ; how amply it provides for our every experience. It would contain all the data essential to a right apprehension and profitable employment of this great phenomenon of sorrow, and would leave very little, if anything, to be desired on this universally interesting subject. It would show that, however wisely men may speculate concerning affliction, their best conclusions are all anticipated in the pages of that venerable book, which, generation after generation, has held its place in the regards of mankind. Therein we should learn that sorrow is no accident, but a thing ordained of God, — a circumstance deliberately admitted into the economy of the world by that Infinite Wisdom which reigns over the universal creation, and amply justified by the ends it is made to subserve in the working of the Divine Providence. Therein we should learn what affliction is capable of doing for those who suffer, how it is to be regarded, and how submitted to. Therein we should learn where we are to look for the wisdom and strength wherewith to endure the sorrows that come upon us, how we may find help to baffle the whisperings of despair, and even to maintain a calm mind under the heaviest bereavements. No man need search beyond the pages of the Bible to find the wisest instructions,

the most profound and practical suggestions, with reference to this great subject of sorrow. No man, I care not how sorely he may be afflicted, who will receive and follow what is recorded in this ancient book, will be left helpless and disconsolate ; so wise and comforting are the declarations it offers to the bereaved heart. Happy they who, called to pass through scenes that wring the soul with agony, have the simplicity to turn to the inspired utterances of prophets and apostles, and, above all, of Him who spake from the fulness of the Spirit. For with them there is no such thing as sorrow unrelieved by hope ; no such thing as utter despondency, or as wilful rebellion against the appointment of Providence. Let the sorrow-stricken one but gather up the words of comforting truth scattered over the Scripture pages, and bring them home to his understanding and feeling, and he shall not go forth comfortless. He shall find the old fountain fresh and full, as numberless generations have found it, offering to his lacerated and distracted mind the very balm it needs. And what a solace to think how many in all ages have found relief from their troubles by drawing from this mighty reservoir of wisdom, how many have felt the darkness rolling off their souls as they gazed with tearful eye on its old familiar words, detecting a gracious meaning in them which hitherto they had not discovered. One need but remember the eagerness with which the afflicted have gathered to these inspired pages, how they have been read in death-chambers and by new-made graves, how they have calmed souls whose sufferings made all human speech impertinent, how their great sayings have been garnered up and repeated as a triumphant song by those who but for them would have broken down under their affliction. One need but remember this to be persuaded that there is a power in the Scripture word to relieve sorrow such as only could have been provided by One who knew the woes to which the human heart would be exposed. God be thanked that we have this blessed refuge, this unfailing resource. But let us pause here and ponder for

a little space this great phenomenon of sorrow. Getting what help we can from Scripture and experience, let us meditate on some of its prominent attributes. Let us see how it looks, what it is, and with what feelings we are to regard it.

And in the first place, I say that sorrow is a reality, an actual, veritable entity, in this our world. I do not make this statement with a view to establish its truth by argument, but simply as setting forth what all, who know anything of the experience of this earthly life, must admit. The Bible treats sorrow as a reality, and the heart that has bowed under its awful shadow, and felt as if the light of the world was eclipsed, knows how real it is. To be sure, it is very difficult for those who for the moment experience only delight to have any adequate sense of the reality of sorrow. It seems to them as something unreal. They cannot feel it to be an actual thing, so much so as the pleasures of which they are so intensely conscious. And indeed there is a philosophy or a style of thought which at least affects to regard sorrow as a myth, as a thing hardly deserving to be named as constituting any part of human experience, that makes light of suffering, and is almost offended at any recognition of it. This philosophy, if we may dignify it with so honorable a title, it is needless to say, is only popular with those whose poverty of sensibility renders them incapable of any profound emotion. The great common heart of humanity declares against every attempt to ignore or make light of sorrow. It says that sorrow is real, awfully real. And truly it is. Not that I would imply that it predominates in the experience of mankind, that they suffer more than they enjoy. That certainly is not true. But wherever it goes, and sooner or later almost everywhere, it goes not as a creation of the fancy, not as a light thing which may be dismissed with a mere volition, but as a stern, hard reality, and it grinds like an iron into the very soul. Yes, it is true, sorrow has entered into our world, is obviously a part of the economy under which we live, and it is vain to try to be oblivious to its presence. For it does

make itself felt, it does come down with crushing weight **u**pon how many a poor pilgrim. One looks around on this **o**ur world, and he sees, alas ! how many proofs of the terrible reality of affliction. Behold how strong men tremble at **i**ts approach, and cry out as if a sword were dividing them **a**sunder. What woe it brings to countenances that seemed **b**ut yesterday expressive only of gladness ; what tears it **w**rings from hearts that could never be moved but by **s**omething intensely and painfully real. Or, if any one is **s**till inclined to doubt, let him see the afflicted in the very **p**aroxysm of their woe ; let him follow them to their secret **h**ours, and behold them as wave after wave sweeps over them, **a**nd he will be persuaded that, to those at least who experience it, sorrow is fearfully real.

But it is one thing to be cognizant of a fact, and quite another thing to explain it. Thus with regard to sorrow, we see that it is a reality, but we learn in a little time that it admits of no exhaustive explanation. Hence the second great fact to be noticed touching human sorrow is the mystery of it. Not only is sorrow real, but it is mysterious. The moment we are brought front to front with affliction, we begin to be conscious of something that is too vast for our feeble mathematics to master. The very word sorrow is almost synonymous with mystery. You cannot look upon affliction simply as a dry, hard fact. Always you must behold it as in some manner invested with the strange, the mysterious. When it stalks into your dwelling, seeming so grim and awful, you very soon begin to be conscious of a feeling that makes you grow pensive and silent. Your matter-of-fact ideas are staggered, and you seem introduced into a new, but as yet unexplored sphere. And this mystery of sorrow is not so much to be wondered at, after all. For the very reason of it consists largely in the fact that we cannot understand it ; that it starts problems in the mind which the mind knows not how to solve ; that it outruns all our data, and leaves us floundering in the midst of conjecture. Very

likely, if we could comprehend sorrow, if we could see it as God sees it, it would be no sorrow at all : the sting of it would be taken away. It is sorrow, because to our finite apprehension it admits of no explanation, because it carries us out into the great sea of mystery. Moreover, you know that affliction strikes down deep into our nature. Many of the pleasures which we experience seem to affect, so to speak, the external part of our being. They touch those feelings which lie near the surface. But sorrows cut into the very core, and reveal to us depths of which we never dreamed. What new emotions are stirred up within us when, for the first time, we experience a great sorrow. We did not know that such feelings were lying latent within us. We are let into the secret of our being. As we find deep opening below deep, what wonder if we have a sense of the mysterious? And then, again, the mystery of sorrow lies doubtless in part in this, that afflictions, so far as our human faculties are able to discern, follow no law. When any series of phenomena can be reduced to order, or brought under any law, we seem to have divested them at least of a part of their mysteriousness. But sorrows reveal no order, no law. They are distributed apparently without reference to any rule. The old idea, that troubles are sent as the penalty of disobedience, gives no satisfactory clew to the principle by which afflictions are distributed among the children of men. They come apparently in the most disorderly way, baffling all human calculations, overturning the best arrangements, disappointing the most reasonable hopes. Thus we see sorrow, in the nature of the case, must always have about it more or less of the mysterious. And the more one sees of the trials mankind are called to endure, the more is he ready to exclaim, "Great is the mystery of sorrow."

But here is another thing to be noticed as connected with sorrow :—I mean its sacredness. How sacred a thing is affliction, — affliction that puts to trial every faculty of our nature, — that goes down among the tenderest and most sensitive feelings of the heart, — that makes the spirit to writhe

as if it were suffering torture on the rack. About such affliction there is nothing vulgar, — nothing that can be contemplated but with feelings of profound respect. In truth, it is quite remarkable to notice how instinctively and universally the human heart recognizes the sacredness of sorrow. All undefiled natures surely feel it to be a holy thing. They never treat it, never think of it, except as invested with a certain quality which tends to lift the soul above all earth's meaner things. Let it but approach, and they are ready to bow down and do it homage ; at least, to show by unmistakable signs that it appeals to the more pious feelings of the heart. Men who seem to be destitute of all sense of the sacredness of anything will often show a subdued and tremulous feeling in the presence of sorrow, — a gentleness and respectfulness of manner altogether surprising. Very rarely will you find a man who can speak lightly of human grief. Men may profane God's holy name, may speak scornfully of the truths of religion, may denounce all the higher sanctities ; but when they think of sorrow, they are silent. And well they may be silent, for sorrow is sacred. Joy is sacred, — pure joy, — and love is sacred, and work is sacred ; but sorrow is more sacred than they all. How much of sanctity does it impart to this our lower world ! It seems sometimes, when we think of the rushing spirit of our times, of the disposition to ignore all holy things, and to turn life into a sort of perpetual carnival, — it seems as if sorrow were almost the only thing that prevents existence from becoming utterly profane. We hurry on, day after day, thoughtless and unmindful of God and his word, when lo ! a great sorrow comes into the midst of us, and everything is changed. There is a sacredness in the air. We speak one to another in subdued tones. The world is not the same world it was, and with many it never will be the same. Where are the sacred places in this world, — the places that call up in the heart the most reverential feeling, that stand in our thought in closest association with the holiness of the heavenly sphere ? They are places that have been consecrated by sorrow, where hu-

man hearts have suffered and wept. I enter some human abode where affliction hath found its way ; it was comely and pleasant before, but now it is sacred ; the whole atmosphere is hallowed, and it seems as if one must speak in hushed breath, as men are said to do as they walk in old cathedrals over the buried ashes of the dead. And then how holy is the hour when we are called to meet some great affliction ! How we look back to it, long after it has passed, as invested with a sacredness eclipsing that of any other period of our life ! Yes, and friendship and companionship, how holy they become, when we stand shoulder to shoulder while the rushing sea of trouble breaks over us ! In truth, sorrow is so sacred a thing that it hallows all it touches, and makes that which otherwise were common to have a charm for our deeper moods.

The last attribute of sorrow to which I propose to call your attention is its fruitfulness. It seems wonderful that from trial and disappointment such beautiful results should flow. And, in fact, we know that it often happens that they are utterly unfruitful ; that nothing like what they are capable of producing is brought forth. But still it is right to speak of the spiritual fruitfulness of affliction, for very abundant is the fruit which it helps to produce. Very rarely — I will not say never, but very rarely — do you find the finer qualities of character developed in great fulness, excepting in those who have been exercised by severe bereavements. Perfect exemption from suffering is not generally promotive of the more spiritual and heavenly graces of character. But when sorrow is experienced by any human heart, — sorrow that is deep and lasting, — when it is made to feel its helplessness and its desolation, the spiritual man within comes forth. Not rarely do men confess that the birth of the heavenly life in their souls began when they were lying overwhelmed by some terrible trouble. What beautiful characters have grown up right under the very shadow of affliction ! If you were searching for a truly gentle and trustful nature, for one whom you would present as showing the spiritual life in

its greatest attractiveness, where would you look? You would go and search out some afflicted home,—some home where, for many a weary day, its inmates have sat bowed down under unutterable trials,—where there have been weary watchings, and sleepless nights, and bitter tears, and all the manifold alternations of feeling that accompany stern and protracted sorrow; and there you would be most likely to find it. How beautiful have you seen one grow whom God in his inscrutable providence has placed under the hard but blessed discipline of affliction! You did not know that such fairness lay concealed in that seemingly careless being; but it was there, and trouble has brought it out, and you look upon it with emotions of holy delight, wondering how so great a change has been wrought. And wonderful indeed it is to see what affliction sometimes does for the perfecting of the spiritual life; how it calls into action the nobler qualities which adorn and glorify the character. And all the proper fruits of sorrow are beautiful and blessed. What sweetness of disposition is often produced in those who suffer such trials that it seems almost as if they would be utterly embittered! Indeed, what are the fruits of affliction, but just those which God is so delighted to behold, and which man looks upon with truest admiration? Gentleness of temper; sympathy for misfortune; meekness of disposition; love for the good; trust in God; prayerfulness and peaceableness;—yes, these are thy fruits, O sorrow! Not pride, not lofty self-assurance, not hardness of heart, dost thou encourage. Not these, or such as these, but kindness and tenderness, that make the eye to glisten when a tale of suffering is told, and the submission that asks only that God's holy will be done. And, indeed, whatever is lovely or refined in disposition it is the tendency of affliction to perfect.

Guided by the Bible and experience, we have contemplated sorrow in its four leading attributes,—its reality, its mysteriousness, its sacredness, its fruitfulness. And if our report be true, we have much less to fear from it than a hasty and

superficial view might incline us to think. Moreover, the idea that sorrow, as it is experienced by the human race, is derogatory to the mercifulness and paternal kindness of God, must be given up as without foundation. The very grimness and awfulness of affliction seem to be tempered, as we go over, one by one, its various attributes; especially as we see what a sacredness it carries with it, and what spiritual excellence it promotes in those who are exercised thereby. To be sure, what has been said of the sacredness and the fruitfulness of sorrow may seem extravagant to some; but many, I am persuaded, will be ready to admit it all. They know that affliction is fearfully real; that it is mysterious; but they know, too, that wherever it goes it may leave a blessing. May it be a blessing indeed to all who experience it! If it make them to agonize and weep, if it oppress them with the awful sense of mystery, may it also add to the sacredness of life, and assist them abundantly in the unfolding of their immortal powers. For then they will be prepared to confess, as many a sufferer has done, It is good for me that I have been afflicted.

THE INTUITIONS OF THE SOUL.

IN every soul is born some thought of God,
Of Beauty or of Wisdom, Power or Love;
No one so grovelling on the earth has trod,
But sought on sun-bright wings to soar above.
For man in God's own image first was made,
And dimly in himself these thoughts beholds;
The same in Nature too he sees displayed,
As she to him her glorious book unfolds.
Thus ever upward doth our being tend,
As we more clearly these great thoughts discern;
And ask of God his heavenly grace to lend,
That we as children all the truth may learn;
That in our souls unclouded and divine
The Life, the Light of men, may ever shine!

J. T.

ESCHATOLOGY OF CHRIST AND OF ST. PAUL
COMPARED.

PART II.

ome next to inquire, What *is the meaning* of Christ's in regard to his second coming? What he taught subject is presented most fully in Matt. xxiv., xxv., before intimated, with such a completeness that we ask no further. Here we have, in its entirety, the eschatology of Christ. And these two chapters are so familiar that it will not be necessary often to quote the language. It will be instructive and amusing to present a history of interpretation of these two chapters; but we have neither the time nor the patience to do so. We wish rather, if possible, to discover for ourselves the meaning of the language employed. A few general remarks, bearing in part upon the subject as a whole, must precede the discussion of this subject.

Whatever we find in these two chapters must be taken as the teaching of Christ, and not the view of the eschatologist simply. It is becoming quite too common to refer to the teaching of Christ as the teaching of the eschatologist, or we find in the Gospels of an unpleasant nature to refer to the teaching of the Evangelists. The sooner we get rid of the eschatologist, the better. For it must be seen by all that such a course would convert the simple history of Christ and his teachings into an indefinite number of subjective theories and fanciful guesses as to what Christ *may* have been and what he *may* have taught. We should have Christ and his teaching as it *was*, not *in esse*. We must throw away the history of the Gospels written by Matthew of the first century, for one written by Theodore of the nineteenth. Luke the Physician is superseded by Lücke the Theologian, and John the Wise must give way for John the Wise. Were there original documents to which we could refer, such as some supposed to have been used by the Evangelists, were there family or state papers

still extant which it were possible to consult, then I have no doubt there are scholars in our times, who, humanly speaking, could give us a more accurate history of Christ than Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John have done. But as nothing of the sort exists, it must be detrimental to history, as well as injurious to faith, to reject the simple narrative of Matthew for the fanciful conjectures of modern theorists, who, setting facts aside, seem to feel, with the poet,

"I have that within me I can feed upon,
Spider-like spin my place out anywhere."

Matthew may possibly be in error; but if he is, the man is not living who can correct him as to facts. To get out a corrected edition of Matthew's Gospel were a hopeless task at this late day.

Secondly, we must dismiss at once the arbitrary distinction made in a comparatively recent book between the expressions, "the coming of the Son of Man," and "the coming of the Lord." The author of this book * supposes that the expression "coming of the Son of Man" refers to the establishment of Christ's kingdom by the introduction of Christianity into the world, one great step towards which was the destruction of Jerusalem and the subversion of the Mosaic religion; while he supposes that the expression "coming of the Lord" refers to the death of each individual Christian, when, as he expresses it, "a *cluster* of momentous facts shall simultaneously occur." The book is well worth reading; but for this arbitrary distinction we find not the least support in the New Testament. We regard the expressions, "Son of Man," "Son of God," "the Lord" (when applied to Christ), "the Lord Jesus Christ," "Jesus," "Christ Jesus," &c., &c., mere appellatives denoting one and the same person. That each of these titles has its own etymological significance is of course true, and so has every proper name; but that the sacred writers ever used them with reference to that signifi-

* Eschatology. By Samuel Lee. Boston. 1859.

cance seems to us incapable of proof, to say the least. Besides, the idea of the Apostles making such a nice metaphysical and philological discrimination is wholly foreign to the genius of the Bible-writers. And when we add the fact, that no intimation is given on their part of such a distinction, and, furthermore, that no one ever thought of making that distinction till 1859, we cannot help thinking that it smacks too much of mere theory—a theory gotten up for a special purpose—to be regarded of much value. The arbitrary manner in which this writer places together in one grand division all the titles of the Saviour except the one, “Son of Man,” while he sets this off by itself as peculiar and unique, can, we fancy, only be regarded as uncritical by the learned world, while it will fail to meet any hearty sympathy from the mass of New Testament readers. Mr. Lee says, very justly, that no writer before him has made this distinction: he may rest quite sure that no writer after him ever will.

Thirdly, we must not suffer what is sometimes termed our “Christian consciousness” to interfere with our interpretation of Christ’s language on this subject. Whatever this phrase may mean, it must not come between us and the written record. We sympathize with Strauss, in this particular, when he says: “The question is not, What will satisfy the Christian consciousness? but, What stands written concerning Christ? and to this the above consciousness must accommodate itself as best it may. Considering the subject rationally, however, a feeling resting on presuppositions such as the so-called Christian consciousness has no voice in matters of science, and, as often as it seeks to intermeddle with them, is to be reduced to order by the simple reprimand, ‘Mulier taceat in ecclesia.’ ” *

Fourthly, we do not believe that Christ, in these two chapters, meant to foretell simply the destruction of Jerusalem, with the accompanying events at the time. Not that the

* Life of Jesus, Vol. III. pp. 99, 100 (London edition, 1846).

figures and symbols used in the celebrated verses, Matt. xxiv. 27-51, are too bold to describe that event; for such highly wrought figurative language is so common in the Old Testament prophets, and is so consonant with the Oriental style of speaking, that its use to describe the destruction of the capital of God's chosen people need not startle any one. He has only to read the thirteenth and fourteenth chapters of Isaiah, which describe the destruction of Babylon, to find a counterpart to the language used in these verses of Matthew. The remark, therefore, of Strauss, concerning verses 29-31, is perfectly gratuitous, when he says: "But in this explanation [i. e. in applying it to the destruction of Jerusalem] there is a want of similarity between the symbols and the ideas represented, which is not only unprecedented in itself, but particularly inconceivable in this case, since Jesus is here addressing minds of Jewish culture, and must therefore be aware that what he said of the Messiah's advent in the clouds, of the judgment, and the end of the existing period of the world, would be understood in the most literal sense." * As little can we sympathize with the remark of Professor Stowe, when, on this same passage, he says: "All its expressions, all its figures, all its imagery, taken in their *obvious* import, must belong to that event [the last judgment], and cannot without extreme violence be referred to *any other*." †

It is on higher grounds than these that we raise our objection to this interpretation of these two chapters, i. e. referring them *wholly* to the destruction of Jerusalem and the accompanying events. In the first place, it has always seemed a strange proceeding, this referring everything concerning the solemn future, which we find in the New Testament, to the destruction of Jerusalem. We cannot help asking ourselves, What is the use of a revelation from God to tell us this? Must heaven and earth be moved, the Son of God become incarnated, and mighty wonders wrought in

* Life of Jesus, Vol. III. pp. 87, 88 (London, 1846).

† Bib. Sacra, Vol. VII. p. 457 (1850).

name of the most high God, simply to reveal to the world the capital of Judæa was to be destroyed? Was this, the first in the judgments of God, to prefigure nothing else? Was the prophecy to close here? It has been maintained by some writers, that not only Christ, but all the scriptures, refer only to the destruction of Jerusalem when in the way they refer to the second coming of Christ.* But what interest could this fact be to the Gentile Christians at Thessalonica, Corinth, and Rome? "That the destruction of Jerusalem should be spoken of, in language so general and applicable to all, as *the* great fact that should put an end to their trials and bring them into the realization of their best hopes, is utterly incredible."† Again, the frequent exhortation of Christ to his disciples, to be constantly looking for the destruction of Jerusalem, has always seemed to every ludicrous. "Be ye also ready, for in such a time as ye think not the Son of Man cometh," — with what propriety such an injunction be given to one in reference to the destruction of *any* city? How can the slow march of a Roman army, and those tedious encampments and prolonged sieges upon the city, be fit events to call forth the command, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh," — "Watch, for ye know not when your Lord doth come"? Mr. Livermore, like every other Christian, is struck with the ethical force of applying this to something higher than the destruction of Jerusalem, and exclaims, contrary to his interpretation of these chapters in general: "This is an exhortation worthy of our attention in every age; the coming of the Son of Man to us individually in the hour of death will be we know not how soon or how suddenly."‡ But if this refer wholly to the destruction of Jeru-

See Professor Crosby's "Second Advent," Nisbett's "Coming of Christ," and other writers.

* See, Eschatology, pp. 73, 74.

† Commentary on Matt. xxiv. 42, Vol. I. p. 289 (Boston and London,

salem, how can it be of such importance to us "in every age"? Again, nothing happened at the destruction of Jerusalem, or at any subsequent period, that would satisfy the idea set forth of the separation of the wicked from the just. Indeed, no such separation is possible, till the complete and universal triumph of Christianity, when it will be said, "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still." "Let all grow together till the harvest," i. e., we are told, till the destruction of Jerusalem. But no separation of the guilty from the innocent was made then, for the guilty and the innocent suffered alike, and even the Christians had to flee. Nor was there such a spiritual sifting, nor such a spiritual change in the condition of the world, at the destruction of Jerusalem, as to warrant us in supposing that Christ meant that his prophecy should be exhausted by that event. Indeed, that at the destruction of Jerusalem there were no such moral changes among the children of earth, no such spiritual separation made, as the awful language of Christ in Matt. xxv. describes, we think too evident to need arguing. We do not ask for a literal fulfilment of the language of Christ at the destruction of Jerusalem. We maintain that nothing of a spiritual nature took place at that event corresponding to the whole of what Christ had in his mind. And, furthermore, we contend that no man, not even the *wildest dreamer*, certainly not Christ, could ever have supposed that such spiritual changes could be the result and accompaniment of the mere destruction of Jerusalem. So far, therefore, from regarding* Christ as guilty of an error in supposing such changes would take place at the destruction of Jerusalem, we find it incredible that any *dreamer* could have believed it possible. Of course, then, we do not think that Christ meant his prophecy to be exhausted at the destruction of Jerusalem and the changes (spiritual or otherwise) consequent thereupon. We think that such an idea of Christ's view into futurity would

* With Strauss, Newman, and others.

degrade him from the high rank of the Son of God, and a Revealer of life and immortality, to the level of a mere political seer; it would make the four Gospels nothing but a political text-book of a by-gone race,—nay, the poetic epitaph of a dead nation. As has been well said by another, “With these two chapters and kindred passages confined wholly to the destruction of Jerusalem, and to this world, we look in vain in the Gospels for a future world at all.” All is earth, Judæa, Jerusalem.

What, then, did Jesus teach with regard to his second coming? We shall not go into a long argument, but simply state the conclusions of our investigation. We believe, then, that the disciples meant by the end of the world, *συντέλεια τοῦ αἰῶνος*, in their question (verse 3), the end of man’s probation in this world, when the *human race* shall cease to exist on the earth. We do not apply it exclusively either to the destruction of the *κόσμος*, or the destruction of the Jewish nation and religious polity. There is no proof that the Jews believed either that the *κόσμος* would be destroyed, or that their religious polity would come to an end. Indeed, this latter thought was wholly foreign to their hopes and prejudices. Their Messiah was not to destroy their religious polity, but to make it more glorious. All talk about *συντέλεια τοῦ αἰῶνος* referring to the end or destruction of Mosaism as an age soon to pass away, is opposed no less to the prejudices of the Jewish disciples who ask the question, than to the spiritual insight of Jesus who answers it. The word *αἰών* does, indeed, mean an age, longer or shorter, and here it means, as we think, the age or period of man’s duration on the earth,—the existence of the human race in this world. Christ answers their first question, about the destruction of Jerusalem, in the first thirty-five verses; his mind, however, is not wholly absorbed on that event alone, but, contemplating the spiritual phase of his own religion, and its onward march after that destruction, he sees its final triumph and the winding up of all earthly affairs,—the end of man’s *αἰών* on earth;

sees it, however, not as God sees it, but dimly (compared with God's sight of it), and exclaims, in the 36th verse, "But of *that* day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only." To regard "the day" and "hour" here as marking the *precise*, and not the *general* time, is, as Neander well remarks,* mere trifling; ἐκεῖνης is the emphatic word, and not ἡμέρας and ὥρας. In the preceding verses, the destruction of Jerusalem was the main idea before his mind, while the introduction and spread of his own religion, for which he came into the world, are seen dimly through his words. So absorbed was he in the affliction that awaited his countrymen, that for a while he loses sight of the grander movements of history. Then, rising above the temporal, he looks through the ages into the eternal, — looks from the first great judgment in the history of Christianity to the last great judgment in the history of man. The one suggests the other, and the transition is natural and easy. In the remainder of these chapters, the destruction of Jerusalem, which had formed the main subject of thought in the first part, retires into the background, serving only as a type of the far-off future, when the coming of the Son of Man would be visible, not to the Jews only, but to the world. Meantime, the judgment of God, begun at the destruction of Jerusalem, goes on through the history of Christianity, till it culminates in the final judgment described so vividly in the last sixteen verses of chapter xxv. "And so," says Neander, "in general all great epochs of the world's history, in which God reveals himself as Judge, condemning a creation ripe for destruction, and calling a new one into being, all critical and creative epochs of the world's history, correspond with each other, and collectively prefigure the *last* judgment and the *last* creation, the consummation of the kingdom of God."†

Now, if it be said that this is bordering on the double-sense

* Life of Christ, p. 368 (Translation of M'Clinch and Blumenthal, New York, 1860).

† Ibid.

theory of language, we answer, it can scarcely be called so, in any bad acceptance of that term. At all events, it is not more so than that explanation which refers these two chapters to the destruction of Jerusalem *and* the establishment of Christianity in the world. For surely it will not be contended that the literal destruction of Jerusalem, and the establishing of Christianity in the world, are the *same*. What *similarity*, even, is there between the introduction of Christianity into the heart of a believer, and the battering down of the walls of Jerusalem and the murdering of a million human beings? And yet those who object to the above explanation, on the ground that it is based on the double-sense view of language, maintain that the "coming of the Son of Man" represents, and that Christ meant his language (in these two chapters) to convey, these two very distinct ideas. And we think their view correct, so far as it goes, but that it errs in not connecting a higher sense than either to the language of Christ. And the compound idea of a near and a distant, of a present and a future coming of the Son of Man, is in perfect keeping with the mode of Bible teaching on other subjects. Thus the kingdom of God is represented as present and future; as beginning in this life, and carried on in the next; as something to be prayed for as still future,— "Thy kingdom come," — and yet as already in the heart,— "The kingdom of God is within you"; as ever present, and yet as ever to come; as on earth, and yet in heaven. So also Christ is represented as being in the heart of the believer, and yet as coming in the clouds of heaven; as coming at the destruction of Jerusalem, and yet as coming at the end of the world. As it is the genius of Christianity to represent an inward life and an outward activity as counterparts of the same general idea, so it is its genius to represent each moral truth as a type of a still greater and a future moral truth.

If it is complained (as it is by Strauss), that it is nowhere announced that the destruction of Jerusalem *prefigures* a general judgment, we answer, in the first place, that the

silence in this respect is no more to be wondered at than the silence with regard to a good many other things that we should be glad to be informed of more explicitly; secondly, this objection is equally valid against any interpretation except a baldly literal one; and, thirdly, that a judgment begun, carried on, and finally brought to a close, is plainly taught in these chapters. And as this was not and could not have been fulfilled in its completeness at the destruction of Jerusalem or of any other city, we naturally refer it to something yet future, though undergoing a gradual fulfilment in the ever progressive present. We cannot convince ourselves that this impressive prophecy of Christ looks no further than the destruction of Jerusalem. Such a view strips it of its ethical utility, of its moral beauty, its religious consolation, and its impressive grandeur. According to such a view, the last words of Christ, "Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world," which we had looked upon as eternally true, spend their full force in the brief space of forty years; and what we had regarded a promise — a glorious promise — to the tens of thousands of struggling Christians in all ages, past, present, and to come, was intended only for the few first saints, and ceased to have a meaning centuries and centuries ago, even ere the beloved disciple passed from earth to heaven. We cannot attribute to the Son of God such solemn trifling. We do not believe that "the end of the world" had any such exclusive and narrow meaning, but that, sweeping on through universal history, it contemplates the close of man's career on the earth, — the winding up of all human affairs in this world of the probation of the race.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

"MORNINGS are mysteries; the first world's youth,
 Man's resurrection and the future's bud
 Shroud in their births; the crown of life, light, truth,
 Is stil'd their *starre*, the *stone* and *hidden food*.
 Three blessings wait upon them, two of which
 Should move. They make us holy, happy, rich."

INTUITIONS.

FROM THE GERMAN.

BY L. H.

To Light through Night,
 To Joy through Woe,
 To Life through Death we go.

Seest thou the east bright oping?
 In morning's red there singing,
 Dost feel the angel's breath?
 So long in night wast groping, —
 To thee now help is bringing
 One rich in mercies, Death.
 Him friendly greet, nor mourn,
 He then will friend be too;
 To peace thy penance turn,
 He is the friend most true.

LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ.

Overhead, where stars are glowing,
 Must in fullest flower be blowing
 Joys on earth to us forbid.
 Only in Death's arms so chilling
 Life shall first with warmth be thrilling,
 And the night in light be hid.

HEINRICH HEINE.

POCRISY, flattery, and verbal forgiveness availeth nothing.
 It be children, not by outward imputation, but by being
 God from within, in the new man, which is resigned in

RANDOM READINGS.

PREACHING WITHOUT NOTES.

CAMBRIDGE DIVINITY SCHOOL.

WHILST we were listening to the very satisfactory exercises of the Graduating Class of the Cambridge Divinity School, on the 14th of the last month, we could not restrain a desire that more pains might be taken to educate our young preachers in the art of preaching without notes, and that the friends of our various Divinity Schools might have, on anniversary occasions, some specimens of their attainments in this way. We do not mean that this exceedingly important department of clerical education is neglected in the Theological Seminary at Cambridge, — indeed, we are well aware that this is not the case, — and we have not forgotten, either, the little book on Extemporaneous Preaching by Dr. Henry Ware, Jr., or his own excellent extemporaneous sermons; but we are sure that the attention of the teachers is not enough directed this way, and that the efficiency of our ministers would be very much increased by a training which would enable them to lay aside their manuscripts and speak with more freedom. We should say that at least a third of the exercises should be extemporaneous, so far as the *language* is concerned, whilst for that occasion all the papers should be committed to memory. There is something positively benumbing in reading an essay from a desk, which must be either too low for the eyes of the speaker, so often near-sighted, or in the way of his arms. We all know the old and familiar and valid objections to abundant extemporaneous speech, and of course we should all be very sorry to have our preachers speak to us from the surface of the mind, without careful, conscientious study and preparation. Moreover, every one must recognize the necessity of a persistent employment of the pen, and of acquiring a faculty of reading manuscript in a living way; but none the less should the young man who is to address a congregation once or twice every week endeavor to gain the power of preparing in the mind and heart, and writing, not with ink, but upon living tablets, a fresh discourse, that will at least be available when the carpet-bag has been unhappily left behind. The labor is quite as great, to say the

ast, as that of composition, but there are some peculiar advantages the practice, — advantages to the preacher and to the hearer. To the preacher, in the matter of method and statement; to the hearer, aiding his attention and saving him from what is so often formal and stilted and abstract. It is often said that extemporaneous preaching is empty of thought, liable to be a series of repetitions, likely to degenerate into mere exhortation; and perhaps these things are true

what is strictly *extemporaneous*, at least unless the speaker has a large measure of inspiration; but whilst the language of the preacher may be unpremeditated, the thought must not be, and this would remove the objection. Moreover, it is quite as easy to write when one has nothing to write, as to speak when one has nothing to say; indeed, it is easier to cover up poverty of thought when you have time to round sentences, than when you must utter what is uppermost, be it little or much. Let one who has written a sermon, and proposes to read it, go over what he has written with a view of gathering up just what he would preach as the day's message, he will then be surprised to find how little it all amounts to, spite of the commonplace and the verbiage. If he would discourse upon that topic without his notes, as a man talking to men, he must dig deeper, he must spend at least as much time in thinking and studying as he has spent in writing, and presently he will have something to say that will not need to be spread out and spun out and decked out. We should recommend our preachers to write their sermons just as carelessly as they can, to re-arrange them after writing, to familiarize themselves, not with their language, but with their contents, and then be sure to leave the manuscript at home when the church-bell rings. It may be said that this involves a great deal of labor, and so it does; but it may make all the difference between a dull, profitless speaker and a valuable preacher, and any labor is well expended that will make preaching really useful; indeed, what so laborious as to be reading somnolently to somnolent hearers all one's days? There is nothing more exhilarating than fresh, vigorous, manly utterance; nothing more wearisome to all concerned than mere preaching. Without some skill in this way, the preacher would seem to be wretchedly unfurnished, especially for duty in the country, where he is often called upon to speak at funerals, and on various occasions that admit of no manuscripts. It is the greatest relief sometimes to have such a Zoar to which to betake one's self. The present writer,

for example, once found himself, during the singing of the hymn before the sermon, *minus* the said sermon. Had he not exercised himself a little in the extemporaneous way, there would have been no resource save to dismiss the congregation with the implication that he, a preacher of the Gospel, having left the Gospel at home, had no message for the people on that day. Have our readers ever fallen in with Coquerel's book entitled *La Prédication*? It is full of admirable hints upon this subject, — not to the end of any discouragement of careful preparation, or of any counselling young preachers to dispense with manuscripts or memorizing, — and yet to the effect that no one should regard his training as a sermonizer in the least satisfactory, until he has learned to speak from mental preparation, reading his sermon from the tablets within, or composing it, so far as the words are in question, in the face of his audience, being guided even in the choice of illustrations and the forms of address and appeal by their faces and gestures, and so seeking in a true apostolic way to be all things to all men, if by any means he may hold the ear of the wakeful and even rouse the sleepers.

E.

THE VIRGIN MARY.

THE sentence most often repeated in the Christian world, the ejaculation most often uttered in secret or aloud of all in the Scriptures, is the salutation of the angel to the virgin of Nazareth. *Ave Maria*, "Hail, Mary," is the formula of all Catholic piety, the refrain of all Catholic ceremony. It is chanted in cathedral and cottage, in palace and prison, when a babe is to be consecrated, a sinner to be shrived, a sufferer to be released, or a body to be given to burial. The Catholic maiden sings it while she numbers the beads of her rosary; the Catholic sailor makes it his talisman for slumber in wind and storm. Piety is never weary of repeating it, yet its repetition is the chief burden of penance. You hear it in the morning greetings of the flower-girls of Paris, in the sunset music of the chimes of Rome, in the midnight mass of the monks of Jerusalem. Ignorant and wise, young and old, prince and beggar, the happy and the sorrowing, all practise this holy salutation. To the "Credo" and the "Pater Noster," the Creed and the Lord's Prayer, with which the "Ave Maria" is joined, this is what "Charity" is to the other Christian graces, most dear to the hearts of worshippers, most accept-

ble to the Divine Father. It is the first stammering word which the Catholic infant lisps ; it is the last faltering prayer on the lips of the dying believer.

The kind and degree of honor paid to the Virgin Mary are incredible to one who has not travelled in lands where all doubt concerning her right to such honor is the worst of heresy. As you cross the line which separates the Protestant from the Roman Church, you notice at once that the mother of the Saviour is more important than the Saviour himself ; as you go farther into the Catholic domain, you see that Mary is worshipped more than God. In all the Eastern churches she is the recognized mediator between earth and heaven, between God and man, — is the chief and head of the great company of saints and angels that intercede for the sinner at the throne of the Eternal. No house is furnished that has not her image or picture. No wardrobe is complete that has not the sign of her favor and the token of her remembrance. Every church has an altar set for her service. Every event in her life has its appropriate festival. We saw the Arab children of Nazareth celebrating the feast of her Annunciation at early morning. We heard the thunders of artillery in Naples announcing at noonday the memorial feast of Mary's sinless birth. We listened while the nuns of a Roman church sang of her glories, on the day of the Presentation. And we "assisted" in the throng in a small Swiss village which gathered at vespers to hear and tell how the Virgin Mother of God was received up into heaven.

Not every artist has ventured to present the face or form of the Saviour. But every Catholic artist has given once, perhaps many times, his thought of the Madonna. The sculpture of Michael Angelo, which he thought worthy of a place in St. Peter's Cathedral, represents the mother of Jesus weeping above the dead body of her son. The picture of Raphael, which has confirmed his fame for all time and all people, represents the mother with her babe, worshipped by saints and environed by angels. This was the face which the recluse figured upon the wall of his cell, and the favorite of courts sought for the seal of his glory. Where art has its least vestige you shall find a rude picture of the Madonna, on the tops of Alpine mountains or in the dingy hovels of Upper Egypt. Where art has its perfect work, that work is the face and form of the Virgin. The Calabrian peasant plays his bagpipe before the same sweet face as that toward which the Bishop of Rome directs the pomp of his

ritual. What Venus was to ancient art, that has the Madonna become to modern art, purified, however, from all sensual and gross ideas. There is a parallel between the ancient worship of the Goddess of Love and the modern worship of the Queen of Heaven; but there is a contrast too, even more striking. You may mistake the Christian heads of God the Father for the Pagan heads of Jupiter; but you cannot mistake the face of the mother of Jesus for the face of the Greek Aphrodite. The conception of the two natures is very different; and painters who have been tempted to profane their art in representing the one, have atoned for it in representing the other. The sensual fascination of Titian's Venus is more than matched by the spiritual beauty of his Assumption of the Virgin.

A curious, if not edifying, volume might be written upon the history of Mariolatry in the Christian Church, from its first faint beginnings in the fourth century down to its perfect appointment in the recent decree of the Vatican. It has now been established as an article of faith in the Catholic Church, that Mary, the mother of God, was sinless at birth, — sinless by nature, incapable of any thought, word, or deed of wrong; an article of faith which whoever doubts shall perish eternally. If the Inquisition should ever again be established, they will undoubtedly burn those who question this doctrine. A Catholic now can ascribe every real or conceivable excellence, every human or angelic grace, to the Virgin, and yet speak literal truth. She is even greater than Jesus in his human nature, since she was not, as he was, tempted and exposed to sin. All that the most devout Protestant can say of Christ, a Catholic can say of her who was at once the eldest daughter, the wife, and the mother of the Almighty. The awful and blasphemous sound of these epithets in no way disturbs him. He finds no difficulty in ascribing to the Virgin infinite power as well as infinite love, — an ability as inexhaustible as her compassion is unbounded. Miracles Jesus no longer works. He has gone off into the Godhead, and has few dealings with the affairs of men. But the Virgin is perpetually working miracles, every month and day and hour. A thousand tokens of these miracles are hung upon the walls of Italian churches.

Yet the authentic data for a knowledge of this Divine maiden are very few. Only a small portion of her biography, as it is read in the schools of the Church, is contained in the Scripture histories. A very small text is expanded by piety and by tradition into a very full

narrative. In Jerusalem they show you where the Virgin's father and mother lived, and have reminiscences of this excellent and saint-couple, about which neither the New Testament nor any Jewish historian says a single word. They show, too, the tomb where the virgin was buried, now a gorgeous subterranean church, about which, as Scripture is quite silent. The circumstances in her story to which we should refer for a knowledge of her character are just those which a Catholic would think too insignificant for use. The facts which have been added are to him much more magnificent. His idea of Mary is of Mary in heaven, caught up and crowned, infinite beauty, in holiness, in love. It would seem to him impious to speak of Mary as only a Hebrew girl, whose single claim to notice is that she was chosen to be the mother of the Saviour of men. Yet this is what a Protestant is compelled to say. If Mary were not the mother of Jesus, there is almost no female character of the Bible which would not offer more for profitable study. Abstract this crowning fact, and there is little else to be said concerning her.

Very rarely does the mother of Jesus appear in the history of his ministry. Only once, and that in his first recorded miracle at Cana in Galilee, does she seem to have used her influence to guide his action. Only once is his mother mentioned as coming to intercede, to make request, or even to visit Jesus, and then there is no account of their interview. When he was crucified she stood by his cross, and it is probable that she saw him after he had risen. She was accustomed, afterward, to meet with the disciples, but we know of her nothing further. Who shall dare on so slight a thread of fact to fasten any conjectures? We might reason *a priori*, and insist that one who was worthy to be mother of the perfect man must of necessity have been adorned with every grace and furnished with every gift,—must have been nearly a perfect woman. We might, on the general principle that the son follows the mother, infer that the mother of such a son must have been rarest among women. But that kind of reasoning is by no means satisfactory. The rule is not absolute, that a remarkable man must have a remarkable mother. It has very numerous exceptions. And, moreover, the case of Jesus is special and exceptional,—not to be judged by common rules. Mary was chosen to be mother of Christ; but, for aught that the narrative tells us, there might have been a hundred other maidens of Galilee as excellent as she, and as worthy of such an honor. Jesus seems to

have other women than his mother for spiritual confidantes, — Mary, the sister of Lazarus, for instance, — though, with true filial concern, he cared for his mother when he was dying upon the cross.

So far as we can judge, the nature of Mary was passive and pliant, submissive rather than forcible. Only once in the record does she give any command, and then it is to tell the servants to obey the command of her son. She seems to have been to Joseph an obedient wife, and to have kept for her wonderful son always a profound deference. There is not the least indication of her method of domestic training, whether from the beginning she left him to himself, or whether she brought to bear upon his growing years the mildness of a mother's authority, — whether he was a child governed or a child indulged. At the age of twelve years, we know that his mother ventured only very gently to expostulate with his truancy, and that he answered as to one who could not understand his destiny and mission. Mary knew that her child was a remarkable child, but it may be doubted if she had any consciousness of the kind of his greatness, or thought of the course he was going to follow. There is no evidence that Mary educated Jesus to be a prophet, or inspired him for his great work by her personal instructions, — no evidence that there was much intellectual sympathy between Jesus and his mother; else we should hear more about her, see him more with her, and have some notice of his filial intercourse. His answer to her at Cana does not indicate any close affinity of soul, or that he was much accustomed to confer with her about Divine things. We would fain have this otherwise, but we cannot, unless we alter the record. We would fain see in this union of mother and son an instance of exalted spiritual society, but we cannot, without varying the facts and inventing other facts. As it is, however, the lack of such union assists to make the character of Jesus more peculiar and divine.

Mary does not seem among her neighbors to have gained any reputation for force of character. There was nothing to make out her son as likely to have more wisdom and power than any other. His own countrymen, when they heard him in the synagogue, were amazed that he could so talk and so act, — he, the carpenter, the son of Mary, and brother of James and the rest. They did not know any advantage which his parentage gave him over others. That Mary was pious there can be no doubt, for her song in the house of Elizabeth is full of religious rapture, and she was faithful to fulfil

the requirements of the law in feastings and fastings. Jesus may have seen in her the example of simple and sincere and habitual prayerfulness, and may have heard from her the songs of his people. But she does not seem to have been noted among those of her society as a woman of any special force, — to have gained, even with the consciousness that she was the mother of Messiah, any commanding position. Such a woman as Rebecca, or Rachel, or the mother of Zebedee's children, would have acquired an influence among her companions adequate to such high promise, — would have been recognized as an uncommon person. Mary does not seem to have gained, even if she sought, this fame; she seems to have been to her friends only the wife of Joseph the carpenter.

Yet there are indications in the record of a certain thoughtfulness, of a meditative temper, in the account of the mother of Jesus. We read that, while the rest at Bethlehem wondered at the things which the shepherds told, Mary kept all these things and pondered them in her heart; that she meditated, too, the sayings of the boy as he returned with her from Jerusalem to Bethlehem. It is probable that she thought more than she dared to express, — that she mused upon the wonders she was unable to comprehend. It may be that Jesus drew from her his own temper of prayerful reflection, the temper which led him frequently into solitude and into almost mystical utterance. There are many sweet and beautiful natures which make up for a possible lack of force by a deeper spiritual introversion; whose power, not able to act upon the world without, is turned more intensely upon the world within; who seem to be of little practical account, yet to have large society with God and his angels. Perhaps Mary was of that number whose walk, humble among men, is very close with God, — whose lips are not eloquent in discourse, but whose eyes are radiant with spiritual light, — natures which seem to rest in religion and be content, turning over in strange musing the appearances of God in the world, but never wishing to get out of this charmed circle. Our impression of Mary is that of a religious quietist, — one who might choose a convent life and be happy in it, might ask for no higher blessing than to think and pray. We must allow, however, that the basis in Scripture for this belief is not broad enough to justify it as a positive statement.

Mary was a true woman, again, we may say, in her deep and un-

questioning faith. There is no hint at any scepticism, though her confidence had to anticipate long the wonderful works of her son. She believed, before he had begun to work miracles, that he was able to work them; and she had faith, even though he might seem to deny her request, that he would not fail in the emergency. Her faith, too, survived her broken affection; and when death had rudely torn away her beloved one, and the last and final parting had come, she still believed. She, not chosen as an Apostle, was a faithful disciple. There are those whose faith needs not to prove itself in action, but nevertheless is strengthened by suffering; who believe beyond use and service more and more as the reasons for faith seem to be removed. There are lives which seem, as the occasions of labor and affection are taken from them one after another, to be resolved into this one residue of faith, in which trust seemed to be the only thing remaining. You may read on the brow of the aged widow, whose children are no more in the house, these words distinct: "Lord, I believe," — "Though thou slayest, still I trust." A strong man who has labored long and earnestly, who has made proselytes near and far and done all the work of an evangelist, may fall into scepticism in spite of his success, and mourn with the preacher that it is all vanity, and that he has spent his strength for naught. But a nature like that of Mary is subject to no such disaster.

This half-conjectural account is all that the Scripture has to give of Mary of Nazareth. Is it not strange that there is so little? Is it not strange that no practical lesson can be drawn from her life who is to the Christian world more than any created being, we might almost say more than God? Is it not sad, some will ask, that she who, in the elder Church, is the greatest of all saints, should to us, Bible Christians, be the least of all holy women, — that we should not, with the martyrs and the saints, be able to chant our "Ave Maria"? There are Protestants who have wished that this help to sentimental piety might be added to our rational religion, that we might introduce the worship of the Virgin in modified form to help out the barrenness of our cold creeds and ritual. But this feeling is very mistaken. For the worship of the Virgin is only a poor substitute for the recognition and friendship of a living Saviour. Who that has Jesus needs Mary? Who that has the intercession of Jesus — representing to him the whole of the Divine life and the best of human life, all that God is and all that man ought to be, the graces passive and the vir-

ness active—would be content with the poor measure of all that even piety has attached to the character of the Virgin? What has fiction invented for her that fact has not proved for him? Her Assumption is a poetic fancy; his Transfiguration is a fact. Her Coronation is a subject for art; but his Resurrection has brought life and immortality to light. Her glory is a derived glory; she gained it from her child. His glory is his own; no mortal gave it to him, but he gives it to all men.

All the service which the worship of Mary has done to art, all the harm which it has lent to worship, all the sentimental meanings which have been attached to it by poets, cannot weigh against the fearful superstition it has fostered. Some have attempted to show that the recent decree concerning Mary's sinlessness was a step in the progress of faith; that it prepares for the reversion of Augustine's doctrine of original sin; that what is said to be true of Mary will soon be said to be true of all. There is slight reason for that view. The new dogma is rather a fatal eclipse of the humanity of Christ, a final decree that Mary shall stand in the stead of Christ. The adoration of the Virgin came into the Church through the mistake which set the man Christ out of it, introduced confusion into his nature, and compelled Christians, believing him to be God, to separate him from their fellowship. A mediator the Church must have; not, indeed, to make known their wants and to bear their prayers, but to manifest for them in the flesh the divine life. Let us beware how, by any metaphysical theories, we lose the humanity of Christ, our brother as he is our Saviour. If we lose this, then either our religion will become a cold, hard creed, without soul or beauty, like the formulas of Calvin, or we shall be driven to that childish, weak, and fearful superstition which makes men devotees to the Virgin's shrine. A faith which keeps the historical Christ may be as warm as the warmest, yet not with the fervor of any falsehood.

THE COPPERHEADS OF THE MOUNTAINS.

Berkshire Hills, July, 1863.

MY DEAR E.:—Here among the eagle-nests of the Switzerland of Massachusetts you would naturally expect to find only the love of liberty. If so, you are mistaken. This town where I am now writing is the strongest hold of Copperheadism in Massachusetts. At

least, I hope there are none worse. There are secret organizations, I am told, ramifying into neighboring towns. Boxes of pistols, it is said, come here to their order. Threats of shooting the enrolling officers, and of resisting the execution of the draft, are defiantly made. "Why don't you have the militia armed, drilled, and ready?" I asked. Answer, "Because the militia would include so many of these secret traitors." Nevertheless, it is amazing that not only Massachusetts, but all the loyal States, should neglect to have the militia enrolled and drilled and ready for all emergencies. As it is, the traitors are getting the start, and the ground under our feet is being honeycombed and mined ready for explosion, — to what extent, these villains, with Satan for their prime-minister, can tell. It is easy enough to mark one of these fellows. They have a sinister, snaky look, talk jeeringly of the "niggers," denounce the government and the war, look sullen and sneakish when they hear an outburst of patriotism from a loyal heart, perhaps hang round and listen to report what they hear to their secret conclaves. In this town, with a population of sixteen hundred, some estimate the number of these conspirators as high as two hundred, — an exaggeration we may hope. Good people express the fear that free, loyal speech here, from the pulpit or in public places, may soon be at the peril of life. Depend upon it, the outbreak in New York was only one demonstration of a widely extended organization plotting in secret all over the country. One thing only will defeat them and set them high in the pillories of eternal shame, and that is the speedy success of the Union arms. If the government does not have victory very soon, and organize it, they will have more to fear from the elections of 1864 than they ever had from the rebel armies. But thanks be to God who giveth us the victory. Thus far he has made the blunders of the government redound to the cause of freedom and humanity, and he will not abandon it. The four millions of human beings who have been made the football of our degraded politics are emerging to their human inheritance, and unless they have it we may cry Peace! peace! but peace will never come.

These hills are in all their summer glory. The crops are even in advance of those of the Middlesex farms. I have been preaching all day for the Orthodox minister. He invited me to his pulpit with so much hearty good-will that I was ashamed to decline, especially as he was suffering from ill-health; though, to tell the truth, a sermon

prepared for the meridian of Boston is out of place here on the luffs of Berkshire in its methods and illustrations, — albeit the substance and marrow of the Gospel are everywhere the same. s.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK AT UNION COLLEGE, NEW YORK.

Given's Hotel, Schenectady, July 20, 1863.

MY DEAR E: — It is Commencement week here, and "Given's" is the coffee-house headquarters, where graduates and undergraduates largely congregate. It rains in floods, and the only exercise I have witnessed thus far is the performance upon Spanish cigars. Fronting the hotel is a long piazza, supplied with arm-chairs, and along the whole length the performers sit with their feet upon the railing, about as near upon a level with their heads as may conveniently be, and involve themselves in curves of fumigation and philosophy. Nearly every student has this part to act. I can always distinguish a Freshman from a Senior or a graduate, by the way he holds his cigar and puffs it. The Freshman looks a little foolish, as if conscious of aping somebody; tries to spit when he has nothing to eject, like a man who talks when he has nothing to say; spits prematurely, and makes a failure; in fact, gives out his opinion with the smoke-wreaths, as if conscious that it was all a sham. Seniors have attained to a kind of spontaneity, or have learned to conceal the conceit of philosophical manhood, which I take to be the hidden principle of juvenile fumigations.

Evening. — An oration and poem before the literary societies. The oration was by Professor R. D. Hitchcock, of New York. He is a man of fine nervous organization, with an intellectual face, well furrowed with thought. He spoke of the elements of our nationality, analyzed the French, Swedish, Dutch, Celtic, English, and German elements, and described them. The oration was exceedingly rich in historical illustration, had a philosophical breadth and depth rarely found on these occasions, and chained the attention of the audience an hour and a half. He left out the African element, however, — a mighty gap in any adequate summing up of American nationality.

Wednesday Morning. — The skies are clear again, the air is fresh and balmy, and this old Dutch city is alive with students and the graduates of Union gathering from far and near. The Colleges stand

on an eminence just out of the city, and the College grounds, embracing hundreds of acres, slope down towards the Mohawk, clothed in the richest green. Nothing could be more charming. s.

PEACE MEASURES.

SOAME JENYNS has somewhere derided the notion of demolishing fortifications with logic, or stopping cannon-balls with syllogisms. This, however, is what Ex-President Pierce very seriously recommends. He proposes to oppose moral force to the batteries of the rebels now turned against the life of the Republic. This proposition was made on the Fourth of July, while Pennsylvania was invaded, Washington threatened with pillage, and Cincinnati with fire. It was recommended by a man under whose administration, with Jefferson Davis for his prime minister, fire and slaughter were sent into Kansas, its towns sacked, and its unoffending citizens murdered. Suppose, however, the moral force does not prove effectual. What then? Suppose after Sumter had fallen, and the cannon had gaped upon Washington,—for this was the programme of the traitors,—and the shells were screaming over the Capitol, General Scott had ordered all his guns to be spiked, and Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward had planted the best syllogisms they had upon Arlington Heights; and suppose, nevertheless, these syllogisms were blown into shreds by the rebel cannon, the government destroyed, and given up to the traitors. What then? It is interesting to know what the Peace-men would recommend as the next step. The Ex-President describes it thus luminously:—

“Then you shall take care of yourselves, with or without arms, with or without leaders. We will at least, in the effort to defend our rights as a free people, build up a great mausoleum of hearts, to which men who yearn for liberty will in after years, with bowed heads and reverently, resort as Christian pilgrims to the sacred shrines of the Holy Land.”

If the “great mausoleum” would be resorted to by any who “yearned for liberty,” for any other purpose but to pour contempt and execration upon the memory of the poltroons and cowards who had betrayed the cause of mankind to the most obscene of all the despotisms of the earth, then it would be when human nature had undergone a radical change, and men like Ex-Presidents had ceased to be men. s.

SONG SNATCHES.

ORPHEUS C. KERR has written nothing else that rivals in quaintness and tenderness the following description of a domestic scene in Saxon life.

ALONE.

THREE stalwart sons old Sweyn, the Saxon, had,
 Brave, hardy lads for battle or the chase ;
 And though, like peasant, barbarously clad,
 Each wore the Nameless Noble in his face ;
 One o'er another rose their heads, in tiers,
 Steps from their father's honorable years.

One night, in autumn, sat they round the fire,
 In the rude cabin bountiful of home,
 Mild by the reverence due from child to sire,
 Bold in the manhood unto mast'ry come,
 Working their tasks o'er huntsman's forest-gear,
 Loos'ning the bow, and sharpening the spear.

Lost in his thoughts, old Sweyn, the Saxon, stood,
 Leaning in silence 'gainst the chimney-stone ;
 Staring, unconscious, at the blazing wood,
 Steeped in the mood of mind he oft had known ;
 As an old tree, whose stoutest branches shake,
 Scarce from their vigor sign of life will take.

Athol, the bearded, with his bow had done ;
 Alfred, the nimble, laid his spear aside ;
 Edric, the fairest, tiring of his fun,
 Left the old hound to slumber on his hide ;
 Yet was their sire like one whose features seem
 Shaded by sleep, and all their light a dream.

Bold in the favor of the eldest-born,
 Athol for both his younger brothers spoke :
 " Father, the fox is prowling in the corn,
 And hear the night-owl hooting from the oak ;
 Let us to couch." But Sweyn had raised his head,
 And thus, unwitting what had passed, he said : —

" Sec, from my breast I draw this chain of gold," —
 Fair in the firelight royally it shone ;
 " This for his honor that shall best unfold
 Who, of all creatures, is the most alone ;
 Take him from palace, monast'ry, or cot,
 Loving, unloved, forgetting or forgot."

Then Athol spoke, with thoughtful tone and look :—

“ He is the loneliest, most alone of all,
Who, in a skiff to the mid-seas forsook,
Finds not an echo, even, to his call ;
If echo lived, not all alone were he ;
But there 's no echo on the solemn sea ! ”

And Alfred next : — “ But lonelier, brother, far,
The wretch that flees a just avenging rod ;
To him all scenes are wastes, — a foe the star ;
All earth he 's lost, yet knows no heaven, no God.
Most lonely he, who, making man his foe,
Unto man's Maker dareth not to go ! ”

Thus spoke the lads, with wit beyond their years ;
And yet the old man held his beard and sighed,
As one who gains the form his wishing wears,
But wishes still a something most denied ;
Upon his youngest eager looks he turned,
And Edric's check with grace ingenuous burned.

“ I think, my father,” — and his tones were low, —
“ That lonelier yet, and most alone, is he
Scarce taught, tho' crowds are leading, where to go,
And, one face missing, can no other see ;
Though all the Norman court around him moves,
He is alone, apart from her he loves.”

A hush fell on them. Then, with loving air,
And all the touching romance of the old,
The hoary father kissed young Edric's hair,
And o'er his shoulders threw the chain of gold ;
Then fell upon his darling's neck, and cried,
“ I have been lonely since thy mother died.”

THE GOSPEL CHURCH.

As the wayfaring man or woman passes through the beautiful suburb called Longwood, between Boston and Old Brookline, he will see, if he does not go by, a house of worship, built of stone, solid and plain and comely, not far from the Chapel Station on the Brookline Railroad. It is “ The Gospel Church.” It is one of the signs of the times. Projected and carried to its completion by a gentleman whose ecclesiastical home is the Protestant Episcopal Church, it is

most individual of the individualities of the day, having a own in all things. We wish that we had space to give out of the noble design of this Church, and of the organization it is the first fruit; but we can only present such hints aimed in the accompanying circular, which, as requested, transfer to our pages. The Book of Worship will be the bookstore of Messrs. Ticknor and Fields. We wish that we believe in the *ways and means* of "The Gospel Church," as we believe in the *end*; but we cannot think that there is now of a hope that Trinitarians and Unitarians, not to speak of Arians and Arminians, will so be brought together. For the sake of a neighborhood house of worship, it seems to us that the Book of Common Prayer would have been far more serviceable in the order of services which has been provided to meet the occasion. The officiating clergyman being allowed to leave out passages, and being restricted only as to additions, the Book of Common Prayer could easily be made to serve, and contains very little that the present writer would scruple to read, than the Book of the Gospel Church." The absence of a dozen lines or so would make it just what we should want, whilst many of the clergymen would wish to use the whole. We shall watch the sentiment of the congregation with more interest than we shall feel in reading the treatises,—having for some time regarded the doctrine of the Godhead as a transcendent and mysterious matter, and being content to accept reverently so much of it as comes into the light of life through Christ and the Church which he has given to his Church. We gladly present the Circular to our readers.

E.

NOTICE TO CLERGYMEN.

Following synopsis of a treatise on the GOSPEL CHURCH, which looks on a Union of Churches in the Spirit of Charity, based on the Christian Liturgy, is respectfully offered to the consideration of our distinguished clergy and literary men, to be examined by them; and if found acceptable, and any amendments proposed, that then their conclusions and theories be written in accordance with their individual convictions, and for the publication, as follows, viz.:—
The treatise is to be so adjusted as to be comprised in an octavo

volume of not more than four hundred pages, nor less than three hundred and fifty ; and the several manuscripts, on or before the 1st of January next, are to be enclosed to the undersigned in a sealed packet, with an appropriate motto or private mark, to be examined by an Executive Committee appointed from among the members of the AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION. And the said Committee so constituted shall, after examination and approval, select, from among the best and ablest treatises offered, such one of them as they shall judge worthy of publication ; and, upon such judgment, the undersigned will advance five hundred dollars towards the publication of one thousand copies of it, under their direction.

The edition to be the joint property of the successful writer and the undersigned publishers, after the payment of the expenses of publication exceeding the above sum. This payment to be made from the first sales of the book.

The treatises not accepted will be returned to their respective owners, on presentation of their duplicate mottoes or private marks, if made within three months after the publication of the book.

WALKER, WISE, & CO.

Boston, March, 1863.

THE GOSPEL CHURCH,

WITH REMARKS ON A UNION OF CHURCHES IN THE SPIRIT OF CHARITY.

I. An examination of the Christian faith and Christian doctrine contained in the summary of the Christian Liturgy and the common prayers of the Gospel Church.

II. An examination of the Christian articles of the Church, the Litany, and the Eucharist ; with a full examination and explanation of the words *Λόγος*, *Ζωή*, and *Πνεῦμα*, as used therein.

III. The true signification of the Gospel Trinity, and its accordance with the Holy Scriptures and the Unity of God.

IV. A dissertation on the qualities and attributes of Almighty God, the great Spirit of the universe ; without body, parts, or passions ; benevolent and just ; around whom circle a thousand brilliant worlds, governed by one law, and guided by one will ; the noblest worship of enlightened man.

V. The conclusion, showing that, from such a distribution of heavenly power and action, and that *Λόγος* is the Being to whom our Saviour referred in all cases ; to whom he addressed his prayers, and taught us to look up to and adore as our Father in heaven ; with the

ration of the orthodoxy of the Gospel Trinity and the Unity of — important results must arise, which will tend greatly to remove the doubts and difficulties of honest Christians, perplexed as they are by the holy writings offered to them in the Old and New Testaments, interpreted by the contradictory dogmas of churches and sects; and enable them humbly and conscientiously to worship God in the unity of spirit and righteousness of life; and thus, under the sanction of “the Union of Churches in the Spirit of Charity,” permanently lay the first corner-stone of the true Apostolic and Universal Church of Christ.

[L. Remarks on the importance and necessity of such a Union of Churches as is proposed, to strengthen and extend the vital interests of the Christian Religion.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Constitutional History of England since the Accession of George the Third. 1760 – 1860. By THOMAS ERSKINE MAY, Esq. In Two Volumes. Vol. II. Boston: Crosby and Nichols. New York: O. S. Felt. 1863. — In these days of exorbitant expense it is an especially valuable service which our American publishers render in laying before us choice editions of English books, when the selection is so judicious as in this instance, the reader can hardly be thankful enough. English history is ours. We shall feel more or less, perhaps even to the extent of blows, with the mother country, but the tide of civilization is one and the same for England and America, and in all that relates to the progress of English thought and life we are deeply concerned.

Mr. May's work is well done, and he has filled a wide gap in the history of modern society. The reader will turn with especial interest to the closing chapter, and will find much to encourage him. E.

Historical Sketch of the Twelfth Congregational Society in Boston. LEWIS G. PRAY. Published by the Committee of the Society. Boston. 1863. — There are many persons, old and young, to whom this little volume will be a classic. Evidently a labor of piety and

love, it is well and faithfully done, and, what is worth not a little, is a cheerful record of a parochial life, which many would only have lamented over as short and disappointing. Not so Mr. Pray. He thinks that the congregation in Chambers Street had a place to fill and filled it, — a work to do and did it, — and that when there was neither place nor work any more, the end, like the beginning, came in due time, and was accepted with grace and dignity. It is a good lesson to those persons who seem to identify the rise and decline of the Church of Christ with the overflowing attendance or meagre company in a particular house of worship. E.

PAMPHLETS.

The Nation's Inquiry. A Discourse delivered in the Chesapeake General Hospital, near Fort Monroe, Virginia, on the Day of the National Fast, April 30th, 1863. By JAMES MARSHALL. — The soldiers who heard this sermon, and who appreciate very highly their excellent Chaplain, published the good word at their own expense, contributing the needful amount in little sums from their scanty stock. It was well spoken by the preacher; it was well done by the hearers; and we are glad that so living and faithful a laborer is to have, through the liberality of certain gentlemen in Boston, a chapel for his religious services. A portable building (*portable* beyond even the conception of that great admirer of this kind of property, Mr. Wemmick) will soon be on its way to him, and we hope that so he will be greatly aided in his work. E.

Conditions of Peace. A Discourse delivered in the West Church, in Memory of DAVID KIMBALL HOBART, June 14, 1863. By C. A. BARTOL. — Another of Dr. Bartol's admirable contributions to the sacred literature of the hour. No man has spoken more wisely or more touchingly and tenderly than the minister of the West Church upon the things which in this day concern our peace. E.

THE

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THE DEATH OF SAUL AND HIS SONS.

Two and twenty years were passed since the death of the good Samuel. They had been sad years for Israel, — years of internal strife, years of constant danger from strong and vigilant foes without. God seemed to have been measuring to them, through checkered experiences, the displeasure he had expressed at the mouth of the prophet, when first they had asked for a king. The king they had had seems, so far as we can now make it out, to have been a man of some native nobleness, but of fierce, unbridled temper, moody and jealous, and at last to have come to be little else than a madman. Not only David, against whom, as his declared and anointed successor, he might have some cause for dislike, felt the weight of his unreasoning anger, but others about him, until he had alienated, not the members of his own tribe merely, but even those of his family, and now retained but little of the personal attachment of his people, however much power he might still wield as king.

One good thing, however, the king seems thoroughly to have done. From very far back, both in sacred and profane history, we find a class of persons, variously styled, who lived by practising upon the credulity of their fellows. They

are called in the Bible those who had familiar spirits, witches, wizards, &c. In the unsettled state of affairs following the possession of Canaan, when there was so strong a tendency toward everything superstitious and idolatrous, this class had multiplied greatly, and had obtained a mischievous influence over the people. Conscious of the evil that might grow out of the existence of such pretenders, who could easily get a strong grasp upon a people so ignorant and degraded, Moses had introduced into his laws one commanding that all such should be put to death. "There shall not be found among you any one that maketh his son or his daughter to pass through the fire, or that useth divination, or an observer of times, or an enchanter, or a witch, or a consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer, because all these things are an abomination unto the Lord." And in Exodus, still stronger, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." Acting under this law, Saul had purged the land of these pests, — a few still remaining hidden among caves, it may be, by stealth still practising their art. One would think there must have been some other cause for this step than the desire to obey a Divine command, since Saul was no sincere servant of God. No idolater, or punisher of idolatry, he was disloyal to Jehovah, had slain the priests at Nob and their attendants, and had so fallen under the Divine displeasure as to have had taken from his family the right of succession to the crown.

A dark time was now come to him, and the crisis of his fate was approaching. Dispossessed of the half of his kingdom by his long feud with David, and the alienation of members of several tribes, including his own, Saul now saw with terror the mustering of the whole force of his old foes, the Philistines, for one huge, combined attack upon him. Unlike the brief, desultory inroads which they had from time to time made during his reign, this was a systematic campaign for the purpose of annihilating the Israelitish king at a blow. The plans of attack had been some time maturing, and David

self had been called on by King Achish of Gath to march the company against his old foe. Saul did not fail to perceive the coming on of the storm. Already, while the foe was distant, his forces were melting away, the half of his army west of Jordan having deserted. From the tribes to the South he could look for no help, and, crossing the border of Galilee, in the region of Mount Gilboa, he occupied the slope above Jezreel,—it is thought by some the spot on which Gideon's army had lain. Hither the ranks of the Philistines followed, and lay encamped in the plain,—that Plain of Esdraelon which has had given it the name of the battle-field of nations. As usual, the Hebrews, expert in cavalry, kept to the mountains, while their opponents, whose strength lay in chariots, occupied the open plain.

There, comparatively alone, a prey to contending passions and fears, Saul looked down upon the well-appointed, confident host in the valley. Man had deserted him, and he appealed to Jehovah. But now a solemn, awful silence answered his frantic entreaties. Prophet and oracle were dumb, dreams ceased, and the Urim returned him no answer. He felt that in his hour of need there was none to give succor. Then, when the appointed and tried means had failed, he turned trembling to the thing he had loathed, had forbidden, had banished,—to the accursed race whose miserable remnant dwelt cowering in caves, fearful of him. Calling to him some of his trusty attendants, he bade them find a woman who had a "familiar spirit," and having found her at Endor,—a place somewhat to the North, over beyond the camp of the Philistines,—together with two trusty men, disguised, in the night, to seek that knowledge which Jehovah had denied him. It was a way of peril, over rocks and narrow pathways, across the plain in which the Philistines were, and up to the cave where the woman lay hidden. By the agony of despair could have induced him to undertake that adventure that night.

The visit of Saul to the witch is one of those things about which much has been said, and much may be said, without any chance of arriving at a satisfactory conclusion. Following the record, it would seem that Saul immediately demanded of the woman that she should bring before him the person he should name. The woman demurred. She suspected, or pretended to suspect, him of a desire to entrap her. "Thou knowest what Saul hath done, how he hath cut off those that have familiar spirits, and the wizards, out of the land; wherefore, then, layest thou a snare for my life, to cause me to die?" Pacified by Saul's vehement assurance and oath that no harm should come to her, she inquires who it is that he wishes. The monarch's abrupt answer is, "Bring me up Samuel." They were standing within the witch's cave, lighted feebly, uncertainly, by the fagots burning there, or some rude torch. Without was the darkness of night; within was the goaded, terror-struck king, his bewildered attendants, and the wrinkled and crafty old woman. She begins her incantations, her mystic motions and mutterings, and suddenly pauses, and with a shriek cries out, "Why hast thou deceived me? Thou art Saul." She had either all along suspected the king, or something at this moment in his attitude or look brought the sudden conviction upon her; for Saul, be it remembered, a head and shoulders taller than any other man, was not one to be easily disguised; and beside, who but he, who as he, should desire to see Samuel. The king again quiets the woman, bids her have no fear, and asks of her what she saw. Her reply is, "I saw gods ascending out of the earth," or, more exactly, one of a god-like form. "And he said to her, What form is he of? And she said, An old man cometh up, and he is covered with a mantle." That was the description of Samuel as the monarch had last seen him, when, after a battle with the Amalekites, they had parted in anger, because Saul had disobeyed the commandment of God, and, in parting, the mantle of Samuel, on which Saul placed his hand, had been rent, — a sign,

a prophet assured him, of that rending of the kingdom
was now come to pass. That one fact, the rent man-
rought all the terrible truth to the king. Thoroughly
ied and unmanned, now that he believed himself to be
a presence of him he had desired to see, he fell on his
on the ground, and lay there without speaking a
. But the spirit spoke: "Why hast thou disquieted
o bring me up? And Saul answered, I am sore dis-
ed; for the Philistines make war against me, and God
arted from me, and answereth me no more, neither by
ets nor by dreams; therefore have I called thee, that
mayest make known unto me what I shall do. Then
Samuel, Wherefore dost thou ask of me, seeing the
is departed from thee, and become thine enemy? Be-
thou obeyedst not the voice of the Lord, therefore
the Lord done this thing unto thee this day. Moreover,
ord will deliver Israel with thee into the hand of the
stines, and to-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be with

The terrible doom was spoken. Prostrate upon the
ad lay the unhappy king, all hope gone, death for him
his so near, and for all, disgrace. Fasting and weary,
ad no power to rally. The witch, in pity, essayed to
ort him, and offered him food, that he might be strength-
for his return; but he would not hearken to her, but lay
wretchedly, helplessly, on the floor of the cave where
all. His attendants joined their entreaties with hers,
at last he rose from the ground and sat on the bed,
the woman killed her calf for him,—her one favorite
Josephus says,—and baked some unleavened bread for
which they did eat, and then out into the night they
, taking their tedious, perilous way back to the camp at
na. But darkness and peril had no terrors now for the
. There was that in his heart greater than all danger,
h faced him all the while, and was never again to leave
—the knowledge of his doom.

ie or two things should be noted in this account. Saul

did not see Samuel. He took the woman's word for his presence, and while the dialogue went on he lay with his face to the ground. The woman is spoken of by Josephus, who says she did not know who Samuel was, and in the Septuagint as a *ventriloquist*! And much in the story leads one to the feeling that she was an impostor, and had tricked the king, whose plight she might easily divine, while the prophecy was only such a one's shrewd guess.

It must have been wellnigh the morning when the doomed king found himself in his camp again, and probably the early movements of the enemy gave him no time for reflection. He went to the battle knowing that he must die, and that with him would fall the kingdom; but he went not to die tamely,—not to surrender to fate, but to die as a king. Short and sharp, apparently, was the conflict. The hordes of the Philistines, contrary to their custom, rushed up the mountain-side, and drove the Israelites before them. In the thick of the strife, Jonathan, Abinadab, Melchishua, Saul's sons, were slain, and the king found himself wounded, aside from the tide of battle, outliving his honor and his race. The cruel arrows of the enemy had spared him. Weak and wounded, death had passed him by. Two accounts, widely differing, are given of the manner of his death. According to the one, he fell by his own hand, after having endeavored to persuade his armor-bearer to kill him; and according to the other, he was slain at his own request by an Amalekite, one of those he had spared, contrary to the Divine command, who, running to David, and carrying the crown and bracelet in proof of his words, told him what he had done, and was by David immediately put to death.

So perished Saul. A strangely troubled life was his since he went in pursuit of his father's asses, and found himself anointed king. There had been little peace to him in all those long years; and, so far as we can comprehend the record, that want of peace came of his wayward passions and his wilful disobedience. Never did man cast from him a

airer opportunity than did Saul, when he refused to reign under God, and chose to serve only himself.

On the morrow, when the Philistines returned to the field of battle for the purpose of stripping the slain, they found the bodies of Saul and his three sons in Mount Gilboa. And they sent word of this into all the cities of the Philistines, and bade it be published in all the houses of their idols; and his armor they took and hung as a trophy in the temple of their goddess, Astarte; and having cut off his head, with those of his sons, they nailed the bodies to the walls of the city Bethshan, a town near to the river Jordan. Now it had chanced that Saul, in the early days of his power, had signally saved the people of Jabesh Gilead, not far from Bethshan, on the other side of Jordan. Compassed by their foes, and driven to parley, they were promised peace, on condition that every man should have his right eye put out. In despair at these hard conditions, they asked for seven days' respite, and sent messengers all through the land for help. Saul, coming in from the field, finds all the people weeping, and when he had learned the cause, slays a yoke of oxen, and, having hewn them in pieces, sends them through the land, bidding all to the rescue. With one consent the people rally at the call, and on the morning of the day when they were to have delivered themselves up, in the morning-watch, having divided his troops into three bodies, Saul attacks the enemy's camp and thoroughly routs them. No sooner had these Jabesh-Gileadites heard of the death of Saul and his sons, and the cruel indignities put upon their lifeless remains, than the men — and Josephus says that city had in it men that were very stout both in mind and in body — journeyed all night, and came to the city walls, and took down the bodies and carried them to Jabesh. For Josephus assures us there were not men in the city bold enough to stand against the courage of the men of Jabesh. And all the people of Jabesh wept, and they burned the bodies and buried them under the terebinth-tree. So much had one

kind deed of Saul in the days of his innocence and nobleness endeared him to these people beyond the Jordan.

There was one man by whom the death of Saul would be received with very strange and mingled feelings. That was David. From patron and friend Saul had become an implacable foe, taking from him the daughter he had promised him, and hunting him with the ferocity of insane hatred. Virtually an exile, though reigning in Hebron, Saul's death would place him on the throne and bring to him the peace he had long sought in vain. Yet there is no exultation over the death of his foe. The man who had brought him news of the king's death, — and who, some think, had pretended to have killed him himself, hoping for a reward, — David had put instantly to death, and then gave himself up to lamentation for the death of Saul and of Jonathan. No personal resentment remained. With the death of his foe all bitterness was gone. He remembered him as the Saul of his early days, while the untimely fate of Jonathan, his long-tried friend, pressed sorely on his affectionate heart. How exquisite is the lament — the funeral elegy — which he sang to his harp in memory of them: —

“ O Israel, on thy heights the gazelle is slain !
Fallen, alas ! are the heroes.
Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon ;
Lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice,
Lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph.

“ O mountains of Gibeon, let there be upon you neither dew,
Nor rain, nor crops of first-fruits ;
For on you was the shield of heroes cast away,
The shield of Saul, as though not an anointed king.

“ From the blood of the slain, from the prime of the heroes,
The bow of Jonathan turned not aside,
And the sword of Saul came not back empty.
Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in life,
And in death they were not parted ;
They were swifter than eagles, stronger than lions.

" Daughters of Israel, weep over Saul,
Who clothed you in scarlet delightfully,
Who put ornaments of gold on your apparel.

" Fallen, alas ! are the heroes in the battle.
On thy heights is Jonathan slain.
Ah, Jonathan, my brother, I am grieved for thee.
Very sweet unto me wast thou.
Marvellous thy love to me beyond woman's love.
Fallen, alas ! are the heroes,
And perished the weapons of war."

And so perished Saul, the first king of Israel. His is a striking history, which one closes with sadness that so much promise and such rare opportunity should have been so perverted as to bring not only misery upon others, but woe and ruin upon himself and his line.

J. F. W. W.

SHALL HE FIND FAITH ?

" BELOVED brethren, men boast much now-a-days of Faith ; but where is that Faith ? The modern faith is but the history. Where is that child which believeth that Jesus is born ? If that child were in being, and did believe that Jesus is born, it would so draw near to the sweet child Jesus, and receive him and nurse him.

" Alas ! the faith now-a-days is but historical, and a mere knowledge of the story ; that the Jews killed him, that he left this world, that he is not a king on earth in the animal man ; but that men may do what they list, and need not die from sin and their evil lusts. All this the wicked child, Self, rejoiceth in, that it may fatten the Devil and live deliciously.

" This sheweth plainly, that true Faith was never weaker and feebler since Christ's time than it is now. When, nevertheless, the world crieth aloud, and saith, We have found the true faith, and contend about a child, so that there was never worse contention since men were on earth." — JACOB BEHMEN.

BEFORE THE CHURCH OF ST. STEPHEN, VIENNA

You are old, proud pile, as you sadden and frown
O'er the modern roofs of this merry town.
You were old when the "Pilgrims" spoke the new word,
And the clay and the thatch made a house for the Lord.
You were old when the Turk stormed this westernmost gate,
Till it shook on its hinge for Byzantium's fate.
Then was hurled from yon nook, through St. John Campestan,
All Europe's crusade at the fierce Mussulman.
From that lofty perch the good Stahremberg eyed
The armies of Islam encamped far and wide;
There he watched for the rescue. At length to the plain
Flashed the lances of Poland, the guns of Lorraine.

You are old, proud pile. But older is called
That stump of a tree from the Wienerwald,
Which grew when the shades of the forest fell
On the spot where these joys and grandeurs dwell.
It stands immured between shops of the street,
Where the press is the greatest of hurrying feet.
Of yore, each apprentice drove a nail here,
As he started forth on his Wander-Year;
Hence, this son of the earth — so runs the tale —
Stands all complete in an iron mail.

I pause in your square, and look up at your height,
O minster! on this my farewell night; —
And lo! the North Star, from his post sublime,
Looks calm disdain on all dates of time.

N. L. F.

CONVERSATIONS OF THE SOUL WITH THE LORD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FRANCIS THEREMIN, LATE COURT-PREACHER IN BERLIN,
AND AUTHOR OF "THE AWAKING," "ELOQUENCE A VIRTUE," ETC., ETC.

I.

COMPLAINT OF COLDNESS IN PRAYER.

THROUGH thee, O Lord, through thee alone do I receive
y good gift ; but I must come in order to receive it, I must
me near to thee and talk with thee.

If I do not speak to thee, a most oppressive burden weighs
on my heart. The most trivial incidents, nay, even those
rich would otherwise be welcome, seem to me then the
raids of approaching troubles. Slight difficulties tower up
like mountains to obstruct me in my daily calling. I am
insupportable to myself, and other men are insupportable to
me. I cannot look up with freedom towards heaven and the
 unseen world ; and those of my beloved ones who have gone
before me seem as if lost to me forever.

But no sooner do I begin once more to hold converse with
thee, than the burden beneath which my heart had sighed
and trembled is taken off ; all things look cheerfully at me,
and speak to me of peace and joy : I go bravely to my work,
and hope to succeed in it through thy help. It is true that
I sigh over myself, but still I have patience with my weak-
nesses, and those of other people do not offend and irritate me ;
the heavens are again opened to me, and I can not only con-
verse with thee, but also with my friends who are already
inhabitants of that sphere.

Yet for the very reason that I receive so great benefit from
conversing with thee, I reproach myself the more bitterly for
coming so seldom into thy presence, to pour out my heart
before thee. Sometimes, under the pressure and distraction
of work, I cannot raise a glance or a thought towards heaven ;
then, perhaps, I cry out, O charming leisure ! O sweet soli-

tude! could I but have thee again, how soon would I revive my spirit in communion with the Lord! — The leisure is granted me, Solitude takes me to her bosom: thou thyself knockest at the door of my heart, and remindest me of my promise, but I hardly open to thee; I utter some cold and formal words, such as one speaks from regard to outward decorum, but not from any inward urgency.

Yes, I must confess to thee, Lord, — and my heart trembles with shame while I confess it, — I feel an aversion, an awkwardness, which I must overcome before I can talk freely with thee. Can it be, then, O God, that conversation with a human being is often so delightful to me, and yet that I should dread to converse with thee? I hasten of my own accord to the society of men; and I come before thy face often from the compulsion of duty alone! Have I, then, ever found with thee anything of the coldness, the hardness, the unkindness, the enmity, which I have often enough experienced on the part of men? Hast thou ever repelled me; hast thou not always graciously received me, even when I have been a long time absent? Hast thou ever refused me thy pardon when thou hast seen me bowed down under my sins? Hast thou not even comforted me concerning my faults? Hast thou not always imparted to me thy friendly counsel, in what way I was to proceed, and how I should order my life, to become more and more emancipated from them? What is it, then, O Lord, what can it be, that raises this wall of separation between me and thee, and repels me whenever I seek to approach thee?

Alas! it is nothing but my earthly mind, nothing but my own depravity, which shuns the Divinity, although it glows and beams with only pure love towards me; it is this which inclines me to the society of the lowest and basest, however injurious it may be to me, however it may degrade me and cause me bitterly to repent my preference.

But now, Lord, I will no longer consent that this heavy and pernicious burden, which weighs upon all my spiritual

faculties, shall draw me down to earth and keep me at a distance from thee. I will resist it, I will avail myself of that impulse which thou indeed hast imparted to my spirit, and by which it is possible for me to soar up to thee. No sooner do I desire and attempt it, than I succeed in it through thy grace. See! even now I wish it, I attempt it. I do not, indeed, pretend, O Lord, to have completely succeeded; I do not pretend to have spoken such words to thee as thy chosen ones speak. Poor and meagre have my words been, even as my heart itself is poor and needy. But these imperfect words have not been without a blessing; for when I began to speak with thee, my inmost soul was bowed down with anguish and sorrow; but as I continued to converse, my heart was more and more relieved and enlarged, and scarcely anything was wanting to the completeness of the peace and rest which I enjoyed.

Gladly would I, O Lord, contend to the last for this rest, for such a peace. Contend to the last? That will not be necessary. To the last must I indeed converse with thee; I must pray to the last. Whenever any subject of grief rises up, I must lay hold of it and present it before thee; then it will either utterly disappear, or the sorrows which it has caused will become more insignificant, and will even be for my benefit.

Thus, when I have spent my earthly life in conversation with thee, O Lord, and this pilgrimage has now come to an end, and thou hast taken me up into thy heaven, then will commence an eternal, uninterrupted conversation with thee, not upon subjects of pain and sorrow, but of rapture and joy; and ah! what will such a conversation be!

II.

HOW THE LORD DRAWS THE SOUL TO HIMSELF.

I thank thee, Lord, that it is becoming an habitual necessity with me to turn my mind towards thee, to place thee

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before my spiritual sight, and to speak to thee, not with thoughts such as the understanding deliberately forms, but rather with deep sighing of the heart.

I thank thee for this, for it is a gift of thy grace. It is true, I discovered in myself from the beginning a craving for something which would completely satisfy me, and in which I might entirely rest; and such a craving is probably to be found in every man's soul; but it would never without thy guidance amount to anything. For that pearl of great price, which thou thyself art, is to be found; but it lies hidden in the sand of the sea, and the sea is vast, and the sand is boundless. Thou knowest also how often I have been deceived, and reached after many a thing which is so unlike thee! But thou hast exercised thy divine power upon me, thou hast led me when I thought I was going alone; and when thou hast brought me to the right place, then hast thou opened my eyes, as if I had been blind, and hast let fall into them so soft a light, that now I am gently forced, as it were, to seek thee evermore.

When I at first found thee, then indeed I sought thee in a certain sense, but not in the right way. For I remember that my object then was to realize, not so much thyself as thine image; and that even this happened only when I felt myself more sorely tempted than usual. In such times thou, who wilt not suffer the slightest inclination towards thee to go unrewarded, hast indeed protected me from sin, but the true peace thou hast not bestowed.

And although I do not yet possess it in its fulness, I have approached much nearer to it ever since I have sought in thee, not thy gifts, but thyself; ever since, when I would speak to thee, I have not waited for a time of need, and instead of having to do with thine *image*, have turned directly to *thyself*. For it is indeed the height of folly to believe that thou comest near to us only in the image which our mind forms of thee, and not in very deed and truth.

Since I have thus known thee, a deep peace has come into

my soul ; sometimes, it is true, interrupted for a moment by extreme anguish, but never for any long time destroyed. Much, moreover, has happened to me since then — thou knowest it — which I should not have been able to bear well, if at all, unless thou, from whom the trial came, hadst in this way strengthened me beforehand to meet it.

“ I am faithful, and do not suffer my own to be tempted beyond their power, but cause the temptation to be so short that they shall be able to bear it.”

Ah ! behold I have taken upon myself to speak with the Lord, I, who am but dust and ashes. Gladly would I then ask one more question, if thou permitted me.

“ Speak.”

Thou hast drawn me to thyself, but how hast thou done it ? By taking from me almost everything that I once possessed. If at any time I thought to find repose in something that was not thyself, thou hast immediately come and torn it from me and destroyed it. And thou art even yet dealing with me in the same way. Now, of those things which thou hast taken from me, many were indeed injurious ; and these I do not deplore. But, besides these, there has been much, especially just now, which I could have enjoyed without injury, and could have used for thy glory ; yet this also thou hast been pleased not to leave to me.

“ Thou hast done well to express the thoughts of thy heart towards me, for one must tell me everything, although I know it without its being told. But what thou hast just said has been suggested rather by self-will than by love towards me. For I ask thee, Am I more to thee than everything else, or is there something which thou preferrest to me ? ”

I believe, O Lord, that nothing in the world should be dearer to me than thou. And if there is anything that is dearer, grant me strength to sacrifice it to thee.

“ Tell me, then, further, Have I ever taken anything from thee without giving thee in place of it a greater share in myself ? ”

It is so, indeed, O Lord ! Thou art justified in thy words, and art fully vindicated when thou art called in question. I thank thee that thou hast discovered my folly to me, and hast so gently set me right. He who loves thee truly must rejoice and be glad if he only possesses thee alone, though he should be compelled to give up the whole world. What more, then, do I need ? Thou hast listened and spoken with me once again. Ah ! it is indeed most sweet to talk with thee, for thy conversations are not like those of men. The conversations of men sometimes leave the heart cold, nay, even perhaps wounded also ; sometimes they would intoxicate it with the dangerous cup of admiration. But when one talks with thee, then is the heart never empty, but is filled out to its utmost limit without intoxication ; and although it is deeply humbled, yet it is also elevated into the highest joy. To thee, O Lord, be thanks !

III.

THE LORD HIDES HIMSELF.

Thou, O Lord, wilt graciously listen to my words, and, if I err, wilt set me right. Behold, O Lord, I have often besought thee for things which were necessary for my own and others' spiritual good : thou hast indeed granted them at last, but how many long years have I been obliged to wait for them in grief and anguish ! Often must thy faithful ones endure much greater punishments, within and without, for little faults which they commit, than those who despise thee have to suffer on account of great sins. And when they at such times look up, that they may at least behold thee and be comforted by the sight of thee, lo ! then a cloud comes before thy face, so that they cannot perceive it. What shall they say now, when it thus happens to them ? and what shall be said to them for their consolation ? May one assure them that thou lovest them not less in those dark seasons than in those only too rare moments when thy face shines with delightful

radiance, and the fulness of thy spiritual gifts descends upon them ?

“ They should look upon my cross, and then they will know indeed what they are to think of me.”

Yes, Lord, it is true that when we look upon thy cross, and upon the sufferings which thou in thine inexpressible love hast borne, our whole soul must be filled with the certainty of thy love. We can comprehend, also, that thou wilt not always show this love to us by granting earthly possessions which might be injurious to us. But our heart often pines for some slight spiritual refreshment, and does not receive it. It is often disquieted by cares, not for earthly things, but for its own or others' salvation ; and must tremble for years in darkness without being soothed by one ray of hope. How does that, Lord, accord with thy love ?

“ It accords well with it ; and for the very reason that I love my own, I cannot do otherwise with them. I withdraw from them spiritual refreshments which might be injurious to them.”

Spiritual refreshments, O Lord, and injurious ! How should that be possible ?

“ When James and John wished to call down fire upon the heads of the Samaritans, they were deeply excited in spirit ; and in this very excitement they knew not what manner of spirit they were of. When Peter assured me he would go with me even unto death, this was a deep emotion of his heart ; but soon after that he denied me.”

Is it, then, that, in this life of temptations, even pious zeal and fervor might be a temptation to us, and that the safest condition were dryness and barrenness of heart ?

“ It is so.”

Then we will no longer desire religious excitement, but only some small drop of refreshment in our great anguish, only a ray of hope in the deepest gloom of sadness. Couldst thou not always give us this ?

“ I ask thee this question : Who stands higher, he who

looks up to me for the sake of the consolation which he has received, and hopes to receive again, from me, or he who continues for years to seek me, though he never should receive any consolation ? ”

Unquestionably, the latter.

“ Thus, then, must I try those who are mine, that they may become perfect. Often is my heart pierced with their spiritual destitution ; but I keep back the gifts which I would gladly grant them, because they might be injurious, or because it is more for their spiritual health to dispense with these gifts than to possess them.”

Art thou, then, often quite different from what thou showest thyself and appearest to our eyes ?

“ Most certainly ; and even while I was upon the earth thou canst find many examples of this.”

Yes, I remember it now, Lord ! As thou wert coming into Emmaus with the two disciples, “ thou madest as though thou wouldst have gone further,” — so it is said in thy Word. And yet it was thy purpose to remain, only thou wouldst be entreated. And when the Canaanitish woman followed thee with cries and supplications, thou assumedst towards her, if I may say so, the appearance of great hardness ; but it was only to exalt her the more. And towards thy own mother, also, to whom in thy lifetime thou didst manifest little outward tenderness, didst thou not conceal thy real disposition, in saying to her, “ Woman, what have I to do with thee ? ” One might therefore venture to assert that thou still hidest thyself. This concealment must indeed be very different from that which men use ; for they hide what is evil, and make prominent all that appears good. But thou concealest the best of all, thy love, in order to put forward that which is less good, or rather that which appears so to our feelings, since all in reality is equally good with thee. May we say this, O Lord ? And may I myself, when I find thee so deaf to my prayers and so slow to send times of refreshing, may I say to myself that thou still lovest me in thy heart, and that all this is only hiding thy face ?

"Thou mayest say it."

And will not this reserve at some time cease?

"Yes, in my heaven; and then I shall never again hide myself, but through all eternity shall appear as I am, to thee and to all the saints."

(To be continued.)

THE SOUL'S IMPERISHABLE WORK.

ETERNAL God, thy work alone,
In souls regenerate and sublime,
Securely stands, to change unknown,
And scorns the ravages of time.

Work we on marble? Slow, but sure,
Its crumbling statues turn to dust;
Pale phantoms that awhile endure,
To tell how fleet is mortal trust.

Work we in brass? How soon shall time
Its proudest monuments efface,
And every tender, hallowed line,
And form and feature, quit their place!

Or do we stately temples rear?
Behold! their strongest pillars yield,
And walls and arches disappear,
Foredoomed to fall, for ruin sealed.

But when we work upon the mind,
Its tablets grave, its sculpture hew,
And, sacred virtue there enshrined,
We bring the graces all to view,

'Tis then such images we rear
As time and change may e'er defy:
Life, Beauty, Joy, — all there appear,
And brighten to eternity!

W. M. F.

"FATHER, SON, AND HOLY GHOST."

DOCTRINE UNTO LIFE.

A SERMON BY REV. J. L. DIMAN.

EPH. ii. 18:—"For through him we both have access by one Spirit unto the Father."

To an eye that notes only the "westward course of empire," the last of the great lakes will seem the gateway of a new world. But to the man of science, skirting the Pictured Rocks, the long stretch of southern shore will tell another story. To him, it is not a new but an old world that stretches everywhere around; a world whose cliffs and headlands caught and reflected back the morning light when Europe, for the most part, was still a waste of waters, her seats of empire the oozy channels of a "vast and wandering sea."

In the spiritual as well as in the natural world, it is the glory of God to conceal a thing. The Bible has been aptly termed a "divine palimpsest." It is written within and without. The untrained reader will note only the obvious maxims, the commonplaces of religious teaching. He will see the external features. The hid treasures will fail to arrest his glance. He perhaps drinks of the river, yet never searches the secret springs that flow from under the altar. To one, on the other hand, who communes with unseen things, the inspired page will have another meaning. Beneath the plain precepts will be seen traces of deeper truth, truth not summed up in formal statement, but cropping out like underlying granite,—the Laurentian Hills on which Wisdom hath builded her house,—the vast, exhaustless quarry out of which she hath hewn her seven pillars. There is a path so plain that the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein; and there is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen.

Our text may be passed by as only part of an argument to prove that the Gospel has done away with the distinction of

w and Gentile. Looked at in this light, it has no living interest; the question has long ceased to awaken controversy; the logic of events has set it at rest forever. The Church is no more perplexed with questions that once stood on the forefront of conflict; so shifting, from age to age, are aspects of truth which each age regarded as unchangeable. Looking at our text, however, not in its accidental, but in its essential bearings, and it comes at once apparelled in new meaning; it savors no more of unseemly controversy; it ceases to remind us of Jewish bigotry; it discloses to us the great truth that underlies all revelation; the truth from which revelation receives its moment, and in which it finds its type and measure; the truth into the understanding and acknowledgment of which the Church is evermore baptized by advance in knowledge and experience and faith. "For through him we both have access by one Spirit unto the Father." Father, Son, and Spirit are thus the three divine agents of our redemption. Apprehended, therefore, in its widest import, our text affirms the doctrine to the explanation and defence of which this day is dedicated in the Christian calendar.

"For through him" who declared of himself, "I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me"; the only begotten Son, who was in the beginning with the Father; the Divine Word, who was made flesh and dwelt among us; the brightness of the Father's glory and express image of his person, in whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace; with whom, when dead in us, we were quickened together; who abides in us and we abide in him; from whom the whole body, fitly framed together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love; and unto whom, throned in glory with the Father, every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, ascribe blessing and glory and honor and power, for ever and ever.

"We both have access by one Spirit," even the Spirit of promise whereof all are partakers; the Spirit that guides into all truth; that convinces the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment; through which we are builded together in Christ for an habitation of God; by which is revealed the mystery that in other ages was not made known unto the sons of men; the indwelling Spirit through the operation of which believers are one body, and are brought, in one hope of their calling, to confess one Lord, one faith, one baptism.

"Unto the Father," as the goal towards which the whole purpose of redemption tends; the Father, whose eternal, unpurchased love provided for us this new and living way; who was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself; who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings, and raised us up and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus, that in the ages to come he might show the exceeding riches of his grace; the one God and Father of all, who is above all and through all and in all; with whose fulness we all are filled; who sent the Son, and from whom the Spirit proceedeth.

With its clauses thus unfolded, our text then sets before us the three primary conceptions which are the ground and condition of revelation; the truth comprehending all other truth, and from which all other truth must be derived; the first confession of the Church, affirmed by the Great Head himself, when on the mountain of Galilee he gave his Apostles the command, "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." With the symbolic washing which marked every believer's entrance into the fold of Christ was set forth this threefold mystery. Into this comprehensive Name all were commanded to be baptized, that every one might have impressed upon him at the beginning of his race the great outlines of that experience of which all his subsequent career would be the filling up. And as, from the first

Until now, with each outpouring of the water the Divine
Illumination has been rehearsed, has the truth been ceaselessly
renewed that the beginning and end of all spiritual progress
is the knowledge of the Father, the Son, and the Holy
Spirit.

When our Lord for the first time sent forth his twelve dis-
ciples, he bade them simply preach that the kingdom of heaven
was at hand. They had not then been guided into the whole
truth; they were still waiting for the dawn of an ampler day.
They could heal the sick, they could raise the dead, they
could cast out devils, but they could not then enter into the
mystery of that mystery which from the beginning of
the world had been hid in God. Our Lord repeatedly ad-
vised them that greater things were in store. We are
so apt to think that they were peculiarly blessed who knew
him in the flesh; who walked with him in his daily walk;
who listened to his teachings; who leaned upon his bosom.
How close as was this companionship, it was not the closest.
At his departure his disciples were gifted with clearer
vision and with deeper insight.

This explains why our Lord reserved to the very last his
revelations of the profound mystery of Father, Son, and
Spirit. How could they be made fully to comprehend it to
which the Spirit had not yet been given? This explains,
why it is dwelt on with so much more distinctness in the
teachings of the Apostles than in the teachings of Christ
himself. After the Day of Pentecost the Church entered on
her line of spiritual life. Truth which Christ had scat-
tered in the seed burst forth in perfect flower. What in the
Gospels is darkly hinted is stated in the Epistles with the
clearness of ripe experience. How different the language ap-
plied to Christ! How deepened and amplified the concep-
tion of spiritual life! We no longer follow Christ, we are
united with him, and he with us; it is no longer we that
follow but Christ that liveth in us. Above all, how interwoven
is the whole texture of Apostolic teaching, everywhere

assumed as groundwork of all doctrine, sometimes, as in our text, drawn up in almost formal statement, but most commonly implied in detached portions of extended argument, in bursts of fervid exhortation, in apostrophe, in benediction, was this vital, supreme, all-comprehending faith in Father, and Son, and in Holy Spirit.

Let me not seem to overstate the matter; let me not be suspected of wresting Scripture; let me not be understood to mean that the doctrine of Father, Son, and Spirit was ever apprehended in the Apostolic ages as we apprehend it, or that it was ever drawn out in formal statements, as we have drawn it out. We find no trace whatever in the New Testament of those nice distinctions which three centuries later awakened such hot discussion in the First General Council. The peculiar phraseology that is now so familiar was not then invented. We take a great leap when we pass from the simple language of the Apostles to the statements which since the time of Constantine have been the accepted symbol of the Church; statements which well embody the speculations of Arius, and Athanasius, and Eusebius, but which remind us little of the living faith that found expression in our text. The first believers were not men of learning, nor men of speculation. They sought in the Gospel life and comfort and salvation. It was addressed to real wants. It soothed weary and heavy-laden spirits. The heirs of this great inheritance were little troubled with questions about modes and essence, as rejoicing in that adoption by which they cried "Abba, Father," they came with boldness to the holiest of all by the new and living way which Christ had opened. To them, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost were not mere forms of logical conception, shadowy and far-off outlines of the Infinite; they knew in whom they believed; they had tasted in tender and profound experience the truth whereof they spake.

To us the doctrine of the Trinity seems abstract and speculative. It is couched in the jargon of the schools. It is

scarred with ancient conflicts. It is far removed from the actual wants and the actual experiences of the soul. Even when accepted as an article of faith, it is put silently aside as a hard saying, about which the less that is said the better. How many realize its intimate connection with Christian life? Those, alas! who give it most emphatic statement, show often the most meagre apprehension of its manifold and vital import.

How different the aspect that our text presents. How closely interwoven it there appears with the whole growth of the believing soul. How indissolubly clasped by all the fibres of spiritual life. How essential seemed it, in the Apostle's view, to any understanding of spiritual things. How little weight is laid on the form, but how much on the substance, of this doctrine in which lay wrapped the method of man's salvation. Who can fail to see how directly practical are all allusions to it? How it is on the steps and stages of our spiritual progress that it finds its interpretation; how it is not a dead abstraction, but a way of life? We are made to see the fellowship of it; we are baptized into it by a living baptism. We are evermore clothed upon with its mighty and effectual operation. Only through increasing experience of it are we brought unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.

This, then, is the great and instructive aspect of our text, this intimate alliance that it enforces between the doctrine of Father, Son, and Spirit, and the actual experience of the soul. Clearly, so far as the doctrine had any meaning to the Apostle, that meaning was not abstract, but practical. "For this cause," says he, summing up in a single pregnant sentence the substance of this whole discussion, "I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, that he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being

rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth and length and depth and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God."

That a doctrine in such close contact with the inner life should be ill adapted to any formal statement need scarcely be remarked. The inspired writers wisely refrain from the attempt; they utter the language of the heart, never reducing it to any logical exactness. Like the patriarch, they saw the bow in the cloud; they did not distinguish its prismatic hues. And nowhere has the inadequacy of human speculation been more signally displayed than in the endeavors of theologians to make that clear which to prophets and apostles seemed "dark with excessive light."

Not that it was a course of degradation which carried the Church from the simple, unformed faith of the apostolic age to the exact distinctions of the Nicene Council; on the contrary, there is profound truth in the development of Christian doctrine; the Church, like a well-instructed scribe, is meant to be ever bringing forth things new and old; in perpetual alliance with the informing Word, she learns, by degrees, that the mysteries of the faith are "reason in its highest form of self-affirmation." But when her statements, instead of being milestones to mark her progress, are the monuments of her spiritual death; when, instead of serving as guides to a fuller truth, they are made effectually to bar all further progress; when, especially, her nice discriminations, instead of building up our faith, are fertile rather of endless separations; then it may be questioned whether the time has not come to draw the lines afresh between the letter that killeth and the spirit that giveth life. I do not mean that it is a matter of little moment how truth is stated. On the contrary, because it is a matter of so much moment, must we hesitate before accepting any statement as final. Nor are differences of statement on the part of theologians to be

sneered at as mere slight and verbal differences. On the contrary, they express often broad divergences of understanding and belief, and precisely because these divergences are so broad does it seem likely that the best men "knew in part, and prophesied in part."

How idle has been the attempt to make any statement final. Take, for example, the Nicene Creed, the most commanding and widely accepted of all confessions. The creed which to-day is recited so devoutly is not the creed that drew from Athanasius the triumphant declaration, "The Word of the Lord which was given in the Œcumenical Council of Nicæa remaineth forever." In vain did the Council of Ephesus denounce the severest penalty against "proposing or writing or composing" any other creed. The next Council broke the spell, and Constantinople supplanted Nice. "We might," says Stanley, "if we chose, vex ourselves by the thought that every time we recite the creed in its present altered form, we have departed from the intention of the Fathers of Nicæa, and incurred deprivation and excommunication at the hands of the Fathers of Ephesus. We might insist on returning to the only catholic form of the creed, such as it was before it was corrupted at Constantinople, Chalcedon, Toledo, and London. But there is a more religious as well as a more rational inference to be drawn from this long series of unauthorized innovations. Every time that the creed is recited, with its additions and omissions, it conveys to us the wholesome warning that our faith is not of necessity bound up with the literal text of creeds, or with the formal decrees of councils. It existed before the creed was drawn up; it is larger than the letter of any creed could circumscribe."

In our own day, no "form of sound words" has been more urgently insisted on than that which describes the Godhead as made up of three persons. So completely has the doctrine come to be identified with this expression, that a refusal to employ it is considered tantamount to a denial of the truth itself. Yet it deserves to be borne in mind that St. Paul,

with all his profound appreciation of the doctrine, never employs this language ; he never thought it necessary to hedge the "faith which was once delivered to the saints" with any of the verbal subtleties that have since been raised to such bad eminence. Never quibbling about the letter, he welcomed to his broad fellowship all who received the doctrine in its spirit and life.

And so the most logical expounder of St. Paul who has appeared in modern times, John Calvin, catching this liberal spirit of his master, does not scruple to declare, "I could wish these words, 'trinity and persons,' indeed to be buried in oblivion, provided this faith were universally received, that the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit are the one God ; and that, nevertheless, the Son is not the Father, nor the Spirit the Son, but that they are distinguished from each other by some peculiar property. I am not so rigidly precise as to be fond of contending for mere words." "The moderation of holy men," he adds, "should teach us not to pass such severe censures on those who are unwilling to subscribe to expressions adopted by us, provided they are not actuated by pride, perverseness, or disingenuous subtlety."

Some of those who pride themselves especially on being the followers of John Calvin have been wiser than their teacher, and have overlaid this doctrine with forms of statement that find no support in Scripture, and no point of contact in Christian consciousness. It may be that others, debarred from communion with them for rejecting their phraseology, have a far truer and deeper experience of the blessedness of belief in Father and Son and Holy Ghost. A theological statement may be drawn with scrupulous fidelity from Holy Writ ; it may be admirably fitted to express the more profound and hidden aspects of a doctrine ; it may be endeared and hallowed by ancient usage ; it may, for all these reasons together, be invested with great authority ; but when any human phrases are exalted to an inexorable condition of Christian fellowship, we build on another foundation

than that which is laid. Confounding form and substance, we make that essential which was not made essential in the first age of the Church, and by the first apostles of the faith.

"Our little systems have their day;
They have their day, and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they."

We do not believe in the doctrine of the Trinity simply for collecting from certain proof-texts a theory of the Divine existence; we believe in it when to us it is truly the living way, when we have felt in our hearts its manifold yet harmonious working; when through the indwelling Spirit we continue in the Son and in the Father. This doctrine is the condensed statement of all revealed truth. As we heartily receive it, we are made wise unto salvation. There is no article of the Christian faith that does not fall under one of these three heads. The symmetrical development of Christian character depends on the equal experience of them. The three Divine factors must work together in the building of the spiritual house. We must strive for an equal understanding of the Spirit by whom, the Son through whom, and the Father unto whom we all have access. Says an eloquent writer of our time: "I long that we should pass, as regards the doctrine of the Trinity, from the confession of the lips, which is orthodoxy, to the confession of the heart, which is salvation. For to believe in one God, the Father of men and spirits, revealed to us in his Son's life, reconciled to us through his Son's death, and imparted to us through the agency of the life-giving Spirit, is to live in the sense, to rely on the strength, and to rejoice in the sweetness of a Divine relationship. It is to *know* that we are no longer strangers and foreigners with our God, but to feel that, in the bonds of this everlasting covenant, he is in us, and we are in him, brought near by the Son, kept near by the Spirit, bound together in a threefold cord which shall not be quickly broken." *

* A Present Heaven.

How rarely is this harmonious experience seen. How common, for example, to lay exclusive stress upon the Father ; to speak in unguarded terms of his love and mercy ; to dissolve his attributes in mere benevolence ; to forget that he is just not less than compassionate, and holy not less than good ; to come thoughtlessly before him, unmindful that in his presence angels and archangels veil their faces. How wide-spread and easy that sentimental homage that perversely shuts its eye to all recognition of human sin and guilt.

God is indeed our Father, but we can truly call him such only when we see his glory in the face of Jesus Christ. We can have fellowship with the Father only as we have fellowship with the Son. There is but one door by which we enter in. Vainly shall we strive to climb up some other way. Through him alone we come to the Father of lights. No other name is given under heaven whereby we can be saved. We may learn, indeed, in childhood, to lisp the words "Our Father," but we do not feel the meaning of them till the Only-begotten Son is formed within us.

How common, again, to make the Son the central doctrine of theology ; to set aside the Father and the Spirit as mere incidental truths of Revelation. How common to assert faith in his atoning blood as the one essential of Christian life ; to narrow the Gospel down to the acceptance of some frigid scheme of Divine administration, whereby we seek to render plain to our finite comprehension how God can be just and still the justifier of him that believeth. How far removed is this, too, from the catholic belief.

The Scriptures, indeed, teach that he that hath the Son hath life, but they also teach that the Son can be received only as the Spirit reveals him. We cannot live by faith of the Son of Man till, by the operation of the Spirit, he is formed within us. We are not saved by figuring him to our fancies as an outward substitute, but by knowing him in the fellowship of his suffering and in the power of his resurrection ; by so partaking of his eternal priesthood that we, too, become living sacrifices, holy and acceptable.

And, lastly, how often have men laid undue emphasis on the doctrine of the Holy Spirit, making religion a mere inward life; exalting the convictions of each individual above the teaching of the Written Word, and the sober affirmations of the Universal Church. No doctrine of Christianity is more vital and precious than the doctrine of the inner light; but, when unqualified by other truth, what folly, what confusion, what crime even, have claimed from time to time to be the operation of that Spirit which is the Spirit of truth, of unity, and of peace.

The Divine Spirit does indeed dwell in the soul of each true disciple; it dwells there as a guide into all truth; as a light that lighteth every man; but its office is, not to set us adrift on a sea of speculation, but to take of the things of Christ and show them unto us. We are certain that we have its abiding influence only when, in the unity of one body, we are led by it to recognize one Lord, one faith, one baptism. By it we are built on the foundation of prophets and apostles, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone.

Our faith is in the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost; not in either one as separate from the rest, but in the three together, as forming one truth, one object of belief, one method of salvation. The problem for each regenerate soul is to recognize, in the unity of one experience, this threefold revelation. If we believe in the Father, it must be as manifest in the Son; if we believe in the Son, it must be as revealed by the Spirit; if we believe in the Spirit, it must be as bringing us through the Son unto the Father. The Divine vestment cannot be rent asunder. If we dwell exclusively on either one of these correlated truths; if we suffer either one to usurp undue influence in shaping our belief, we sacrifice the proportion of faith. This doctrine formulates the threefold adjustment of the Deity to human wants, and according as we symmetrically grasp it are we made partakers of the Divine nature. It was not designed for theologians, but for believing men. Of nice dogmatic statement we have had enough. What we need is a deeper intuition

of the interior meaning; an anointing of the spirit that shall bring us to such open vision of the Lord of life, that we, being transformed into his image, may have our lives hid with him in God. Thus will it be felt that the doctrine which through so many ages has lain imbedded in the richest fruition and understanding of the love of God in Christ, which passeth knowledge, is no dead abstraction; thus will the deep things that so long have baffled the intellect interpret themselves to the heart, as the believer,

"From Hope and firmer Faith to perfect Love
Attracted and absorbed,"

sees at last no longer through a glass, but face to face.

"To us," in the words of another,* "this doctrine is the sum and summit of Christian truth. We see in it that which specifically distinguishes our religion from all antecedent and contemporary faiths, exactly defining it against polytheism on the one hand, and Hebrew and Arabian monotheism on the other; evangelically dividing it from Persian dualism on this side, and Hindoo tritheism on that. We see in it the sublimest and completest theory of God. A God whose nature is neither diffracted by multiplicity, nor yet concluded in singularity, who is neither the unconscious all of Pantheism, nor the insulated self of Judaism; a God whose essence is not to be sought in lone seclusion, but in everlasting self-communication, whose being is a unit and yet a process; a process of which the two associated names—the Son and the Holy Ghost—are the august terms and the perfect method, a God who allies himself with finite intelligence by the coeternal, mediating Word, and reflects himself in human nature and enchurches himself in human society by the ever-proceeding, sanctifying Spirit. So believing, we also join in the reverent and dear ascription, 'Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen!'"

* Dr. Hodge.

"BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN."

New offerings on the votive shrine,
New deeds baptized by love divine,
New strength to struggle and endure,
New hopes in Him whose grace is sure.

Hath not His hand been very near,
Closing a blossom, long so dear, —
Lifting the light from this our home,
Lest our fond feet from Thee might roam ?

The life that twined around our own,
We might forget was *His* alone ;
The head that on her bosom pressed
Now turns to find its higher rest.

That light so joyous shall not dim,
Without uplifting us to Him ;
The blossom shall not fall and die,
Without some sweeter life on high.

O depth of love that heals through pain,
And purifies through fire each stain !
For who the higher life would know,
Were joys unfailing found below ?

Ah ! let us gather from our grief
That blissful trust, heaven's sweet relief ;
Nor question, in our darkest hour,
The justice of the Heavenly Power.

A new significance is given
To life so near the gates of heaven ;
New flowers are blooming on the way,
Sunned by the beams of endless day.

Sorrow is beautiful and blest,
When angels fold us to their rest ;
While the sweet music of their wings
Soothes into peace life's sufferings.

ST. LOUIS.

(Concluded from the August Number.)

MEANTIME, Queen Marguerite, the wife of Louis, was sick in Damietta. Having heard of her husband's captivity, and her own hour of danger approaching, she knelt at the feet of an aged knight who guarded her, and besought of him a boon, which he swore to grant. Then she said: "I require you, by the faith you have just now plighted, if the Saracens take this city, to strike off my head before they lay hands on me." The knight renewed his promise, declaring that such had already been his purpose. She summoned the other warriors to her bedside, and by her heroic words renewed their failing courage for the defence of the endangered fortress.

"Before her words they thrilled, like leaves
When winds are in the wood;
And a deepening murmur told of men
Roused to a loftier mood.
And her babe awoke to flashing swords,
Unsheathed in many a hand,
As they gathered round the helpless one,
Again a noble band!

"We are thy warriors, lady!
True to the Cross and thee!
The spirit of thy kindling word
On every sword shall be!
Rest, with thy fair child on thy breast,
Rest, — we will guard thee well;
St. Denis for the Lily-flower,
And the Christian citadel!"*

When the king was treating for his ransom, an incident occurred that showed his deep respect and attachment to his mother. He said, that, if a reasonable sum was named, he would send to her to pay it. "And they said to him, 'How is it that you do not wish us to say that *you* will do these

* Mrs. Hemans.

ings?' And the king replied, that he did not know if the queen his mother would choose to do it, for that she was his lady." He would not send to her an order, but a request.

He was at length released, and, leaving Egypt, devoted a year to strengthening the places still held by the Christians in Palestine. He did not quit that country till the barons of the Holy Land assured him that his presence was no longer needed. It was now needed in France. His mother was dead. He heard of her decease with the deepest emotion; and returned to France with double sorrow for her loss and for the scanty results of his ill-omened expedition. "Had I come to endure the disgrace and the misfortune," he exclaimed, "and had not my sins turned to the prejudice of the Church Universal, I should be resigned. But alas! all Christendom has fallen, through me, into disgrace and confusion." He spoke truth in this, as far as related to his own dominions; for there the wildest disorder reigned, through an insurrection of the peasants. The lowest and most ignorant class had flown to arms on hearing of the captivity of their king, declaring their purpose to rescue him; but, guided by fanatical leaders, and incensed at the opposition they met with, they had turned their arms against the public peace. The king blamed himself not without reason, though he mistook the point in which his conduct had been wrong. He little thought it was that crusade in which he had engaged from mistaken views of duty, which had brought down this punishment on his people and himself.

Yet, devotee as he was, his love of goodness triumphed sometimes over his love of the means of goodness. His attendant, Joinville, tells of a conversation at the king's table, as follows: "The king, being in good spirits, said to me, Now, seneschal, tell me why *preudomme* (honest man) is a better title than *béguin* (devotee)?" Then began the noise between Master Robert and myself. When we had disputed a long time, then the king gave his decision, and said, Master Robert, I would wish you both to be called and to

be an honest man, and you may be all the rest ; for an honest man is so great and good a thing, that even the naming it fills the mouth.' ”

The style of argument and amount of toleration in that age, where the truth of Christianity was concerned, may be inferred from the following. The king “ tells Joinville that a knight, who was present at a discussion between some monks and Jews, put a question to one of the Jewish doctors, and, on getting his answer, gave him a blow on the head with a stick, which knocked him down. ‘ So I tell you,’ said the king, ‘ that none ought to dispute with them, except he be right good clerk ; but when a layman hears the Christian law maligned, he ought not to defend it save with the sword, which he ought to thrust into the defamer’s body as far as it will enter.’ ”

At a period when the corruptions of the Church were so great, it was impossible but that a thoughtful mind must have had moments of doubt. But in the mind of Louis resolution held guard over faith. He told Joinville, that at the moment of death the Devil strives to shake the faith of the dying man. “ And therefore one ought to be on one’s guard, and defend one’s self against the snare, by saying to the enemy, when he sends such temptation, Get thee gone ! and one ought to say to the enemy, Thou shalt not tempt me from my firm belief in all the articles of faith.”

“ Word was one day brought him that Christ had appeared in the host, or bread of communion. ‘ Let those who doubt,’ he said, ‘ go and see ; for my part, I see him in my heart.’ ”

“ Long after his return,” says the historian, “ St. Louis seemed to reject every foreign thought and ambition. He confined himself, with uneasy scrupulosity, to his duty as a Christian, considering all the duties of royalty comprised in the practices of devotion, and imputing to himself as a sin every disorder of the commonweal.” Prompted by the voice of conscience, he now restored to Henry of England a large part of the conquests of his ancestors, on condition

that Henry should recognize his title to the rest. This act of disinterestedness procured for him one of the noblest testimonials of confidence which a nation could give to a former enemy. The weak Henry was at difference with his barons. The spirit of English liberty had begun to show its existence, and in this reign the first Parliament had met. The king and Parliament were at war. Both parties, convinced of the piety and justice of the king of France, applied to him to arbitrate between them. The decision of Louis was moderate, and apparently just, though it failed to restore peace between the excited parties.

But while the better part of Louis's religion, his reverence for God and for the right, gained him this honor in England, its baser part, his superstitious devotion to the see of Rome, made him partaker, though distantly, in an unjust war in Italy. The hatred of successive Popes against Frederic II., the resolute and free-thinking Emperor of Germany, had pursued him to the grave. Not resting even there, it still followed the broken remains of his family with spiritual maledictions and with temporal arms. All that remained to the house that had once ruled Germany and Italy was the kingdom of Naples, and this the Pope offered to King Louis, if he would undertake a war which must be holy, since it was against the enemies of the Church. The king refused the prize for himself, but allowed his brother Charles, Count of Anjou, to accept it. Thence followed the expedition of Charles, with its well-known results, the victory of the French at Benevento, the judicial murder of the young Conradin, and the terrible retribution of the Sicilian Vespers.

While his brother was engaged in this war, the king of France was administering justice with admirable impartiality among his subjects. Many anecdotes are preserved of his decisions. A question arose respecting a grant which he had made before he went to the East. The seal on the document brought in proof was broken, so that little of it remained. The king's counsellors told him that he was not bound by

the grant. He had the seal brought which he had used at the time when the grant was alleged to have been made ; and, comparing it with the broken impression, " Lords," said he, " you see this seal, which I used before I crossed the sea : it is clear that the imprint of the broken is similar to that of the entire seal ; wherefore I durst not in conscience retain the said countship."

Though merciful in disposition, he would not indulge in mercy against the requirements of justice. Once on Good Friday, as he was reading the Psalms, the relatives of a prisoner came to beseech his release, reminding the king that the day was one of forgiveness. Louis laid his finger on the verse at which he then was, " Happy are they that observe justice, and who execute it at all times." (Psalm cvi. 3.) He then sent for the Provost of Paris, and continued his reading. The Provost informed him that the prisoner had been guilty of enormous crimes ; on which the king ordered his immediate execution.

Superstitious as he was, his good sense placed some restraint on the absurd method of trial by single combat. A powerful noble, Enguerrand de Coucy, had abused the right of high jurisdiction which the barons then possessed, by hanging three young men who were found sporting in his woods. The king had him arrested and punished, inflicting other penalties, besides depriving him of the power he had used so cruelly. All the great vassals protested against this decision, and supported Enguerrand's demand for trial by battle ; but the king was firm. He said, that with regard to the poor, to churches, and to those persons on whom one ought to have pity, they ought not thus to be met with wager of battle, since it would not be easy to find persons to undertake to encounter the barons of the kingdom in the lists for such sort of people.

His devotion, fanatical as it sometimes appeared, was often touchingly expressed. " The blessed king," says a priest of his court, " was marvellously desirous of the grace of tears,

and complained to his confessor of the lack of tears." He would say in prayer, "O Lord God, I dare not ask for the fount of tears ; rather, few and small drops would suffice to water the dryness of my heart."

Ten or eleven years had passed since his return from his Egyptian crusade, when news reached France again of defeats experienced by the Christians in Syria, and cruelties practised on them. Seventeen thousand persons are said to have been slain in Antioch alone, and a hundred thousand sold into slavery. Europe was filled with grief and indignation at the news ; but more than a century of disappointment had crushed out from almost every heart the hope of success for any new attempt. The king of France, however, resolved on another expedition. In vain the Pope himself endeavored to dissuade him. On the 25th of May, 1267, having convened his barons in the great hall of the Louvre, he entered it, bearing in his hands what he believed to be the Saviour's crown of thorns, a relic of high esteem, which he had acquired in his former expedition. Weakened as he was by the austerities he constantly practised, he assumed the cross, and caused his three sons to take it also. None after this dared to refuse.

The vessels which bore his army made but slow progress ; and after twenty days at sea, the hope of reaching Palestine was given up, and the king determined to land near Tunis. Louis had, from some uncertain grounds, the fancy that the king of that country might be persuaded or intimidated into becoming a Christian. But though his landing was unopposed, the country was evidently hostile ; and a worse enemy than the Saracens soon appeared, in the pestilence, before which his nobles and their followers fell like grain before the reaper. The king and his sons fell sick ; the youngest and best beloved of his children died ; it was a week before his confessor dared to tell him of his loss. He received it as a summons sent from God. " Without fear or regret, he went through the last duties of a Christian's life, repeating the ap-

pointed litanies and psalms, dictating a beautiful and touching paper of instructions to his son and successor, and even receiving the ambassadors of the Greeks, who had come to beseech his intervention in their favor with his brother Charles. He spoke kindly to them, and promised his best offices, if he lived, to procure them peace. The next day he was himself taken to God's peace."

Among those parting instructions which he dictated to his son were these: "If it happen that any suit between rich and poor come before thee, support the stranger's cause, but show not too much heat therein until thou know the truth, for those of thy council might be fearful to speak against thee, and this thou oughtest not to desire. And if thou art given to understand that thou holdest anything through wrong, done either in thy own time or in that of thy ancestors, quickly restore it, no matter how great the thing may be, either in land, or money, or otherwise." At an earlier period he had spoken in the same spirit. "Dear son," he said, "I pray thee to gain the love of the people of thy kingdom; for truly I should prefer a Scot's coming from Scotland to govern the people of my kingdom well and loyally, to thy governing them ill in the face of the world." The last words he wrote to his daughter were: "Dear daughter, the measure according to which we ought to love God is to love him beyond measure."

"And on the Monday morn, the blessed king raised his clasped hands to heaven, and said: 'Gracious Lord God (*Bian sires Diex*), have mercy on this people sojourning here, and grant them a safe return, that they may not fall into the enemy's hands, or be forced to deny thy holy name.' And the night before he died, as he was reposing, he sighed, and said in a low voice: 'O Jerusalem! O Jerusalem!'" With that sigh he bade farewell to the darling object of his life, the redemption of the Holy Sepulchre.

On his last night he ordered his attendants to lift him out of bed, and to lay him on ashes; and on this humble couch he died, his arms being placed so as to form a cross.

Thus expired, at the age of forty-six, a prince who, notwithstanding the great errors of his fanaticism, did much for the establishment of order and the advancement of civilization. The Church of Rome enrolled him among her saints, and yet it has been thought that, devoted as he was to her service, he still rendered essential aid in preparing the minds of men to rebel against her usurpation. For, by the side of his pure piety and disinterested justice, the corruption and tyranny of the court of Rome appeared in darker colors. Men began to see the hollowness of her pretensions to superior sanctity; and though two hundred and fifty years passed before the Reformation, that period saw the Romish power degraded from its lofty place to a mere vassalage to that royalty on which it before had trampled.

There is little difficulty, from our modern point of view, in separating the defects of Louis IX. from the excellent traits of his example. His excessive devotion to the Papal authority, his intolerance, his constant fastings, his romantic expeditions, were from the defective knowledge of his age; his piety, his filial love, his self-denying justice, were his own. In view of such qualities, while admitting all his errors, we yet own the martial saint as one of the noblest characters of the Middle Ages. In reference to that dark period, when rapine desolated the realms, and ambition desecrated the Church of God, the beauty of that pure example is well described by the author of the "Christian Year": —

"Where shall the holy Cross find rest?
On a crowned monarch's mailed breast:
Like some bright angel o'er the darkling scene,
Through court and camp he holds his heavenward course serene."

S. G. B.

SUMMER EVENING HYMN.

How beautiful, how heavenly fair,
 This evening twilight, Lord, to me !
 What gorgeous colors on the air,
 Born of thine own resplendency !

The deep-blue concave overhead,
 Its golden haze, its evening star,
 The tree-tops round the horizon spread,
 The calm, still influence from afar,

The summer's warmth, the grateful shade,
 The cooling breezes kindly given,
 Seem by thy love expressly made
 To lure the soul from earth to heaven.

Oh ! symbol of that evening hour,
 When life itself shall thus decline,
 And when, by Christ's peculiar power,
 More glowing splendors may be mine,

More beauty in the parting day,
 More glory in the cloudless sky,
 A brighter star rise on my way,
 To light the soul to God on high.

W. M. F.

“AND so it is with the children of God ; they have various gifts and knowledge, yet all from one Spirit. They all rejoice at the great wonders of God, and give thanks to the Most High in his wisdom. Why should they long contend about him, *in whom they live and have their being*, and of whose substance they themselves are ?” — JACOB BEHMEN.

THE ESCHATOLOGY OF CHRIST AND OF ST. PAUL
COMPARED.

PART III

WHAT is the meaning of St. Paul's language? What did he teach with regard to this great doctrine? What we wish to examine especially is, whether he taught that the great event was to take place in his lifetime; for this we find is taken for granted by many whom, as scholars and Christians, we revere and honor. Let us first learn from the pen of a great modern scholar the ground of this expectation, on the part of the Apostles, of the early return of Jesus to the earth. "The misunderstanding of the Apostolic Church," says Hase,* "was occasioned by the fact that Jesus had left the theocratic, national hope unfulfilled, which was therefore only postponed, so that the hope of the coming of the Messiah transferred itself into a hope of his return. The tradition of the discourses of Jesus was necessarily affected by the error of the Church." But Hase admits (page 202) that "such a return of the Messiah is nowhere announced by the prophets, nor contained in the popular faith." Nor does he maintain that Jesus taught such a literal return, except, perhaps, in the early part of his ministry. But how, then, could the Apostles get such an idea, if they got it neither from the prophets, nor from the popular faith, nor from Jesus? They literalized his spiritual teaching, we are told. But mark the complete circle in this reasoning. Their traditions shaped this prophecy, and yet it was this prophecy that gave rise to their traditions,—a kind of perpetual motion, where the mover and the moved are cause and effect at one and the same time. But to say nothing of this false *reasoning*, the idea of Hase is contradicted by the plain *teaching* of the Apostles themselves. From the very first,

* Life of Jesus, (J. F. Clarke's Trans.,) p. 203. Boston. 1860.

they declare that "this Jesus *is* the Messiah," not *will be*. They undertake to prove from the Jewish Scriptures that he fulfilled *all* the prophetic representations concerning the Messiah. No hint is ever made that he has failed in any particular, but the contrary is insisted on; no intimation is given that he is to return in order to fulfil the national idea of the Messiah; on the contrary, it is positively asserted that "God *has made* this same Jesus both Lord and the Messiah." Again, it seems to me impossible to suppose the Apostles drew their consolation from no higher source than the mere gross expectation of the literal coming of their Lord during their lifetime. If we were going to give a theory of St. Paul's representation of the matter, we should proceed in some such manner as follows. Christ, as we have seen, connected the destruction of Jerusalem with the end of the world, — i. e. of man's career on earth, — making the one the type of the other, the lesser judgment symbolical of the greater, the present a prefiguring of the future. Paul, writing mostly to Gentile converts, would not deem it proper to say anything (at least not much) concerning the destruction of Jerusalem; but would, when speaking upon the subject, naturally dwell on the second feature of this prophecy. Yet as that second feature of the prophecy was intimately connected in its moral relations with the ever-living present, he represents it as near at hand, not in its final consummation, but in its gradual unfolding and its ever-enlarging development. He means to teach and say, "As the plans of God's judgments on earth are ripening every hour, and thus the day of the Lord is ever at hand, take consolation and comfort therefrom, and wait for the consummation of those plans in the final judgment, when God, through Christ, shall complete the separation of the tares from the wheat, the bad from the good, according to the principles of the Gospel." At the same time, however, remembering the words of Christ, that "of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven, nor the Son, but the Father only," he does

ot attempt to settle the time when these things shall be, but
 ainly confesses his ignorance: "Of the times and seasons,
 rethren, ye have no need that I write unto you, for ye your-
 selves know perfectly that the day of the Lord cometh as a
 thief in the night."* Again, "Now we beseech you, breth-
 ren, that concerning the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ,
 and our gathering together unto him, ye be not soon shaken
 in your mind, or be troubled, neither by spirit, nor by word,
 or by letter as from us, as that the day of the Lord is at
 hand."† That St. Paul believed it *possible* that Christ's
 second coming might take place during his lifetime, we do
 not deny; but that he thought it probable and taught it, we
 find no proof in his writings. His belief in the *possibility*
 of it is in perfect harmony with Christ's own teaching, who
 declares that not even the Son, but the Father only, knew the
exact time. This ignorance on Paul's part does not affect
 his inspiration, nor even his infallibility, on what he did
 teach, for no one ever supposed that inspiration, or even in-
 fallibility, implies omniscience. If, however, on a subject
 involving the highest destiny of man, life, death, judgment,
 and the eternal world, the Apostles taught absolute error,
 this does not only affect their inspiration and infallibility,
 but their reliability, and they cease at once to command even
 our respect. What claim, pray, to our religious respect, has
 an old man of ill form and features, going from city to city,
 and from country to country, driven by a mob from Thessa-
 lonica to Berea, from Berea to Athens, declaring everywhere
 that the world and all that is in it will be burned up in a
 few months, or years at most, and that Christ will come to
 take fiery vengeance on all those who persecute the Chris-
 tians? Would he, after eighteen hundred years had proved
 the folly of his preaching, be looked to by us as a religious
 guide? For one, I answer no. I can conceive of nothing
 more repulsive to my religious feeling, and nothing more

 * 1 Thess. v. 1, 2.

† 2 Thess. ii. 1, 2.

unjust to the sacred penmen, than the representation of some writers as to the expectation of the Apostles. They are represented as expecting Christ to return and fulfil all the worldly hopes of the Jews concerning the Messiah, as conceived of in the time of Christ. Besides the contradiction which is given to this representation in the Apostolic writings themselves, where all is so spiritual and free from gross images, — besides all this, I say, the idea of a dead man returning to the earth to assume the reign of a temporal kingdom, carrying on wars, conquering enemies, rewarding friends, is too gross to be conceived of even by a common Jew, much less by an inspired Apostle. Hase, as we have seen, admits that such an idea is neither found in the Jewish prophets nor in the popular faith. Shall it be left to the Christian religion to corrupt the Jewish faith? God forbid! What idea those can have of a Divine and supernatural revelation who suppose it to be intrusted to such men, it were difficult to understand. No wonder that not a few who form such notions of the Apostles soon come to prefer Socrates and Zeno to Paul and Peter, as the channels through whom the Deity chooses to reveal himself to man.

But several passages are quoted from Paul's writings, claiming to prove that he did expect a speedy coming of Christ. Let us examine the most important ones. The first is 1 Thess. iv. 13 – 18. Now everything here depends upon the little word "we," for if you substitute "they" for "we," there is nothing in the passage to prevent it referring to a period indefinitely in the future. The discussion on this word here, as well as in 1 Cor. xv. 52, turns upon a point of simple Greek verbal criticism, upon which it is unnecessary to enter here, even were we wholly competent to do so. As, however, good Greek scholars are divided on the subject, we may be allowed to take that view which best accords with St. Paul's general teaching elsewhere. It is claimed that the "we" (the Greek *ἡμεῖς*) is not the rhetorical "we," but necessarily implies that Paul expected himself to live to

see what he here describes. But that Paul did not include himself in the "we" of these passages is evident from the fact that he often speaks of himself as expecting soon to die, and be with Christ after death. Thus, in Phil. i. 21, "For me to live is Christ, but to die is gain." "For I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better; yet to abide in the flesh is more needful for you." (Verses 23, 24.) Also in 2 Tim. iv. 6, &c., "For I am now ready to be offered up; the time of my departure is at hand," &c. But it is replied, I know, to this, that these Epistles were written late in life, when the Apostle had become more cautious and wiser; that he had lived to see his error, and had changed his mind on the subject of Eschatology. Thus, Olshausen, among others. To this we answer, first, that the very Epistle containing the language just quoted, contains passages similar to those in his earlier Epistles, in which we are told that he teaches that he shall live to see the coming of Christ. For instance, in this very book and chapter which Olshausen quotes to prove that Paul had changed his mind, we find (verse 10) this language: "That ye may prove things that are excellent, that ye may be sincere and without offence till the day of Christ." See also Titus ii. 11-14, "For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared unto all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world, looking for that blessed hope and glorious appearance of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ," &c. Here we have the same rhetorical "we" as in 1 Thessalonians and 1 Corinthians. This Epistle to Titus was written among the very latest. Again, 1 Tim. vi. 14, "I charge thee that thou keep this commandment without spot, unrebukable, until the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ." See also 1 Tim. iv. 1; 2 Tim. iii. 1. We answer, secondly, that if St. Paul was so impressed in his earlier ministry with the thought of the speedy coming of Christ, why do we find whole Epistles

written at this early period without a word in them on this subject, as, for instance, Galatians among the very first, and 2 Corinthians only a little after 1 Corinthians? We answer, thirdly, that in 2 Cor. iv. 14, Paul, only a few months after he wrote the celebrated fifteenth chapter of 1 Corinthians (verses 51, 52), writes as follows: "Knowing that he which raised up the Lord Jesus shall raise up *us* also by Jesus, and shall present us with you." Here he expresses the expectation not only that he, but also the Corinthians, would be dead before the coming of Christ, and would be raised from the dead by the power of God through Christ. We answer, fourthly, that it looks like a trick of criticism to say that Paul had changed his mind, when no passages are or can be pointed out as indicating such a change. We answer, lastly, does it not militate against the honesty of Paul to suppose that he had changed his mind on so important a question, and yet say nothing about correcting it? It seems to me any honest man would feel bound in such a case to make a public announcement of his former error. But when we add, that this honest man was divinely and miraculously inspired and commissioned to proclaim a new and ever-continuing and supernatural religion, it becomes almost blasphemy to suppose that he would allow such an error to go uncorrected. If now it is said, in answer to this, that he had only ceased to expect himself to live to see it, but still continued to believe it very near, and about to take place during the lifetime of some still living, we answer, that, even in that case, for reasons already stated, we have reason to believe he would have corrected his former mistake, which would still have been a great and a dangerous one. Furthermore, it would seem that the First Epistle to the Thessalonians was misunderstood by the Thessalonians, or rather was interpreted by them as some modern critics interpret it. They thought it supported an error into which they had fallen, namely, that the day of the Lord was at hand,—i. e. very near. The Apostle writes the Second Epistle to them, (partly,

at least, to correct this error,) and in it uses this language: "Now we beseech you, brethren, that concerning the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ, and our gathering together unto him, ye be not soon shaken in mind or be troubled, neither by spirit nor by word, nor by letter as from us, as that the day of the Lord is at hand. Let no man deceive you by any means" in this matter. Then he goes on to describe certain things which must be accomplished ere it come to pass. What he there actually describes cannot now be understood by us, though it was perfectly intelligible to the Thessalonians, as he had talked the matter over with them while among them. It would seem, then, that in this Epistle Paul actually corrects the mistake into which many modern critics have fallen, in supposing that he taught in 1 Thesalonians the speedy coming of Christ. Surely Paul ought to be allowed to interpret his own language. We might quote other passages and offer other arguments, but these papers have already swelled to an unexpected and undesirable length. However unsatisfactory our argument may be to others, our investigation has fully convinced us that between Christ and St. Paul there is no difference in teaching on the subject of which we have treated,—that both alike teach a present and progressive kingdom of God, in which Christ is ever coming to a judgment, which, however, is not exhaustive now, but will find its final consummation and exhaustive fulfilment at the last great assize,—the end of man's *αἰών* on this earth,—when each shall know as he is known, the kingdom of Christ be fully come, and God be all in all. On a question of such importance, we cannot regard either Christ or the Apostles as in error. Death, the resurrection, the judgment, the eternal world, are the great facts of our being, and if on these Christ or the Apostles were so egregiously mistaken, our sacred books become to us of little more value than Scipio's Dream or Plato's Phædrus. It is because we thus feel that we have thus spoken.

J. S.

RANDOM READINGS.

HEART-MYSTERIES.

QUEEN MARY is said to have died of grief for the loss of Calais, and to have exclaimed, "After I am dead, you will find the word Calais written on my heart." In the diary of the Rev. John Ward, kept between the year 1662 and 1681, is found this curious entry: "Dr. Conyers dissected a person not long ago that died for love in London; and they found (at least as they fancied) *the impression of a face upon his heart.*" A fact, if it be one, which Mr. Denton might use in his next edition of his *Researches in Psychometry*.

De Quincey has a very curious criticism elucidating Acts i. 18. He has a more favorable opinion of the character of Judas Iscariot than the one popularly held. Judas was sordid, but not hard-hearted, and had no thought of bringing harm to his Master. He thought Christ could protect himself by his mysterious power, and so that the thirty pieces of silver would be a clear gain to the common treasury. When it turned out very differently, Judas actually died of grief. The phrase rendered "his bowels gushed out," in the Greek is idiomatic, and ought to be rendered "*his heart broke.*" Certainly the phrase, ἐξέχυθη τὰ σπλάγχνα, admits, if it does not absolutely require, this rendering, and, as Judas has been hated for eighteen hundred years, it will do no harm if his critic stirs a throb of pity for him, while he explains a difficult passage at the same time. s.

BEAUTY IN DEATH.

BYRON has an exquisite passage on the beauty which lingers on the faces of the dead, and in which the aspect of his beloved Greece is compared to a beautiful corpse. He appends a note to the effect that "this peculiar beauty remains but a few hours after death." Leslie, the artist, disputes this, affirming that he had often been called to make drawings of the dead, and that the expression generally improves the second day, and on the third day is often finer still, — confirming thus the idea which some hold, that the sundering of soul and body is not immediate, and warning friends against premature burials. Sometimes on the third day the features take on an unwonted spiritual beauty, as if the soul, ere it quit its tenement,

ived an angelic influx to prepare it for the dawning glory. See Welby's chapter on the Beauty of Death, in his recent work. following is the passage of Byron. It is from the Giaour.

"He that hath bent him o'er the dead,
 Ere the first day of death is fled, —
 The first dark day of nothingness,
 The last of danger and distress, —
 Before decay's effacing fingers
 Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,
 And marked the mild angelic air,
 The rapture of repose that's there, —
 The fixed yet tender traits that streak
 The languor of the placid cheek,
 And but for that sad shrouded eye,
 That fires not, wins not, weeps not now,
 And but for that chill, changeless brow,
 Whose touch thrills with mortality,
 And curdles to the gazer's heart,
 As if to him it could impart
 The doom he dreads yet dwells upon, —
 Yes, but for these, and these alone,
 Some moments — ay, one treacherous hour —
 He still might doubt the tyrant's power,
 So fair, so calm, so softly sealed
 The first, last look by death revealed."

8.

MY CLASS IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

r was composed of boys from ten to twelve years of age, — not most propitious age for receiving religious impressions. I con-
 ed, however, one way and another, to gain their attention and
 w them out, and not the least interesting feature of our exercise
 watching on my part the latent germs of character which began
 evelop themselves. One of the boys had considerable sensibility,
 tended to the ideal. Frank's eye would sparkle, and sometimes
 w moist, as we dwelt upon the grand and beautiful in character,
 shown in the Bible histories. This, however, was all lost upon
 l, an unmitigated Yankee urchin, without any vein of Orientalism
 im.

Ve were on the Feast of the Tabernacles. I dwelt upon the
 eful pomp of the ceremonial, and tried to make it dramatic and

picturesque. I had brought in a copy of Henry Ware's sacred drama on the same subject, and at the close of the exercise read some extracts from it. Those familiar with this production of Mr. Ware will recall the grand and musical flow of some of the stanzas, and the graphic power with which the Scripture scenes are reproduced. I enjoyed it myself, and read it with unction. After the reading, there was a pause. I wanted the boys to give their impressions, as they all had listened with their whole attention. Ned broke the pause first, with the question, "*How much did that cost?*" The fellow thought he must say something to show his appreciation; but unfortunately it dissipated our sense of the sublime, for it put Frank into convulsions of laughter, with which I had internally a very lively sympathy.

Frank and Ned have turned up everywhere since, in all my experience both as a preacher and a hearer. The very poorest sermons are the best ones for somebody, and the best ones are the poorest for somebody else. I have come away touched and melted from preaching which fell upon those about me as upon stones. I have seen people held rapt and delighted by preaching which to me was the emptiest clap-trap. I have preached sermons to a congregation which put me *en rapport* with them, and we would seem lost together in the glory of the theme. I have preached the same to another congregation, when the words fell empty, stale, and unprofitable. My experience with the Sunday-school class over and over again. Finally, I have deduced this canon of criticism in regard to sermons, — Provided the sermon comes from a sincere heart, whether it finds you or not, assume that it is finding somebody, and doing them good. Do not think that *you* are the only hearer to be preached to, and, provided Ned is getting his share of the Word, be satisfied with that, and rejoice in it, and let Frank wait till his turn comes. s.

WESLEY'S LAST WORDS.

THEY were written to Wilberforce, about six days before Wesley breathed his last, and the Transcript thinks that, if the old saint were on earth, he would now send them to Abraham Lincoln, to cheer him on.

"My dear sir, unless the Divine power has raised you up to be as *Athanasius contra mundum*, I see not how you can go through your glorious

enterprise, in opposing that execrable villany, which is the scandal of religion, of England, and of human nature. Unless God has raised you up for this very thing, you will be worn out by the opposition of men and devils; but if God be for you, who can be against you? Are all of them stronger than God? O be not weary of well-doing. Go on, in the name of God, and in the power of his might, till even American slavery, the vilest that ever saw the sun, shall vanish away before it. That He who has guided you from your youth up may continue to strengthen you in this and all things, is the prayer of, dear sir, your affectionate servant,

"JOHN WESLEY."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

A Journal of a Residence on a Georgian Plantation in 1838 - 39.
By FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1863. — We are willing to confess that we took up this book with not a little distrust, not of course of the writer's integrity or ability, but of her judgment. A sort of person, we said, who will find what she seeks, and that whether it is there or not; a person more likely, spite of her English birth and training, to give us the subjective, herself, her own opinions, feelings, prepossessions, than the objective, the actual and external facts. The strong conviction of the wrong and mischief of slavery, from which happily this journalist could not free herself, ought not to be regarded as disqualifying her from making a faithful report. That surely is a very false and wicked state of society which will not bear the scrutiny of a sincere lover of freedom. The burden of proof may well rest upon those who undertake to deny a man's right to himself, and some of these deniers are very fond of saying that slavery is opposed only or chiefly by those who have never known it except through books, and that a residence amongst slaveholders will generally convert to the new political *evangel* of Davis and Stephens the most obstinate humanitarians. It is but fair, then, to remind such boasters that here is one who was not converted, one who still sees neither strength nor beauty in the new "corner-stone," and a reading of the "Journal" will satisfy every unprejudiced person that the slaveholder's wife tells only the simple truth about the wretched world in which she found herself when she followed her husband to those Southern plantations. What she gives us in these pages is evidently wrung from her. What she

describes came out day by day, and was recorded at once, not after the event, and to serve a purpose. One may hope certainly that the plantations which she writes about were beneath the average, and had suffered from the nonresidence of the owners; but, making every allowance of this kind, Mrs. Kemble's book is valuable and timely. May it do something to hasten the death of that which has brought so much woe into our land, and has cost us so many precious lives. The careful reader will observe that many of the miseries that Mrs. Kemble details are found in our community, and under the freest institutions; they are the miseries of labor, poorly paid labor. Here, too, as well as on plantations at the South, there are rags and there is wretchedness, — filthy, confined rooms, a necessity to take up burdens beyond the strength to bear them, a necessity pressing, as in the story before us, especially upon the female portion of the laboring world. We don't *own* the labor, and so we don't feel as if we had much to do with it. We don't furnish the rags, though we do supply the rooms that the poor wretches burrow in. We say that we can make more money by hiring than by owning labor, and that our rebellious neighbors would do better to hire than to own, and that it is not very profitable for them to pay even as much as they do in board and lodging and garments. Now, would n't it be well for us also to be thinking how we can contrive to elevate the labor that we do not own, and yet, as Christians, are accountable for? Perhaps it is fortunate that the Southerners, by assuming to own their fellow-creatures, have made themselves responsible in the eyes of the world for the wretchedness which still so largely characterizes the estate of toil. Add to this the fearful incidents of slavery, the moral degradation, the sensuality, the despair for this life, which encompass the bondman and bondwoman, and we cannot understand how any follower of Christ can argue that God has no better things in store on this earth for millions of his creatures. Is it necessary that an institution which tolerates such enormities as the following should be conserved, and not only conserved, but made a "*corner-stone*"?

"At the same time, Judy and Sylla, of whose children Mr. K. [a former overseer, and a most *beastly* one] was the father, were recovering from their confinements. It was not a month since any of them had been delivered, when Mrs. K. came to the hospital, had them severely flogged, a process which *she* personally superintended, and then sent them to Five Pound, — the swamp Botany Bay of the

•

plantation, — with further orders to the drivers to flog them every day for a week.”

We hope that this stroke of Mrs. Kemble's hand may be amongst the last which shall fall upon a monster that will be numbered sooner or later with extinct saurians. E.

The Holy Word its own Defence ; addressed to Bishop Colenso. By REV. A. SILVER. New York: D. Appleton & Co. — This second volume of Mr. Silver is written in the same style as his “Symbolic Character of the Scriptures,” recently reviewed in these pages. In the present volume, he devotes special attention to the “Correspondence of Numbers,” and thereby endeavors to meet the objections of Bishop Colenso drawn from the figures of the Pentateuch. His chapters also unfold, in very clear and simple language, the fundamental metaphysics of the New Church respecting God and man, the origin of evil, creation, the spiritual and natural sense of the Scriptures, with various applications of the New Church law of interpretation. It is a re-statement of the views familiar to all New Church believers, popularly stated, and in the devout spirit which characterizes all the writings of Mr. Silver. S.

Hospital Transports ; a Memoir of the Embarkation of the Sick and Wounded from the Peninsula of Virginia, in the Summer of 1862. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — A small volume of 167 pages, prepared under the auspices of the Sanitary Commission. Frederick Law Olmsted, Esq., and Rev. Mr. Knapp, with several ladies, co-workers with them, contribute principally the matter of its pages. As an inside view of the terrible realities of our civil war, it has a most painful interest, and as an impressive description of the humane service most efficiently rendered by the Commission, the work is timely and useful, and deserves to be universally read. S.

Unitarianism in the Present Time : its more important Principles, its Tendencies, and its Prospects. By JOHN ORR. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. — What Unitarianism was, what its transitions have been, what it is now, how it differs from Orthodoxy on the one hand, and from what is known as *Parkerism* on the other, is very clearly defined by Mr. Orr. Orthodoxy would not accept all his statements of its creed, but the points of divergence on the whole are admirably put. The immanence of God in man and nature is regarded as one of the newer characteristics of Unitarianism, a doctrine held by Uni-

tarianism as it is as firmly as Theodore Parker held it, without casting away, as he did, the guidance and authority of Christ. The signs of the times are indicative that the old creeds are being transformed with new ideas, and they all point to a propitious future for Liberal Christianity. Such is the scope of Mr. Orr's book, written in excellent temper, and with evident and decided tendencies to a more positive theology than that which is sometimes baptized as Unitarianism.

8.

The Soul of Things ; or, Psychometric Researches and Discoveries. By WILLIAM and ELIZABETH M. F. DENTON. Boston : Walker, Wise, & Co. — These researches are in that border land which lies in twilight between the known and the unknown, full of mystery and marvel before careful experiment has turned mystery into science. The writer of the book believes that all things, inanimate as well as animate, are acted upon by all other things about them, so that every object bears forever within itself a record of the whole shifting panorama of life around it. Taking his hint from the facts of character-reading by closed letters held in the hands of sensitive subjects, Mr. Denton conceived the notion that the ancient geologic world, with its wonderful flora and fauna, may be reproduced by geological specimens. A piece of lava placed in the hands of the gifted person brings the whole scene before his mental vision, of volcanic eruption, belching flames, and local ruin. A piece of sandstone from the Connecticut Valley, indented with bird-tracks, brings the monstrous birds into view, with their antediluvian surroundings. Mr. Denton details curious experiments of his own upon metal plates, made in the dark, showing that they would take impressions from objects without contact, and without the agency of light, — not so much photographs therefore as *noctigraphs*, and showing that one object acts positively on another, impressing its own character thereon. The phenomena of apparitions are explained by this theory. Sensitive persons, or those whose nervous sense is intensified by disease, see ghosts, because all who have ever been in a room leave impressions of themselves on all things within it ; their images are there forever, and it only requires a sense exalted and made quick to perceive them. The book is full of strange, curious, and startling things, though it professes to give facts and experiments, and to adopt strictly the inductive method. It professes only to have slightly explored this border realm of mystery, and to be simply a pioneer where science is expected to follow with broader and surer illuminations.

8.

Results of Emancipation. By AUGUSTIN COCHIN. Translated by MARY L. BOOTH. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. — Mrs. Child's pamphlet, "The Right Way the Safe Way," sums up the results of English West India emancipation, and demonstrates from undeniable authority its complete success. This book of Cochin does the same thing in reference to the English, French, Danish, and Swedish colonies. It is a magazine of fact and argument on the subject of emancipation. It won the prize of the French Academy, and will be the text-book of authority on the subject. Let no one be without it who would be ready to shut the mouths of the defenders of slavery, and of the croakers who fear emancipation. Get the "Results of Slavery," and the "Results of Emancipation," and you are completely armed against the apologists of the most brutal despotism that has cursed the earth.

8.

Helps to Education in the Homes of our Country. By REV. WARREN BURTON. Boston: Crosby and Nichols. — This work has been delayed for some time, on account, we are sorry to say, of the illness of the author; but now that it is at last published, we hope that it may run widely and swiftly. Many of our readers, we presume, have enjoyed the opportunity of hearing Mr. Burton speak upon his chosen theme, and they know that he rolls the sacred burden from his heart with the faith of a prophet, and utters what has been given him to say with the fervid zeal of one who has been sent. In this book he has put on record some of his best words. A copy of it ought to be in every home throughout the land. A tithe of the effort which is wasted in vain efforts to convert adults, would save a vast multitude of children, who are now hastening to destruction, and outstripping their parents in foolish displays and wretched dissipations. We wish to call attention particularly to what the writer says upon the great affection which we may feel for God, the possibility, which so many hardly admit (if they do not positively deny it), of loving God with the whole mind and heart, the great fact that piety is at once our need and our privilege. To many exemplary persons the considerations offered upon this topic will be quite new, and, we hope, convincing; and we wish that our limits would justify us in transferring to our pages the eminently practical hints and suggestions of the writer upon this great and vital subject. They will be found very encouraging to parents who cannot content themselves with

merely accustoming their children to "say prayers" in the time of childhood. Buy the book, reader, and make faithful use of it, and the houses of the land shall have fewer skeletons in them than they now have. E.

The Geological Evidences of the Antiquity of Man, with Remarks on Theories of the Origin of the Species by Variation. By SIR CHARLES LYELL, F. R. S. Illustrated by Wood-cuts. Second American, from the latest London Edition. Philadelphia: George W. Childs. 1863. — "It is the *order* of the phenomena, and not their *cause*, which we are able to refer to the usual course of nature." In these few words Lyell suggests a sufficient answer to all who look with suspicion upon the inquiries of the naturalist, and live in perpetual fear of his revelations. "*Faith* is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." "By *faith* we understand that the worlds were made by the Word of God." *Faith* pronounces the names Creator, Providence, Father, the Highest who is a Spirit witnesses unto our spirits, in the holy of holies within we stand before God, and we bow our heads reverently, or we rejoice in the sweet and holy light of the Divine face, then we know that we and our world live because the Eternal lives and loves, and, having found the *cause*, we proceed to the study of the *order* of nature, confident that, however we may be from time to time perplexed and amazed, we shall never lose by inquiry what never came by inquiry. And as to the supposed conflict between natural science and Scripture, it is to be noted that Scriptures are concerned, not with the *order*, but with the *cause* of nature, and that the conflict which disturbs so many believers is not between the Bible and science, but between unwise interpreters of the Bible and naturalists who hardly understand the limits of their own department of study. We love to explore the facts of life; we do not believe that any fact is in conflict with belief and aspiration and hope and love: of course, misunderstandings and misstatements are mischievous, but the way to remedy the mischief is to correct the misapprehension and to reform the statement. By and by we shall get at the truth, and we want that, and only that, and just as much of that as we can have. The believing man will no doubt be a little entertained sometimes by the confidence of what is called science, the slender basis upon which many an imposing structure is reared; but he will not be made anxious, as if the

breath of conceit could shake the Temple of the Lord from its foundations. Whatever is thoroughly ascertained will in the end magnify God and the Word.

We do not feel ourselves competent to pronounce upon the value of these chapters in Paleontology. They seem to us to be rather interesting than conclusive, and undoubtedly are for this very reason far more instructive than they would have been had the author dogmatized. The story of the former days, as it is faintly whispered by the paleontologist, exercises a strange fascination upon us here in these days of the arts and industries. The hollowed log, with the stone hatchet lying in it, has a strange look by the side of the iron-clad gunboat. The centuries have brought something with them. The beginning may have been more or less distant from the end, the interval at all events has been full of works and mysteries. Gradually the life has been manifested, as the continents are uplifted from age to age. We get a sense of repose in these unquiet times by turning aside for a few moments to these quiet studies, — and a little rest is good, for the wise as well as the foolish virgins slumbered and slept.

E.

Our Life-School as Theologians: a Discourse before the Alumni of the Theological School, Harvard University, July 14, 1863. By SAMUEL OSGOOD, Minister of the Church of the Messiah, New York. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 1863. — An elaborate and scholarly discourse, certainly. We are always ready to pay cordial homage to the ability and faithfulness, the ready and eloquent speech, the earnest, devout, and catholic spirit of its learned author. These qualities cannot but be seen prominently in the present address. And yet we cannot place it among the chief felicities of Dr. Osgood's thought and pen. We cannot, though many may. Its purpose is lofty, its range wide, its heart generous. And yet we cannot help finding ourselves occasionally a little aloof, if not dissentient. Its metaphysical subtleties are sometimes too much for us; and we cannot keep step to its stately scholasticism. We are not sure we always understand him; and are still less sure, sometimes, that we agree with him if we understand. We do not see clearly what he would have in his aspiration and search after a higher and holier order of theology and worship. We do not know where to put the "altar" and the "mercy-seat," of which he makes such frequent mention. We do not even know what

they are to be made of. We cannot see in the baptismal formula the mystic virtue that he loves to ascribe to it. The phrases and forms even of the primitive ages are less sacred to us than to him. The writings of the Fathers, never much to our liking, have won no new reverence from our "life-school."

Our friend will be comforted at the exceptions thus frankly taken, when we make a clean breast of it, and go on to say, the taste that he has given us of Rothe and Gioberti has left in us no desire of deepening the draught. We do not consider the New-Platonic streams, or any others like them, either pleasant to bathe in or good to drink. And finally, and most perversely of all, we care very little for the divine Plato himself, for the difference between his "methexis and mimesis," or for any "Platonic distinction" whatever.

The daily bread of sacred truth — *panis consubstantialis* — does not need for us any "aerating process." It must be left to others to breathe well among gases, or to navigate comfortably the clouds.

F.

Austin Elliot. By HENRY KINGSLEY, Author of Ravenshoe. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — Just such a book as one wants in a hot summer's day, or after the fatigue of hard work, or after writing a sermon, or after reading a treatise on systematic theology. The style is free and easy, the story deepens in interest as you go along, the painting of character is very distinct, and in very bright colors, the enthusiasm of the author never flags, and communicates itself to his reader, and so, in the way of refreshment and recreation, the book answers excellently the end for which novels are to be written and read.

S.

PAMPHLET.

Report of the Sanitary Commission for the year ending June 1st, 1863.

* * Several articles and notices, omitted in this number for want of room, will appear in our next.

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.

The Editors of this Magazine will be pleased to notice all books sent them, as soon as issued from the press. Direct to the care of the Proprietor, 134 Washington Street.

THE
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No. 4.

SUMMER RECREATIONS.

THE summer is ended, though the harvest is not passed. Much of the time, even in our northern latitude, has been given to rest and refreshment. The cities have emptied themselves into the country. The tides of humanity have flowed like other tides down to the ocean, and have even run into the sea. The railroads have been traversed by trains so long and so crowded that one could only think of moving armies, whilst the most desponding stockholders have begun to recover their faith in the most heavily mortgaged stocks. All the flannel which had not gone into soldiers' shirts has been worked up into bathing-dresses. On the marshes there was nearly a gun to a bird, and quite as much danger for sportsmen, so called, as for the flying fowl. It is said that there never was such a taking of vacations; that ministers were never so scarce in the cities, or parishioners so wanting in the churches. In one house of worship which we happen to know about, and which was persistently kept open by the minister and the sexton during both parts of the day, the afternoon congregation declined to sixteen on one occasion, — whether inclusive or exclusive of the choir our informant did not testify. An easy sin in such

circumstances, if it be a sin, to number the people ! Would not a *coup de grace* be a mercy when any creature having a name to live is "such an unconscionable long time in dying" ? Vacations have become "institutions," "fixed facts," as the newspapers (to whose words we always come at last) use to say. Choirs claim them now as well as ministers. We believe that most occupations except that of the physician allow of them. The doctors alone, faithful men ! are never absent from home ; they cannot have even the usual fortnight. Now what have we gained from the time of rest and recreation ?

1. Some of us, it may be hoped, a great deal. There are those who know how, and have the means, to make the vacation season fruitful, — so to rest that they can labor again to more purpose. We can hardly calculate the blessing of the long summer interval to the hosts of city children. No one knows how vast these hosts are, unless he has passed one of our great grammar schools at the time of "letting out." The larger part of these children contrive to get into the country for a little while during the warm season. What a blessed and most humanizing exchange ! How wholesome to have the dew and the dust upon feet that are so often coated with street mud or bruised by the rough pavement ! What a gain to be plunged, though but once, into a sea which receives no drain, and contains nothing less attractive than seaweed ! Then very many persons contrive to establish quiet rural homes in villages, the names of which are known perhaps only to a few friends, and come back rested and invigorated to the care and bustle of the autumn, bringing so many pleasant pictures of noontide repose and of setting suns, so much knowledge of trees, plants, birds, shells, so many thoughts, gathered from books that could not have been read in busy homes, or laid up as the harvest of much meditation, so much new wealth of piety and humanity and household love. The summers are very profitable to a multitude. And yet we are constrained to say that the balance,

as it seems to us, is on the wrong side. We fear that it becomes each year more and more so.

2. Our vacations are a part of our wealth, which our people as yet hardly know what to do with. They put their precious leisure to the worst of the uses that fill up many of the winter hours. We accept dancing until the morning twilight as one of the inevitable evils of "the season" in the city; must we accept it also as a part of the summer programme in the country? If we cannot avoid the thing in the larger places, must we have it in the smaller places, — in the first rate, the second rate, the third rate? At *our* favorite haunt, — no matter where, — even the young people once contrived to pass the summer very pleasantly with the help of the ocean, the sands, the rocks, the woods, the farmers' wagons and hay-carts, a charade now and then, and it may be a single "hop" in a country hall. Now that is all gone by, and mothers who have daughters must wait to accompany them home from semi-weekly dances protracted into the morning hours. Thirty years ago the German language was all the rage, and young ladies, like Goethe's child-correspondent, swung in trees and talked of "the beautiful"; now it is "the German," not speech, but dance, the rhythmic movement of the body, summer and winter, seedtime and harvest, day and night, without ceasing. No use to go into society unless you dance round dances! Of course we must stay for "the German." As there is soup for the soldiers, so there is *bouilli* for the dancers. We believe that the *bouilli* is dispensed with in summer; but "the German" is not, and the work must be fearfully exhausting without the food. Who wants to hear an exhausted piano during the larger half of a night in the country? These things are bad enough; and yet how much worse to rush *en masse* to the White Mountains, to be so utterly disgusted with greedy, glaring, staring, vulgar humanity, yourself as foolish as the rest, that Nature can do nothing for you. Never go near the White Mountains, save before or after the coming of the

crowd. If you can have a vacation only in midsummer, and that only for a short time, strike out a new path, go anywhere, north, east, west, get into a fisher's boat, mount a cab-horse, but do not go to the White Mountains. It is enough that "everybody goes." Be not of that company! Not because you must sleep on floors, or on settees, or in railroad-cars; not because you must be crowded and hustled, but because there can be no help from the mountains in such base circumstances. "The gods," said the ancients, "can make nothing of stupidity." Vulgarly is quite as baffling and unimpressible.

On the whole, the quiet country village is the place, and if it is unknown, so much the better. If the young people call it dull, as they will, direct their attention to simple natural pleasures, and expend what you save by accepting the unfashionable upon a horse or a fishing-boat, perhaps securing in some adjoining houses the children of two or three families, that there may be no lack of companionship. Books, walks, drives, the woods, the sea, a little absolute rest for the elders; for the young, anything, everything but the winter dissipation. New England is full of delightful villages which might, and gladly would, accommodate each a few families at moderate prices, and the summer would indeed recreate, that is re-create, the poor overworked metropolitans.

We write *briefly*, that we may be read; *earnestly*, because that piano (alas for the man who let it at so much a month!) is still sounding in our ears, and we are trying, whilst we lie in wait for the last (as we hope) of a score of mosquitos, to make out whether it is the moon or the rising sun that so illumines the room. One pleasant, unfashionable, not expensive resort has been spoiled. We feel like the pioneers who push on westward when some one settles within five or ten miles. We write *now* because it is necessary in these times to be many months in advance, and to look for summer lodgings, if not whilst the autumn leaves are falling, at least through the snow-drifts.

E.

ROME IN HEXAMETERS.

1860.

"O ROME!" no "country" of mine; no "city of the soul," to my
thinking,

You boast the enormous wrecks of luxury long since departed,
And of the idol worships, — all dead, like the people who paid
them, —

And the ferocious Arena that made you the horror of nations.
Why see not that you yourself are only traditions and leavings?
Daily you dig into tombs, and ashes of past generations;
When will you rise from the grave of dusty and puerile legends?
When will you snap the withes of a priest's decrepit dominion?

All the world rings with the praise of your gorgeous churches. So
let it.

But there's a different voice that has something to say on its own
side.

Santa Maria Maggior' and San Giovan' Laterano,
And that latest wasteful show, San Paolo "fuori le mura,"
Basilicas call them, and well; or galleries of art, I will walk there;
But churches, temples for solemn thought and humble devotion, —
Much is there wanting to that. And thou, O wondrous St. Peter's!
How can I call thee the "ark of worship," worthiest the Godhead?
So vast thou art, that he who would learn to feel all thy vastness
Must from far Tivoli gaze. There mark from the ridges of olives
How all majestic Rome lies sunk behind the horizon:
Only that matchless dome breaks across the level Campagna,
Most like a gallant ship sailing over the waste of the waters.
Come now within the nave. How huge! how symmetric! how
splendid!

But where is the Spirit Life of deep religious expression?
What does it say to the heart, and to all that is highest within us?
Built to the praise and glory of Popes, the dead and the dying,
Little it tells of the Father who evermore shall be, and shall be; *

* "Heilig ist, heilig, heilig, Der der seyn wird und seyn wird."

KLOPSTOK, *Messias*.

Little it shows of Christ, humanity's guide and consoler.
 Paintings in shining stone, and marbles more than palatial,
 Statues gigantic, with forms not always becoming to show there,
 Columns of twisted bronze, arch, shrine, and monuments priceless,
 Deck a colossal toy ; — less a toy, for all that it measures ?
 Leda's swan we may trace on the lofty doors at the entrance ;
 Far within a statue reclines, so richly profane in its beauty,
 New art has draped the form of the first bold artist's conception.
 An idol Jove, it is said, makes the equal idol St. Peter.
 The Apostle was never in Rome, if we heed what the learned have
 told us ;
 What would he think, if now, he could see his pretended successor,
 Storming with pillage and death the town * that would none of his
 kingship ;
 Darting at princes and peoples the flash of his theatre lightning ;
 Palanquined and be-peacocked and crowned with his triple tiara ?

Rome, dear to the studious and curious, — the scholar, artist, and
 poet, —

What city is loaded like you with stern and mournful reflections ?
 Farewell ! I regret you not. Enough of your catacombs, "scavi,"
 Columbaria, crypts, and vaults, and all your underground gropings ;
 Enough of your mounting steps, two hundred and more to a stair-
 case :

~~(4) inscriptions hard to read, and far too many to compass ;~~
~~(4) Forum ruins that changed half their names since last I beheld~~
 them :

~~(4) scenes that never took place, and things not what they would pass for.~~
~~Enough of your mendicant crowds, and Beppo the king of the~~
 beggars :

Your carnival's childish sport, and solemn papal processions.
 - Loggie * of Raphael no more shall wear out the patience of eyesight,
 Nor Michael's blurred and confused monstrosity, there in the
 "Sixtine."

No more of your damp, narrow streets, that scarce feel the ray of
 the noontide ;

No more of the spirit's chill from the breadths of your desolate places.

* Perugia.

O Rome, be more just to the invalid ! Tempt him not hither,
 To toil up the steps of your dark, cold stones for the purchase of
 sunshine ;
 While palace, gallery, and church are full of discomfort and danger.

Go on to your destined end, with no part in the progress of nations !
 A new Apocalypse-Vision now bears its burden against you.
 See ! Rome of the Cæsars fell. Hark ! Cracks in the Rome of the
 Pontiffs.

N. L. F.

GOD OUR HOME.

“ AT the best, a Christian is but a stranger here, set him where you will ; and it is his privilege that he is so ; and when he thinks not so, he forgets and disparages himself ; he descends far below his quality when he is much taken with anything in the place of his exile. But this is the wisdom of a Christian, when he can solace himself against the meanness of his outward condition, and any kind of discomfort attending it, with the comfortable assurance of the love of God ; that he hath called him to holiness, given him some measure of it, and an endeavor after more ; and by this may he conclude that God hath ordained him unto salvation. If either he is a stranger where he lives, or as a stranger deserted of his friends and very nearly stripped of all outward comforts, yet may he rejoice in this, that the eternal, unchangeable love of God, which is from everlasting to everlasting, is sealed to his soul. And oh ! what will it avail a man to be compassed about with the favor of the world, to sit unmolested in his own home and possessions, and to have them very great and pleasant, to be well moneyed and landed and befriended, and yet estranged and severed from God, not having any token of his special love ? ”

WERE THE PURITAN FATHERS BIGOTS AND FANATICS?

I.

WHEREFORE this essay, when the literature of New England has been especially prolific on the subject of the Puritans, and here, among the very scenes consecrated by their labors, the great body of the people may be supposed to know all about them?

Let it be our first effort to answer this question.

For political ends, in the interests of treason, a storm of truculent abuse, of late, has been howling through the length and breadth of the North against New England. Vulgar misconceptions of New England character have been emphasized as though they were acknowledged truths, and solid New England principles traduced, as being only hypocritical cloaks of a flagitious and aggressive selfishness. But it has not sufficed to stigmatize and discredit the New England of to-day. That would not drive in the poisoned arrow to the quick. The *coup de main* was to be given by rooting up its hereditary prestige. The children were to be smitten under the fifth rib through the agency of their honored ancestry. The Puritan Fathers — canonized in literature and poetry, foremost in the world's calendar of illustrious representative men — were to be vilified and derided, so that their descendants should be doubly spurned: first, because of their personal offensiveness, and again because they are the offshoots of so execrable a stock as to be false-hearted and despicable beyond reach of improvement. And with this twofold justification, the remaining States have been urged to deal out merited retribution to those of New England in the great impending national reconstruction, by leaving them, as the cant phrase has it, "out in the cold."

In furtherance of this scheme, a few noted, exceptional facts in our early colonial history have been harped upon, in

ones running through the whole gamut of virtuous indignation, as though, indefensible as well as undeniable, they were proof conclusive of the baseness of the Fathers. "False, ordid, treacherous bigots!" is the cry; "they made great do about liberty of conscience; yet they silenced Roger Williams solely on account of his opinions, and drove him out from among them into the howling wilderness. For like causes, they drove away John and Samuel Browne, the Episcopalians, and Anne Hutchinson, and every other that ventured to dissent from their crabbed dogmas. And if any one thus banished dared to return, why then they summarily cut off his ears and hung him, as was the fate of several Quakers. They enjoy the repute of founding a Christian commonwealth whose corner-stone was civil liberty; yet they restricted suffrage from the start to the members of their own communion, although their Puritanic conventicles included in their membership only a minority of the adult male population. Furthermore, they are lauded for establishing schools and colleges, during the exigencies of their colonial infancy, out of their generous and self-sacrificing regard for intellectual light and culture; yet they murdered men and women by scores who had been charged with witchcraft, in fanaticism that was as stupid as it was inhuman. Precisely what they have most repute for, they were especially false to; and superadd to their religious bigotry and civil tyranny the mean and sordid traits conspicuous in their characters, and you have before you a body of as despicable and execrable persons as ever existed in the world."

Now the soul of every loyal New-Englander, who is familiar with the history of the Puritan Fathers, and knows how to appreciate their greatness, burned within him at this onslaught, to have it met with the bold, indignant, uncompromising denial that it merits. Wherever it should strike on the ear of a son of New England, — at the hustings, in the railcars, in the social circle, or elsewhere, seeking to disseminate its pestiferous falsehood, — he looked to have him defiantly

challenge the slanderer to prove his assertions ; armed *cap-à-pie* from the arsenal of history, triumphantly to confute him. But what have we witnessed ? We have found the great majority of New-Englanders so sadly ignorant of the details of our colonial history as to be utterly unable to harmonize the facts alleged against the Fathers with their historic reputation. We have seen them, therefore, when the Fathers have been thus attacked in their hearing, retreat, shame-faced and confounded, in dismay ; or else have heard them stammer out, under a sense of half defeat, that the record of the Fathers is undoubtedly marred by striking blemishes and inconsistencies ; and that it is only when the final balance of their characters is the basis of estimate, that they pronounce them to have been a superior body of men. Thus the grounds of assault are openly conceded to our enemies ; and their busy malice is left, unbaffled and unabashed, to propagate its prejudices and nurse its revenges.

Thus, while the general outline of New England history may be well known among us, there is evidently a lamentable ignorance of its details. And it is to embody in a popular form such of those details as pertain to the special grounds of attack upon the Fathers, that these pages have been prepared. The writer does not hesitate to declare, that, after long, earnest, and comprehensive study into their words, deeds, and characters, he is an uncompromising enthusiast in their behalf. He insists, not that they were, on the whole, by balance of character, a superior race of men, but that they were thoroughly ingrained with truth and righteousness, and the high-toned, catholic genius of liberty. Their faults are to be attributed to the spirit of the age in which they lived, while their virtues were the expression and illustration of intrinsic and glorious manhood. Their characters come short only when they are violently disrupted from their historic limitations, and measured by the standard of abstract perfection, — are studied in the light of the nineteenth century, instead of amidst the glimmers of the

seventeenth. The wonder is, — the special wonder, — that they could soar, in so many respects, beyond their age, — could so overtop, by head and shoulders, its other foremost men, — could so practically antedate some of the world's grandest explications of human rights, some of its ripest attainments in civilization. We are confident of ability to *prove* these assertions; and we invite every New-Englander, not now familiar with the details of our history, to accompany us in this review, so that he may be enabled to meet the traducers of the Fathers with enlightened convictions, and repel their charges, and laugh their baffled malice to scorn.

Classifying the charges against the Fathers, we have three leading points for consideration: —

I. The Puritans were false to the civil liberty they professed to conserve, because they tyrannously restricted the suffrage.

II. The Puritans were false to religious liberty, because they banished Roger Williams and others, and mutilated and hung several Quakers.

III. The Puritans were credulous and superstitious fanatics, because they believed in the fact of witchcraft, and put a score of persons to death for alleged participation therein.

Let us proceed to consider the first of these points, namely, that the Fathers were false to their professions respecting civil liberty. And I remark, in preface, that a righteous judgment as to their management of their public affairs is specially dependent on the reply to this simple question, — What did they purpose in coming here?

There has been a vast deal of eloquent language loosely flung about concerning them, in Fourth-of-July and Forefathers'-day orations, political harangues, and poetic effusions, to the effect that their grand, moving inspiration was the desire to found a state whose corner-stone should be entire civil and religious freedom. On this ground they have received their most fervid apotheosis. Thus the climax of Mrs Hemans's magnificent lyric about them reads:

“ Ay, call it holy ground,
The spot where first they trod ;
They have left unstained what there they found, —
Freedom to worship God ! ”

It is like sacrilege to interpose a *caveat* against such time-hallowed words. But the truth must be spoken ; and, so far as they imply that the Fathers ordained freedom of conscience on landing here, or had cherished any ideal or idea of the kind, they imply a very transparent falsehood. They had neither ideals, anticipations, nor purposes in that direction. They came here to secure their own freedom of worship, and nobody's else. They came to carry out their own notions of religion and government in their own way. They came to enjoy the Puritanism that was dearer than life to them, and that the strong arm of adverse power had prevented them from enjoying at home. Cherishing this simple purpose, unexercised by any clamorous convictions about universal rights, they formed their companies, obtained their charters, secured their lands, and crossed the ocean. As Higginson, one of the first settlers of the Massachusetts Colony, wrote home : “ That which is our greatest comfort and means of defence above all other is, that we have here the true religion and holy ordinances of Almighty God taught among us. Thanks be to God, we have here plenty of preaching and diligent catechizing, with strict and careful exercise and good and commendable orders to bring our people into a Christian conversation, with whom we have to do withal. And thus we doubt not but God is with us.”

However narrow and restrictive they may have been in their civil polity, no man can truthfully charge it home upon them, that they were false to any ideal they had formed, or any obligation they had assumed.

What, then, was their ideal ? What, as Puritans, did they seek to actualize on these shores ?

Such questions bring into bold relief a consideration that is the master-key to all that they were and all that they

undertook, that underlies their peculiarities and gave birth to their principles, and without due regard to which no man can understand either themselves or their deeds. We mean, their estimate of the Bible.

It was the Bible that fashioned the Puritans. That wrought them into shape, and nursed them into virility. That supplied the standard of their manhood, and breathed into them the resistless energy to become the representative men they were. We have often heard men expatiate in raptured eloquence on the beauty and grandeur of the Book of Life. We have heard them enlarge on the sublimity of its truths, the purity of its precepts, the richness of its poetry, the tenderness of its love. But it is scarcely possible for the most devoted scripturist of the present day to reproduce in himself the consciousness of the Puritan Fathers in respect to its sacredness and its claims. It was to them the express, the literal, the all-comprehensive, the all-sufficient, the living Word of the living God. All of it,—the Old Testament as well as the New. For they made very little practical distinction between the authority of Moses and that of Jesus Christ. They deferred to it in utter self-abnegation. It supplied food to their minds, stimulus to their affections, inspiration to their moral sense, daring and fixedness to their wills, direction to their policy, and vigor and persistence to their energy. Whenever they read its pages, they seemed to be hearing a voice as from the very midst of heaven proclaiming the requisitions of everlasting truth, and emphasizing its awful sanctions. Their uncompromising opposition to Popery and Prelacy grew out of their reverential recoil from everything whatever that they thought to be contrary to the directions of Holy Writ. So they became intense incarnations of Gospel life, reproducing in themselves its most striking characteristics, just as when birds partake of a certain kind of food it colors every bone in their bodies. Like this their fountain of inward life, they were towering in conception, massive in argument, far-reaching in principle, fertile in

imagination, sensitive in conscience, unmovable for what they deemed the right. Their inspiration was grandly epitomized in the strains of a Milton; their faith exemplified in the piety of a Baxter; their daring for conscience' sake "personified," as Carlyle has finely said, "in the giant and statuesque form of Oliver Cromwell, ruling his country with a sceptre won by the red right hand, amid clashing steel and the cannon's roar, on a hundred battle-fields, — a ruler indeed; not by the grace of the bed-chamber, but by the grace of Almighty God!"

Of a consequence, when they associated themselves together to found a state, they referred at once for both principles and their applications to the Bible. And they took the statutes of Moses and reproduced them with scrupulous fidelity, as provisions of their own municipal law, excepting in those points only as to which they believed that the New Covenant had superseded or abolished the Old. They had no priesthood, because they believed that Christ had abolished the priesthood. But their government was virtually a theocracy, just as Moses's government was a theocracy. And the ministers of religion occupied a place in their civil affairs corresponding in effect with the exalted and influential position that Aaron and his Levites maintained in the Sinaitic polity. Nothing of importance could be transacted in any branch of the government, without the privity and sanction of the ministers of religion.

Of course it was essential to the free working and permanence of such a form of government, that all who took part in it should thoroughly believe in it. Such a condition-precedent could not be waived for a moment. If the undertaking was not to prove a ridiculous farce, so much must be provided for at the start. And therefore it was that the suffrage for such officers as were empowered to frame or to execute the laws was restricted to members of the Puritan communion.

Here, then, we have already two sufficient replies to the

first allegation against them, namely, that they were traitors to their own ideal of civil liberty. The first is, that they had no such ideal. The second is, that what they *did* fondly undertake to actualize indispensably necessitated provisions incompatible with an extension of the suffrage, without restriction, to all.

What shall we say, then? What shall we pronounce, so far forth, upon their characters? Are they in any sense at fault, in that they did not design the liberal experiment that has been attributed to them? Had they not a perfect right to carry out their own plans in their own way? When they had taken so much pains and endured so many privations to secure a lonely spot, where they might make a peaceful experiment of their peculiar views, was there any forfeiture of duty or of character in enforcing the conditions essential to such an experiment? Who on earth had any claim upon them otherwise? Who could charge them with a breach of obligation or of charity? When a man buys a piece of land and builds a house, and installs his family therein, and calls it his homestead, is he not free to regulate that homestead just as he may choose? Shall he be denounced because he does not call in the neighbors and solicit their co-operation in the oversight of his family affairs? A few Puritan families combined to create a kind of social and religious homestead here, in this unappropriated corner of the world. Here they yearned to make a practical trial of their conceptions of a truly Christian civil polity. Why should they not? What warrant had any outsiders to challenge their exclusiveness, and demand admission to their brotherhood?

"Very well," I hear some one reply, "you have vindicated the Fathers from the charge of active political tyranny. But meanwhile what becomes of their peculiar reputation? If they did not come here in the interests of liberty, but only for personal and selfish ends; if the spirit of Freedom, so conspicuous in the New England character, is not an inheritance from them, but an aftergraft of circumstances alone,

why should they enjoy the repute of moral greatness? Wherein did they exhibit any quality specially salient, except self-sacrificing obstinacy, in which many a mule has emulated them?"

Here comes in the precise point in this connection as to which a thoughtful and candid discrimination must be exercised, in order to illustrate from the history of the Puritan Fathers, and place in due prominence, those elements of character that, in spite of the utmost concessions that truth may demand, glorify them as foremost representative men in the interests of human progress and liberty. We have already yielded much to their traducers. It is a prodigious surrender,—that of the heaps of "highfalutin" literature about them as having been martyrs to the express idea of "Liberty,"—Mrs. Hemans's ode, thrilling passages in Daniel Webster's orations, and all,—it sweeps the chief field of popular eulogy very clean. But let none who hold them in honor be disturbed. The pillars of their respect need be neither overthrown nor shaken; they must simply be transferred to other foundations. There is abundant justification in the facts of our colonial history for the utmost enthusiasm of respectful admiration in which any may be inclined to indulge.

For although the Fathers cherished no conscious ideal of civil liberty, which they sought to realize, *their sense of right and of justice was so profound and predominant, that it gradually embodied itself in the laws and customs that became the seeds of American liberty.* If they "built better than they knew," it was not because Providence forced their action into the channels of progress, but because their guiding impulses all flowed in the direction of liberal and humane development. It is patent all over the pages of history, as the characteristic of tyrannous power, that just in proportion to its strength has been the measure of its repressive energy. It is equally patent on the other hand, to the special glory of the Fathers, that while the safeguards of their

commonwealth, in its feeble and exposed immaturity, necessitated various arbitrary restrictions and rigorous measures, just in proportion as it acquired consistence and virility they abrogated their illiberal enactments, tolerated religious dissent, and multiplied the conditions of freedom.* As Mather quaintly said, "Since our Jerusalem was come to such a consistence that the going up of every fox would not break down our stone-walls, who ever meddled with 'em?"

In fact, the germs of the liberality that they steadily illustrated may be traced back to that very reliance upon the Bible which has such an aspect of fanatical narrowness. They were simply faithful to God's Word, and were content to let it lead them on. And gloriously it did lead them on. For that Word is man's charter from heaven of civil and religious liberty. Let the large-minded and large-hearted believer become thoroughly transfused with its vital principles, and it will speed him forward to all that is perfect in manhood and sacred in privilege. He may misunderstand and misapply it at the first; he may be loyal to the letter instead of the spirit, but it will itself gradually correct his misapprehensions, and unfold in full the riches of its ultimate significance. It is the weak and wicked only whom it crystallizes into bigots; the true-souled it fills with the fulness of God. So was it with our Fathers. They gathered from it, in the beginning, only the sanctions of a cramping

* This important point is constantly borne in mind and ably argued and illustrated by Dr. Palfrey, in his "History of New England," to which we are under great obligations. And here we cannot forbear a word or two respecting the merits of that work. To many a student of New England history, the previous fulness of our locally historic literature seemed to stamp the inception of such an undertaking as one of utter supererogation. It was reserved for the work itself to demonstrate both the singular need of it, and the singular aptitude of Dr. Palfrey to supply that need. Nowhere else can the student obtain the keen analysis of character and motive, and the felicitous discrimination between what is substantive and radical in thought and feeling and what is merely accidental, that eminently distinguish his pages. He alone has thoroughly portrayed the founders of our Commonwealth, and he has accomplished it with a method whose richness is as attractive as its results are exhaustive.

literalism. But, step by step as it wrought with them, their primal conceptions gave place to its all-embracing and eternal inspirations. Even at the start, side by side with the fetters of their literalism, they conceded privileges that richly foretold the political millennium that they had been ordained to usher in. Thus they constructed their churches on the democratic platform of pure congregationalism. First seed of liberty! Then they established free public schools. Another seed of liberty! Again, while they restricted the suffrage to members of their own communion, they allowed non-voters to discuss public measures in the primary assemblies, and even to make motions there. This was but one remove from the suffrage itself, which by that token was sure to be thrown open to all at last, insuring civil and religious freedom with equal steps. And once more — noblest of all — they constituted the townships with power to manage their own local affairs, and in that they ran the tap-root of liberty down into the very centre of the globe; and it will send out sprouts at last, to spring up in every direction, and make the whole circumference verdant with liberty. Does the reader appreciate what our New England townships have accomplished for the country? Is he aware that such little local democracies — nest-eggs of freedom — exist nowhere else on the face of earth? Is he conversant with the fact that even in England the details of local government are regulated by Parliament itself, the central power, except in so far as they may have been intrusted to some particular municipalities by special enactment, and that, if it were otherwise, the aristocracy could not so keep the masses down? If he be, then let him survey the benign issues of that masterpiece of the old colonial framework, and magnify the Puritan Fathers! The New England of to-day, through the constructive, toning force of this and other early provisions, is their creation, — *theirs*. THE NEW ENGLAND OF TO-DAY, with its law framed for the development and security of its liberties, and its liberties resting serenely in the bosom

of its law; with a diffused culture that invigorates and adorns its manhood, and a manhood sagacious enough to respect and cherish the sources of its elevation; with a civilization that gathers every class and condition within the scope of its beneficence, and more universal privilege, prosperity, and happiness than has fallen to the lot of any other people on the globe; and with a patriotism so true and resolute, and a moral power so wide-spread and irresistible, that the myrmidons of treason, who would patch up an ignominious and disastrous peace, feel, with an agony of malice, that they must still her voice and paralyze her influence, or else the Lord God will surely baffle them and sustain the conflict, until a peace shall be won "the work of righteousness, and the effect of righteousness be quietness and assurance forever." For what we are and what we enjoy of political right, we may well laud and bless the Puritan Fathers. And for the masteries of our moral equipment, wherewith we are triumphantly shaping the issues of our country's struggle, theirs be the gratitude of admiring hearts!

H. F. H.

(To be continued.)

THE PEACE OF GOD.

"AND from our sense of this peace, or reconciliation with God, arises that which is our inward peace,—a calm and quiet temper of mind. This peace, which we have with God in Christ, is inviolable; but because the sense and persuasion of it may be interrupted, the soul that is truly at peace with God may for a time be disquieted in itself, through weakness of faith, or the strength of temptation, or the darkness of desertion, losing sight of that grace, that love and light of God's countenance, on which its tranquillity and joy depend. All outward distress to a mind thus at peace is but as the rattling of the hail upon the tiles to him that sits within the house at a sumptuous feast."

CONVERSATIONS OF THE SOUL WITH THE LORD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FRANCIS THERMIN, LATE COURT-PREACHER IN BERLIN,
AND AUTHOR OF "THE AWAKING," "ELOQUENCE A VIRTUE," ETC., ETC.

IV.

CONSOLATION WHEN OUR NEIGHBOR GOES ASTRAY.

O LORD, although I derive from thy cross and from the promises of thy Word the greatest consolation against all the assaults of worldly care, yet it has not pleased thee to give me a decisive word of comfort for all the anxieties which at times torment me.

Thou hast, indeed, quieted my fears for my own salvation, in saying that thou wilt in no wise cast out any one who comes to thee; and since I now know that I come to thee believing in thy merits, I can be assured that thou wilt not cast me out. But thou, who desirest that I should love my neighbor as myself, desirest also, without doubt, that I should be concerned for the salvation of my neighbor. If, then, I see one who does not trouble himself concerning thee and the way of salvation, nay, who is walking in the way of destruction, where then shall I find a word of thine which I can apply to the relief of my anxiety? Who can tell me, whether a moment will come in the whole life of him for whom I am anxious,—whether even to his death a moment will come, in which he will be awakened to seek thee? How do I know whether he will accept thy aid, or will reject it? whether thou wilt constrain him, and whether he will allow himself to be constrained? Ah! what must here be ascribed to thy grace, and what to man's work,—that is so dark a mystery that one is often tempted, in thinking of it, to sink into gloomy meditations.

And now I will suppose that such a one, for whose salvation I was concerned as long as he lived, has at last died; and that he has died without having given, so far as I know,

any positive sign of conversion. Have I a right in this case to think that he belongs to those whom Thou hast rescued from darkness? Or must I leave the question entirely undecided? But if I leave it undecided, how, O Lord, could I ever find rest, if the deceased was one whom I loved?

"I have given thee in my Word as much as is necessary for thy salvation. To change thy faith into sight, to raise thee above all conflicts, was no part of my purpose. If, however, thou becomest truly strong in faith and contendest with true fidelity, thou wilt overcome all thy anxieties."

And how, then, shall I overcome my anxiety for the salvation of those who are dear to me, and who have no concern for it themselves?

"Thou shouldst remember that it is written in my Word, *Cast all your cares upon Him*. As I have said through my Apostle, *all your cares*, how could I have excepted this very one which I knew would so severely oppress you?"

Thou dost, indeed, O Lord, put my faith to a severe test. Give me grace that it may be able to stand it.

"When the father brought me his lunatic son, I did not ask him if he believed; for with him it could not yet be a question of faith. I said to the father, *If thou canst believe*."

Dost Thou mean that the faith of the one might aid in the salvation of the other?

"Why should it not be so? It is through faith that he prays; and have I not promised to hear every prayer offered in my name, this also included?"

I will, then, be comforted thus as long as such a man lives. But when he has died, and I know nothing certain about his conversion, — know not whither he has gone, and now stand by his dead body, and look down into the depths of thy justice, into the darkness of thy decrees — O Lord, Lord!

"And wouldst thou not, then, look down into another, still deeper depth, — into the depth of my love? Dost thou think that thou hast loved the departed more than I? Know that thy love to him is nothing compared to mine; and mine,

moreover, is almighty. If I defer the conversion of a man, I have not therefore given him up. What I had not done during his life, I could do in the hour of his death. If, then, thou only believest in me with firm confidence, thou wilt overcome this care also."

V.

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF A FRIEND'S DEATH.

"Whence comest thou?"

That thou knowest well; I come from the grave.

"What led thee there?"

Sorrow.

"Whom hast thou found there?"

Him for whom I mourn.

"He is with me in heaven."

And yet I found him there, for he is with thee, and I have found thee there.

"Why dost thou think that I was there?"

Because thou art everywhere; because thou wast also at the grave of thy friend Lazarus; because thou thyself hast lain in the grave; because the graves are dear to thee.

"And thou hast wept?"

Yea, thou hast wept thyself, when thou wast here upon earth.

"Hast thou *only* wept?"

No, I have also rejoiced.

"Why?"

Because thou wast there; and thou art the resurrection and the life.

"Hast thou also thought of thy own death?"

Why should I not? A place near the grave has been reserved for me; I cannot look upon the grave without thinking that I shall be buried by the side of it.

"Thou hast reflected that thou wilt die; but hast thou not also considered that thou must be already dead?"

What meanest thou? Am I not still living?

"I mean that even here upon earth thou must die to the world."

Ah, Lord! that I had not thought of; and yet it is the most important of all. O teach me how I may die to the world here, that I may live unto thee!

VI.

IN SLEEPLESSNESS.

It is already far into the night, and sleep flies from my eyelids, — sleep, which seems so necessary to strengthen me for the labor of the morrow. O that it would descend upon me with its cool and gentle embrace, and grant me some hours of rest and refreshment!

"Could ye then not watch with me one hour?"

I thank thee, Lord, for thy admonishing and humiliating appeal! Yes, we find it easy indeed to keep watch for our business and our pleasures; but to watch with thee, — with thee who always watched for us, — with thee, who comest in the night-watches to converse with us, — this seems to us supportable! I will not be so ungrateful; I will watch, and with thee; I will talk with thee, for thou art with me.

Alas! in the hours of the day one business chases another, and we salute thee only by the way, as a friend whom one passes with rapid step in the street. When friends wish to pour out their hearts to each other without interruption, what hours could they choose for this like the hours of night? Thus then I will watch with thee, O Lord; I, whose heart is not disturbed by no anxious care, — I, whose limbs are not now assailed by the pains of sickness, — will rejoice in conversing with thee, as perhaps others do at this very time, but not so composedly and gladly as I.

"For alas to the poor sick ones! — when the lamp burns dimly, when their nearest kindred have retired, when only the tired watcher is awake, or when perhaps even he has gone to

sleep, and they are now lying alone there with their pain,—for then, truly, these hours of night are full of fear and sadness! Ah! if my eyes were opened to see all the sick who at this present moment, while I am so quietly talking with thee, are keeping watch with such wholly different feelings! But thou, who comest to me in health, wilt not forget the dear souls who are in sickness. Thou wilt be nearer to them than to me. Thou wilt send them thine angels. Those dear ministering spirits who are sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation, how much may they not have to do by sick-beds in these hours of night!

And should I leave this service entirely to them? should I not add mine to theirs? should I not pray for the sick whom I know? O that thou wouldst, Lord, hear the prayer of thy unworthy servant, that thou wouldst bestow upon all these whom I now name to thee a quiet heart, relief of their pain, and some hours of a truly refreshing sleep!

There are not only those who are sick now, but also those who are dying! In every second of time, somewhere upon this earth a soul is parted from its body. How many may be dead while I am speaking to thee! At this very moment one is dying! O Lord, thou judge of the world, have pity upon him and receive him to thy eternal glory!

I also shall likewise lie down, at some hour of the day or the night which is known to thee, and shall die. But thou, Lord, wilt be with me as thou art with me now; only more sensibly, more effectually near, with yet more abundant riches of consolation. Thou wilt then remember, not my sins, but that great moment, to thee also so precious, when thou hast died for my sins also. Thou wilt show them to me, but only to assure me that thou hast blotted them all, all out; and then wilt thou, O gracious and everlasting Comforter! receive my soul, too, into thy kingdom of eternal joy.

Already have I often thus felt thy presence and thy consolation, for I also have known times of trouble and anguish. Thou knowest what I felt then, and how this one sorrow

which prevailed in me drew about it all other sorrows which could possibly disturb a human breast. What would have become of me without thee? Thou wast with me, thou didst tenderly interest thyself in my soul. And when I think of those times, I cannot refrain from weeping, not only in the recollection of my sorrows, but chiefly because I am touched with the thought of thy unfathomable mercy and faithfulness.

When I think in general how thou hast led me up from childhood, let this be a song of praise which I compose to thee. For when thou knewest how weak I was, thou showedst peculiar forbearance and compassion towards me. If I sinned, thou didst indeed punish; but the punishment was a mild, though a serious admonition; never was bruised reed broken, never was the smoking flax quenched. When cares disquieted me, — and how often has this been the case! — thou hast indeed permitted the care to last for some time, that it might lead me to thee, and might exercise me in prayer. Yet often when I have gone to sleep at evening full of grief, at early morning the good messenger knocked at my window and awoke me to joyful thanks. I had only to hold fast to thee with some truth and constancy. I had only to assail thee with importunate prayers, and I always received grace for grace. And because I know this, — and how were it possible ever to forget it? — I know also, that even to extreme old age, if I ever reach it, even to the end of my life, thou wilt bear me in thy arms with the same grace, and; after I have received so much already here, wilt bestow upon me still more in thy heaven.

Now, Lord, thou knowest what I have to perform upon the morrow; thou knowest also the measure of strength which I need for this purpose. Thou wilt grant it to me, and wilt strengthen me by sleep too, so far as it is required. Yes, thou art taking me into thy arms; a cool breath of thy paradise waves around me; all my thoughts lose themselves in a sweet consciousness of thy grace and love. I am falling asleep.

VII.

IN BODILY SUFFERING.

1.

WHY should spiritual suffering proudly and boastfully look down upon the sufferings of the body, as though these were only an ordinary trial, and not attended with any peculiar blessings?

It is an exalted state of mind when the heart is broken by the death of wife or children; but it is also an exalted state when the body is pierced by the arrows of pain.

Should not the sufferings of the body, like those of the soul, become a salutary demand upon the mind to seek God, and to establish itself more firmly in communion with him?

Bodily pain is like a beast of prey, which falls suddenly upon a man, strikes its teeth into his flesh, and crushes his bones. It is like the blows of an iron staff, wielded by a powerful hand, under which the body writhes and trembles. It is like a bundle of fiery arrows, darting all at once through the limbs.

As Jacob, when his thigh was wounded, hung upon the neck of his adversary, so the sick man, deprived of the use of his limbs, hangs upon the neck of the friend who watches by him.

Then come moments when all thought and sensation, all the light of the mind goes out, and is buried in the darkness of swooning.

He who is called to suffer in the body, is made to appear before thy cross, O Lord, on which thou hast endured the extremest pains both of soul and body; he is, as it were, initiated into thy sufferings; he feels that his own are like them; and, although he does not mistake the immeasurable difference, yet there is revealed to him also a similarity, which might be raised even to that elevation by continual ascent.

Alas! what bundles of fiery arrows may not have been

sent forth from each of thy wounds to scatter themselves through thy body ; and when thou, fastened by wounds alone to the cross, didst make any motion, how must pain then have thrown itself upon thee like a wild beast, and crushed all thy bones !

Did not thirst also torment thee as it has all those who suffer great bodily pains ? Didst thou not sink, swooning, into the hands of the Father to whom thou didst commend thy spirit ?

As the cross itself is constructed according to the form of the human body, so all the pains which man can endure in his body are comprehended in those which thou hast suffered upon thy cross. And thus hast thou assigned to them a very high rank ; thou hast sanctified them with all other sufferings.

2.

Well is it for him whom the Lord lays upon a sick-bed, if he has peace in his heart and quiet in his conscience !

When the sins of his youth do not torment him, nor the misdeeds of his later years, nor the passions, whose power is often so great, that it cannot be broken by sickness or by death !

For sickness is a severe trial ; and how much more severe when the sick man's conscience is still unreconciled !

If the sickness is not *unto death*, yet it is *from death* ; it springs from the one great source of human misery, which also at some time or other will involve the destruction of the body. Is it not connected also with some particular sins which have been committed, — a connection formerly not dreamed of, and now suddenly brought to light ? Pain has a reflex action ; when one suffers, one is compelled to think of the past. The mind searches into the cause of the sufferings which one endures, and it is not satisfied until it says to itself, Thou sufferest, then, because thou hast sinned.

Because thou hast sinned ! How this explains everything ! and what can be explained without this ?

And when now the accumulated transgressions of a whole life rush in as through an opened flood-gate ; when they pour in upon the sick or dying man ; when he is whirled hither and thither, now by these billows, now by those of bodily anguish ; and the last of these waves hurls him into the ocean of eternity ; — who would willingly have this experience in sickness, in death ? He who would not, let him believe in Christ !

I believe, O Lord, that thou, through thy mental and physical sufferings upon the cross, hast atoned for all the deserved punishment of my sins ; that the past cannot harm me, though it should loudly cry out in accusation of me ; and that the future has in store for me unspeakable riches of blessedness, which thou hast secured and reserved even for me.

Though I, therefore, may suffer as much, and groan as loudly as any, when pain seizes me with all its power, yet in the intervals my heart is quiet and cheerful : I can pray, I can praise and adore God, as Paul and Silas, still lacerated by the stripes they had received and their feet in the stocks, prayed to him and adored him at midnight in the innermost prison of Philippi.

3.

If one had only to give way to a painless exhaustion, and to wait in a comfortable position, now and then visited by sleep, until the disease had vanished and health were restored, then patience would not be so difficult to practise.

But how hard to keep patience, when one who is racked and tormented with pains would gladly wander far off to escape them, and yet is held back by these very pains, and must lie motionless to endure them !

Then it sometimes happens, that in consequence of the ever-repeated, ever-fruitless wishes and strivings, a rebellion breaks out in our whole nature. We feel ourselves imbit-tered against the necessity that hems us in. The sufferings

which were only to be borne in perfect quiet, become insupportable in this unrest. We offend God by murmurs, and close our hearts to his grace which would flow down upon us.

So might the malefactor at thy left, O Lord, in the madness of his pain, have striven to break loose from the nails ; but he would not be able to tear himself away, he would only open deeper and more burning wounds !

But thou, Lord, didst remain suspended there with perfect patience, not struggling against the nails which kept thee fastened in the most agonizing of all positions.

Yet it was not the nails which really held thee there ; for at thy slightest wish and will the nails would have fallen from thy limbs, thy wounds would have been healed, and the earth would have prepared, from its flowers and herbs, a bed for thee to rest upon.

Thy great love to thy Heavenly Father and to us poor mortals, — that love which could not desire anything but what he desired, and what was necessary to our salvation, — was the source of thy patience ; this was the nail which held thee firmly to the cross ; for else, not all the gates of hell could have brought thee to it or kept thee there.

I lie here, as it were, upon thorns which wound me, and whose painful sting I press deeper into my flesh at every motion. But I lie here through thy will ; through the will of him who has died for me, who loves me. Should I not love him and his will ? Should I not hold still, though I tremble ? Should I not be quiet, though I am filled with anguish ? I will, O Lord ; grant thy grace to help me !

4.

Wouldst thou do nothing but complain, my heart ? It is easier indeed for man to complain than to give thanks. But thank the Lord from thy very depths ; praise him for his grace ; for by the grace which he hath shown thee in the time of sickness, it became one of the brightest periods of thy life !

While I lay racked with pain and deprived of the use of my limbs, then wast thou, Lord, continually near me in a most peculiar and wonderful manner.

Every movement of thought and feeling, instead of being shut up within myself, or groping into the depths of my own nature, rose up and soared to thee as a prayer.

I called upon thee, it is true, from necessity, but also from love ; for without some love to thee no feeling of necessity could have enabled me to be so persevering in prayer.

Thou gavest me the privilege of speaking to thee with the greatest confidence, and of telling thee even the most trivial thing which one would ever say to a fellow-man, nay, what one might be afraid to say to any man.

Innumerable have been the prayers which I have addressed to thee ; and though it may sound incredible, I here testify in thy presence that each one of these prayers was heard by thee, and that not one, through all my sickness, was unfulfilled !

That only has turned out ill, and been a cause of suffering to me, which I undertook without having deliberately and earnestly called upon thee.

But when I have fervently implored thee to make light what was heavy, to make possible what was impossible ; to avert from me some threatening and almost inevitable event which would have renewed and increased the torture of sickness ; to grant me as much refreshment, sleep, and repose as I needed, — thou hast always done it.

It came in rapid succession ! Hardly had I spoken when I received thy answer, and always a gracious one.

And shall one say, Thou art a God who is afar off ? Truly thou art a God who is very near and very gracious withal.

One is moved to burning tears in reflecting, that, as thou camest down from heaven at first to suffer anguish, so where one of us lies on a bed of anguish thou art near to him, watching all his sighs, fulfilling all his prayers, changing all his thorns into roses.

I have learned how good thou art ; I will confess it, and add my voice which calls through all the ages so loudly, so forcibly, and yet so little heeded : *The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth. He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him ; he also will hear their cry and will save them.*

Yes, Lord, we have indeed come very nigh to each other in this sickness. O, grant that health, if thou restorest it, may never separate us !

May all my experiences, as fresh and vivid as I now behold them, ever float upon the stream of my recollections, and never sink beneath it ! May they come forth most vividly when my last sickness is nigh !

Thou, who gavest me life, how often hast thou bestowed it anew upon me ! Now, too, I receive it as a new gift from thy hand. To thee be it consecrated ! Amen.

THEREFORE I say, that all fictions and devices to come to God by, let them have what name soever they will, which men contrive and invent for ways to God, are lost labor and unprofitable, without a new mind. There is no other way to God but a new mind, which turneth from wickedness and entereth into repentance for the sins it hath committed, and goeth forth from its iniquity, and willeth it no more, but wrappeth its will up in the death of Christ, and with all earnestness dieth from the sin of the soul in the death of Christ, so that the mind of the soul willeth sin no more.

And although all the devils did follow him hard, and did go with their desire into the flesh, yet the will of the soul shall stand still and hide itself in the death of Christ, willing and desiring nothing but the mercy of God. — *Behmen.*

A MEMORIAL.

"I must do something for my country."

ARTHUR B. FULLER.

REMEMBER ye, belovéd, how he spake? —

"I must do something for my country, — make
Some worthy offering for her brave, sweet sake!"

What mean we, then, to weep these bitter tears?
God did but deem him worthy 'mongst his peers
To wear a martyr's crown through endless years;

To join the bright ranks of the glorious dead
Of every age, whose hearts for Truth have bled
Their richest blood, nor deemed it vainly shed.

'T was a kind summons, — one brief pang, a stain
Of crimson blood, a sense of loss and pain, —
Then a bright waking and eternal gain!

O friends, dear friends! we know not what we do,
Weeping beside his grave! — yet Christ, who knew
Love's sweetness, knew its hour of anguish too.

For "Jesus wept." O'er buried Love and Worth
He wept, remembering the grief, the dearth,
The stricken home, the desolated hearth!

So may *we* weep, — but not, O not for him,
Dwelling in light amid the cherubim, —
Light that shall fade not when the stars grow dim.

So may we weep; but, weeping, meekly take
The bitter cup, nor lamentation make,
Save this: He died for home and country's sake!

C. A. M.

THE REQUIREMENT OF THE LORD.

A SERMON BY REV. THOMAS T. STONE.

MICAH vi. 8 : — "He hath showed thee, O man, what is good : and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God ?"

WHETHER the prophet referred to some particular communications of the Lord, or extended his thought to the universal manifestation of truth to mankind, may stand as a question. The Hebrew was accustomed, we know, to revere the words spoken to the fathers of the nation, to accept the statutes of Moses as the laws of God, to listen to Divine oracles pronounced by the priests, to ask and receive counsel of the prophets, to wait for heavenly instruction in any way which the methods of his age and country recognized. Yet the ancient Scriptures acknowledge something more intimate to the soul than these outward teachings. The Book of the creation pronounces man, the universal man, to be made in the image and likeness of God. The friend of Job affirms the existence of SPIRIT in man, and declares an inspiration of the Almighty which giveth him understanding. The ancient proverb, moreover, makes the spirit of man no other than the candle or lamp of the Lord : it opens and searches out the deep places and recesses and secrecies of the inner being. So, whatever the form in which God was supposed by the prophet to show man what is good, it is not alien from Hebrew thought, certainly not from truth of fact, to translate the language into universal significance ; to apply it to the whole race as taught of God what is the true good, required of the present voice to do and to be that which we ought. To the great fact of this Divine teaching, and to the virtues which it requires, let our thoughts be now turned.

I. Let us contemplate the teaching itself, the method in which the Lord shows to man the true good. The very fact brings God near to us. Our common feeling puts him at a distance from us. He has spoken by prophets ; he has sent

messages to us by Apostles ; he has imaged himself in his Son : nay, he continually appears in the forms, the forces, and the processes of nature, and in the structure of man, his body so curiously wrought, his soul so highly endowed. But that he is all the time near to us by living influence ; that he renews his creation within us every instant, at once producing and filling our capacities, making us what we are, and empowering us to feel, to know, to do, whatever we feel and know and do ; — this is something less readily perceived and acknowledged. It is true, nevertheless. And let the channels of the Divine inflow be natural or human, — let the visible instruments by which the Unseen Power operates upon us and within us be the numberless forms of the outward world, or the firm elements of man's being and activity, — still the fountain of all is no other than the present God. If we seek good, if we ask what good is, if we come to know good, the seeking, the asking, the knowing, are all of his quickening influence ; the affections, the thoughts, the activities, which move toward good, are effluences of his fulness, alive from his life, themselves, their energies, their objects, the whole, flowing from his presence, God all in all.

Here we begin. The Lord is all the time showing us the good, whether we heed his demonstration or turn away from it. There is never an instant from the first dawn of soul, through its morning and meridian and afternoon, until it seems to set in its evening, but his instruction falls over it as dew, shines through it as light, and is as the secret attraction in nature, the power which draws and holds all together in living harmony. Only it does not destroy nor suspend the freedom which it acknowledges and guards as sacred ; for this freedom is also the instant gift of God, and only in freedom can man out of the depths of his being obey God, as in necessity the sea obeys the power which draws its tides over the beach.

Let us approach the point now from another side. The good to man must be that which answers to the nature, the

whole nature, of man. And what is that nature? This is a question to which the reply may be made in different forms. It will be sufficient for our purpose now to say, that we are conscious of three general aspects, already alluded to, seemingly like elements, of our nature,—affection, thought, activity. Love first appears in the child drinking in the love which flows down through the mother's heart and lips and eyes: as the bud opens wider. What was only an infant joy becomes a glowing sympathy. Love has been awakened; it reaches out from parent to brother and sister, to playmate and neighbor, and never rests until it embraces the human world. And embosomed in it, though latent and waiting long for development, is the aspiration for something unmeasured, unbounded, as yet unreachd, which only the Supreme Parent can fulfil. Along with this unfolding of affection, thought forever grows and flowers. Whatever is the object of desire or of aversion, whatever the soul seeks or shuns, whatever, indeed, falls within the compass of sensation or of consciousness, each thing arouses the faculty of thinking, furnishes the material of thought, and suggests other objects and other methods of thought; the feeling and the thinking, moreover, all the time penetrating and redoubling each other. This, if we may be allowed the expression, this human trinity completes itself in the deed,—the deed of the hand which we call action, the equal deed uttered through the lips which we call speech. Herein inward feeling becomes outward energy, and bodiless thought is consolidated to living substance. Let it be added, that, as the inmost of this triplicity is love, so the character of each element is determined by its developing this divine principle truly and harmoniously, or by its obstructing or perverting it by selfishness in some or other of its manifold and destructive interferences.

Now what I wish to lay before you through this general view of our elementary faculties is simply the fact, that in them and through them the Lord is himself showing us what

is good. God hath formed them, not only to be instrumental in acquiring pleasure, science, or other external advantage, but to be ministerial in higher offices, in the priesthood which finds its temple and its service everywhere, in the perpetual prophecy of truth, in waiting and hearing and obeying the oracles which the highest voice never ceases to speak out of this secret and sacred shrine. So does the Lord always teach man, through his own nature showing him his true good.

- II. From which general truth let us turn to its specific applications ; from the teaching itself to the things taught ; from the voice commanding, the nature wanting and seeking, to the virtues required and sought. The whole compass of these virtues, the circle of human duties rounded out and filled, might be expressed in few words, such as harmony with the present God, harmonious unfolding of the entire nature, perfect exercise of all the powers, obedience to the supreme laws, full consent to the spirit living in those laws, with other phrases describing the will of the Father and the virtue of the child. But this ancient utterance puts the thing into the simplest and most practical form, and brings it immediately to the business of men, to their every-day doings and relations, furnishing indeed a law rather than a rule, not meddling with details and puzzling questions, but carrying high principles, enforced by implied appeal, right into the bosoms of those to whom it delivers itself.

Before attempting to open these great principles, let me request you to observe one thing : This prophetic declaration stands in direct contrast to the methods by which men have endeavored to conciliate God. Oppressed by the burden of their own sins, and, what was heavier still, their apprehension of Divine wrath and fears of vengeful punishment, men have been through the ages inquiring how they may be saved from a doom so horrid ; how they can appease the incensed Divinity ; how they can satisfy avenging justice, and so be at peace with the Supreme Power. They have offered their sacrifices,

o limit to their numbers ; they have multiplied their solemnities, no measure to their pomps of ritual ; they have accepted penances, no shrinking from their severities ; they have been ready with any gift, no question how large it may be ; provided only the fearful Power can be atoned to the trembling creature. Herein the source of all superstitions, and of how much falsehood in theology, of what debasements and corruptions in morality ! Such the evils to which religion, perverted and abused, has been able to persuade or to reconcile men ! Now against this vast system of delusion and falsehood the Divine Voice is uttered. The depressed and deceived man exclaims : “ Wherewith shall I come before the LORD, and bow myself before the high God ? Shall I come before him with burnt-offerings, with calves of a year old ? Will the LORD be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil ? Shall I give my first-born for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul ? ” No such thing, the prophet teaches. No such offerings are required of man ; no sufferings, such as these involve. No such thing does God demand. This whole system mistakes his nature and his laws. His perfection only demands likeness to himself : no sacrifice, no atonement ; true virtue is all. But “ he hath showed thee, O man, what is good ; and what doth the LORD require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God ? ”

1. To do justly. The native affection flows out spontaneously toward others, seeking their good without reserve or limitation. This movement, however, is balanced by the individual wants inseparable from each person’s existence. So that while the former could become a boundless charity, the latter tends toward a complete, if not exclusive, selfishness. But thought, earlier than we remember, discovers precisely the same opposite impulses and their balances, the same social affections and personal wants, in other men, in all men, qualities of the race, not properties of the individ-

ual. Amidst the endless diversities of human character and state, here is essential identity. And on the ground of this identity rests, I apprehend, the measure of justice so known and applauded as the Golden Rule. The man taught by his own consciousness what others need, should be ready to meet the claim ; whatever he would receive of men, the same he should be careful to do. And this doing he should never regard as a favor, but simply and strictly as a duty, — that which is due to his neighbor, something which no man indeed is willing to exact or even to ask in behalf of himself, but which unsought the just-man acknowledges his obligation to render. This principle carried out into all the conditions of society, from the mean and smaller all the way to the larger and more remote, forms the basis of those great correlatives, forever interesting, which we call rights and duties. And true justice is fulfilled in acknowledging all rights, by rendering the duties which answer to them. Nor does it confine this acknowledgment to the more obvious outward rights : it enters into the more retired regions of nature, and in the secrecies of affection and the aspirations of soul, in the sacred necessities of thought and of virtue, nay, in the very possibilities of improvement which are held in check by oppression or poverty, it perceives a latent right to which it does homage, striving, even amidst prejudice and reproach and scorn, to have the duty done through which all burdens shall be taken off, and the soul of man shall be raised everywhere to its own freedom and celestial beauty. To do justly requires, in a word, the honest endeavor to have every wrong righted, every right conferred and insured, every duty to God and man fulfilled. But this carries us another step.

2. To love mercy. Justice and mercy are not two things separate from each other, like light and darkness ; they are rather different rays and hues of the same light, not even parted as in the rainbow, but rather running into each other, as in a morning or an evening sky. Nay, mercy is itself jus-

tice of the heart to the sufferer, who asks love as well as alms, to whom help is not more due than kindness. As justice also is mercy, never more severe to the wrong than tender to the victim, and, even when it punishes the criminal, blessing the soul which crime has debased. Let mercy be strong in the strength of justice ; let justice shine in the radiance of mercy.

To be merciful is not less than godlike. Beyond, however, the single acts and the more fixed habit of mercy, the voice in the soul calls us to love it ; to give it a place and a power in the heart, so that, dwelling within us, embraced, dear to the deepest affections, it may be forever fresh and flowing. Love mercy ; so shall we cherish it, that it may grow stronger and stronger, purer and purer, more and more deep. Love mercy ; so shall it become more thoroughly one with our entire being, and raise us ever nearer to Him who is good to all, whose tender mercies are over all his works.

3. To walk humbly with thy God, To this height do justice and mercy, practised and loved, inevitably lead us. Humility is not an exaggeration of our own imperfections, nor yet a depression of remorse, or even penitence, for our sins. It is simply the lowliness of spirit, answering to the real fact of what we are, in the presence of the Highest ; the finite acknowledging itself finite before the Infinite ; the man as he really is, walking with his God. The humble man does not indirectly reproach God by abusing himself, nor belie his own conscience by confessing a guilt which he does not feel, his own reason by declaring he is what he knows he is not. But he does in true sincerity confess the Lord to be source of all he is and has ; he feels the supremacy of the Infinite Being, to whom he would render entire obedience : to him God is alone great. In his lowliness he looks continually to the Power which is above all, and through all, and in all.

It is not a mere sentiment. Penetrated by the consciousness of the Supreme Presence, he is not only humble in feeling, but his humility goes out into his conduct and moulds his character : he not only walks humbly, but he walks with

his God. Adoring God, worshipping only him, acknowledging no other God, no other Lord, calling no man father upon earth, he devotes himself in obedience to his law, listens to his voice, waits for the word which he speaks, and strives to bring every feeling, every thought, every deed and word, into harmony with his will and his heavenly order.

This completes and renews the whole ; — completes, for in raising justice and mercy to the consciousness of the Divine supremacy, it fills up the whole measure of virtue, — God inspiring man, man obeying God ; renews, for in this humble walking with God, only let it be true, simple, hearty, constant, we find at once the type and the source of all virtue. As God is love, so, transmitting this character into our hearts, we not only learn to walk humbly with him, but also to give forth of our kindness and service to others. As he is just in all his ways and righteous in all his works, so do we find in him the law and the model of our own conduct in every human relation, from the family to the state and the church. As the Lord is full and overflowing in his mercy, so do we perceive in him the transcendent type of the same quality which, unrestrained and unbounded, we should love and cherish in our own hearts and conduct. And as in these high attributes the Supreme Being goes forth forever in service to all that live, so should we seek continually to give ourselves as servants to one another. The more, as the example which interests us is also the Power which quickens us ; and if in God we behold the sunlike form of goodness, we likewise derive from him the influence, mightier than of the sun upon the earth, which raises us to his image. Looking upward to him, obeying his word, fulfilling his requirement, we are transfigured : the earthly becomes radiant with the heavenly, the human shines with a divine splendor. The more we do justly, the stronger do we grow in justice. The love of mercy grows deeper, purer, with every act. The humbler we become, the higher does the Lord exalt us, empowering us to walk firmly with him in service and goodness to his children.

THE TEMPLE OF GOD WITHIN.

I CANNOT kneel before thee, O my God,
 In temples made with hands;
 Nor bathe my longing spirit at the fount
 Where thine anointed stands.

The strains of Sabbath music reach my ear,
 Borne on the summer breeze,
 Blent with the hum of many a village sound
 And Nature's harmonies.

So in the heart that would be thine alone
 Will earthly thoughts arise,
 Sweeping like clouds across the moonbeam's track,
 And dimming all the skies.

When shall I find that dwelling-place of thine,
 So hidden and so lone,
 Whence earthly jar and discord shall depart,
 And leave it all thy own?

How shall I dwell forever in thy courts,
 And see that holy light,
 That, "shining inward," drives all doubt away,
 "And there is no more night"?

A shrine I'd build thee in my inmost soul,
 A temple pure and fair,
 Where I might enter hour by hour, and feel
 Thy blissful presence there.

And seeking thee with earnest, reverent heart,
 At midnight, morn, or even,
 Find "*this* none other than the house of God,
 And this the gate of heaven."

†

HEAVEN.

"There shall be no night there." — REV. xxii. 5.

No night! O happy, shining country! Here the brightest day has an end. Night comes, — Night, with her shrouding gloom and hushed voices, — beautiful indeed with stars and moonbeams, but still *night*, — the type of weariness and sleep and dreams. But *there* is no night. The beams of that sun never falter nor grow dim. Light, unceasing, ineffable, streams over that blessed land like a full baptism of gladness. *There* no sheltered copse nor shrouded valley darkens with shadows. The tree of life, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations, casts never a shade on the green slope over which it waves. All is light, — pure, hallowed, halcyon light. For there is no weariness in heaven; no shutting of heavy eyes, heavy with the toil of day, and glad for the coming of the cool, dark night; no stretching of tired limbs, weary with doing the Master's service. No, the work of heaven is itself its recreation, for "they rest not day nor night," uttering ever their glad hosanna, "Worthy the Lamb!" — day nor night, for there is no night there.

No night of sorrow. On earth how often does the sun of our gladness go down at noon, — how often before from our hearts has vanished the dew of their morning freshness! Sorrow comes early enough to all; how early to some! Ah, the sad lesson of tears and grief! It is the Alpha, even, of our life-long tuition. It comes in the coldness and loss of friends, in the strong pang of disappointed confidence, in the bitter knowledge of misplaced or unwon affection, in the wild doubt, worse than knowledge itself, in the struggling and longing after a strength beyond our reach, — strength to bear and suffer and endure, strength to live on when life is not life and dying is better than living. But in heaven it is not so. No sigh burdens that blessed air, nor tears dim its clearness. A celestial calm, a holy peace, covers all that dear

land of joy and love. Those who once wept below have now no more tears to shed. Here they were sad, and often comfortless; there they are comforted, and weep no longer. Here they walked with bowed heads and eyes weary with watching; there they soar on angel wings and see the King in his beauty. O blessed, holy, happy country, for there is no night there!

No night of death. Have you seen the slow coming of disease over the warm, bright brow of one you love? There you shall see it no longer. Have you wept over beauty and worth and sweetness new-robed for its strange home in the grave? pressed some dear forehead in its last, fixed repose, and smoothed some shining, or it may be faded lock, to its last resting-place? Ah, it was with a breaking heart you did it! But there your trembling fingers shall have other office. They shall sweep strings of gold; they shall weave garlands of celestial bloom and crowns of everlasting rejoicing. No aching brow *there* to bathe with water from the pure fountain flowing fast by the throne of God, nor sick, worn-out frame to minister unto with balsam and balm from the tree of life which is in the midst of the garden; no funeral shroud covering the face we loved the best; no sad procession of weeping ones following the bier whereon they have laid our beloved dead; no Rachel weeping for her children, comfortless because they are not; no David uttering that plaint, — a thousand-fold more mournful than any requiem a Mozart could pen, — “O Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!”

Be comforted then, poor heart! The night cometh, and also the morning, — the morning that shall know no eve, the day that shall have no night.

“No night, no night! O blessed clime!
Fain would I leap this shoal of time,
And rest, with all the ransomed band,
Within that bright, that happy land!”

C. A. M.

RANDOM READINGS.

WHICH IS THE BEST RELIGION? THE STORY OF THE
THREE RINGS.

THOSE of our readers who are acquainted with the works of Lessing, equally remarkable for skill in criticism and breadth and nobleness of spirit, will remember the story of the "Three Rings" in the seventh scene of the third act of the drama of Nathan the Wise, — an illustration of the great idea of the drama, the rights of the individual conscience. Lessing does not pretend that the story is original with him, but admits that he took it almost literally from a much earlier writer; that he found it where one would not be likely to look for any high moral or religious teaching, — in the Decameron of Boccaccio. Filomena's story, the third of the first "Day," tells briefly how the Jew, Melchisedek, was more than a match for the cunning Sultan Saladin, by this comparison of the rings which the father gave to his three sons. Something in the tone of this story, as Boccaccio relates it, indicates that it has a Jewish origin. Indeed, we may safely say that all the stories of romances in the Middle Age in which a Jew figures favorably, are properly Jewish legends. No Christian narrative would show a Jew in any honorable position, or in any other way than a knave, a blasphemer, and a murderer. A living writer, M. Michel Nicolas, has traced the story distinctly to Jewish sources, and has given its original reading, somewhat different from the form it took in the light phrase of the Tuscan novelist and the graver sentences of the German philosopher.

Boccaccio borrowed and enlarged the story from the *Cento Novelle Antiche*, a collection of stories brought together in the thirteenth century. "Qual fosse la migliore fe?" is the question which here the Sultan puts to the Jew, whom he wishes to entangle in his speech. The Jew's final reflection, which Boccaccio does not give in his version, is, that "God only knows; every man thinks his own way and his own faith the right one, but only the Father knows which is the genuine."

In the year 1856, a new edition of the *Schevet Jehuda*, a compilation of the learned Rabbi Solomon Aben Verga, of the fifteenth century, was published in Germany with the Hebrew text and a German trans-

lation. The *Schevet Jehuda*, or the "Rod of Judah," is a collection of anecdotes concerning Jewish Rabbins and Jewish history. It was not originally written in Hebrew, but is mostly a translation of an earlier collection, written by a Jew in Arabic. So much, indeed, is admitted by the translator, who says that he had to leave his translation unfinished, because he could not read the original manuscript. He professes to have found this collection of anecdotes at the end of a work which his ancestor, Rabbi Judah Aben Verga, had composed in Arabic. The question then presents itself, if these stories were original with Rabbi Judah, or only copied by him from some manuscript still more ancient. Rabbi Solomon does not tell us how many generations had passed between his ancestors and himself, or in what age Rabbi Judah flourished. An approximate conclusion upon this question can be reached, however, in the fact that about the end of the thirteenth century the Jews of Spain had ceased to write in Arabic.

We must suppose, then, that the original Arabic of the *Schevet Jehuda* was composed some time before the end of the thirteenth century. In this collection of anecdotes is found a story which is evidently the basis of the story of the three rings, has the same spirit, and tends to the same conclusion. The story, as we find it here, runs that a Jew, by name Ephraim ben Sancho, was called before Don Pedro the Ancient (a phrase indicating King Pedro I. of Aragon), who flourished in the eleventh century. The king wished to ascertain the trustworthiness of the account of Nicholas de Valence, who had just described the Jews in the blackest colors; and with this design, he asked the Jew Ephraim this question,—"Which religion is better, the Jew or the Christian?" The Jew at first gave an evasive answer. "My religion," said he, "is the best for me, on account of my humble state, since I was once only a slave in Egypt, from which the Lord brought me out by miracle; but your religion is best for you, since it is always victorious."

But the king was not satisfied with this personal and special way of judging the two religions. "I ask you," said he to the Jew, "about the religions themselves, and not in any relation to their adherents." "Let the king," said Ephraim, "allow me, then, three days for reflection, and I will give him, if he consent, the answer which he wishes."

The condition was accepted. Three days afterward the Jew appeared before the king, but in a state of great excitement, and appar-

ently with something else on his mind than the grave question which he came to answer. "Why are you so excited?" inquired the monarch. "Because they have just insulted me," replied Ephraim, "in a matter where I had no consciousness of any wrong. It belongs to you, our king, to see this affair through. This is the story. A month ago one of my neighbors went away. To comfort his two sons for his absence, he left them two precious stones. These sons came to me and begged me to tell them the nature of these stones, and the worth of the one and the other. I answered them, that nobody could tell this better than their father, who was an expert in precious stones, and very capable of deciding their exact value, whether in themselves or in their setting, since he was a jeweller by trade; that what they had to do was to ask him. Thereupon, in their indignation at my answer, they abused and maltreated me." "They did wrong," returned the king, "and deserve to be punished for it." "Let thy ears, O king," Ephraim went on quickly to say, "let thy ears attend to what thy mouth has just spoken. Esau and Jacob also are brothers. Each of them has received a precious stone, yet my lord asks now which of the two is better. Let the king send a messenger to the Father who is in heaven. He is the grand jeweller. He will tell what difference there is between the stones."

This is the story as it stands in the *Schevet Jehuda*. It teaches a doctrine entirely opposed to the Christian ideas of the Middle Age. A Christian of the thirteenth century had no idea of toleration, and would never have allowed, even in an anecdote, that there could be more than one true religion, or that any religion could be compared with his own. Only Christianity was Divine; all other faiths were from the Father of Lies, and especially Judaism, the Deicide religion, from which all purity had long since departed. No Christian writer would in that age have allowed such an answer as this to pass as satisfactory in the presence of an orthodox monarch. In the *Gesta Romanorum*, that pious work of the Benedictine Bercheure in the fourteenth century, Boccaccio's novel is repeated with an altered conclusion,—is made to teach, not toleration, but intolerance; and it is affirmed that the sign of *miracle* renders the distinction of the genuine ring from the spurious rings perfectly easy. The story takes also that interpretation in the *Violier des Histoires Romaines*, which is the French imitation of the *Gesta Romanorum*. Indeed, it would not

have been safe for a monk or a priest to have given it any other rendering.

In this matter of general toleration, too, there was in the Middle Age no substantial difference between the Catholic and the heretic Christians. The Albigenses would have been as unwilling as the militia of Pope Innocent to allow that there could be any salvation for a Mohammedan or a Jew, or any comparison of Islam or Judaism with the Gospel. It is harder to conceive that the heretics should have originated this story, than that it should have come from a Catholic source.

Equally impossible is it to refer the story to an *infidel* source. There were not a few free-thinkers in the Middle Age, men who had flung off the ecclesiastical yoke, and renounced the creeds,—men like Michael Scott, and Peter des Vigne. But these men were hostile to every form of religion, and would not have spoken of any religion with respect. To them Judaism, Islam, and Christianity were alike false, and the question would have been, not “which is the best,” but “which is the worst.” The legend as we have it is, on the contrary, thoroughly religious. It speaks of all the religions respectfully. If two of the rings are counterfeits of the third, they are imitations so close that no eye can distinguish them, and they are precious, not only to the sons who received, but to the father who gave them.

Among the Jews in Spain, from the tenth to the twelfth century, we find, however, just that state of feeling and fortune which would suggest a legend of this kind. There Jews, Moslems, and Christians were living harmoniously in close relations of trade, of kindred, and of society. Mixed marriages had made alliance between the races. The Arab was accepted as the ruling and the cultivated tongue. In gratitude for their privileges and for their peace, the Jews were willing to concede to the rival religions a measure of truth and honor. In the sense of the superior antiquity of his own faith, the Jew could afford to tolerate the kindred faiths which had come after it, and had historically sprung from it. Judaism had long since ceased to be a proselyting religion. The sect of the zealots was extinct. Persecutions and woes had taught the people that, on earth at least, they were not the only race favored by Providence; and they were ready to make large concessions of sentiment for the sake of comfort. They would tolerate other *religions*, if the men of other religions would tolerate *them*.

And if we look at the story in itself, we may find evident marks of its Jewish origin. In the first place, in all the versions which we have of it, a Jew always has the best side, and defends the right of conscience. If the idea here presented had been that of a Christian or a Mussulman, it is hard to understand that it should have been put into the mouth of a Jew, rather than of an Arab philosopher or an ingenious monk. The children of Jacob had not in the Middle Age, in France and Italy, such a fame for knowledge and wisdom that one of them should be chosen as an instance of the higher reason. If a Jew were the author of the story, the fitness of the choice is obvious.

In the second place, only a Jew could bring himself to regard two of the three religions compared together as imitations of the third. No Mussulman would ever allow that his religion was a copy of Judaism. No Christian would allow that his religion was a copy of Judaism. And neither of them, of course, would maintain that Judaism, earlier in time, could be a copy of their own faith. The story really supposes that the first of the rings, the model of the others, is the true ring; and that must be the Jewish religion. The others have come from that and owe their value to that. In the story as we have it in the *Schevet Jehuda*, which is as likely as not a corruption of the original, to suit the prejudice of a time and court when the Arabs were not in favor, we have only two precious stones, representing the Jewish and the Christian religion; but even here it is implied that one is more precious than the other, and that the great Father who has made and given them knows which is the better. To human eyes, at any rate, the second is no better than the first, since it cannot be distinguished from the first. It is evident that the Jew in his heart, in both forms of the story, believes that the earliest religion is the best, though he will not commit himself to any uncharitable decision between them, or any form of intolerance.

And a third and very decisive reason for the Jewish origin of the story is found in the fact that it appears in their books and in a Hebrew dress. The Jews borrowed no wisdom of this kind from the Christians. They have given to Christendom some of its best proverbial sentences, but they have taken nothing from this profane source. It would be a reason to a Jew for rejecting the story, even though a Jew were its hero, that it was invented by a profligate Italian novelist, one of the race by whom the Jews were despised and oppressed.

C. H. B.

A VACATION SUNDAY.

WHAT better could I do with it than to learn how preachers of other name speak to their congregations? So I went as far as possible from my own "tribe," or, if you will, since extremes meet, as near as possible. I found my way into a Roman Catholic church. After listening to music which was very sweet and elevating, interspersed with singing or intoning which was very disagreeable, accompanied by marchings and countermarchings and genuflections that were simply wearisome, I was glad to find that there was to be a sermon. The preacher, after asking prayers for some souls that had passed into the other sphere, read the Gospel for the day, and proposed as his subject, "The Observance of the Lord's Day: What is Required, What is Recommended." He remarked first upon the somewhat surprising fact, that the Master who came to bring in righteousness should — as in the words spoken as he sat at meat with the Pharisee — have censured the Jews for an over-strict observance of the law; a fact, he said, worth considering by those who make religion to consist in reading the Bible, and keeping Sunday, and elongating the visage. Then he asked, Why observe the Lord's Day? Does Nature enjoin it? No. Does Scripture enjoin it? No. The old commandment concerns only the Jew. How, then, are we bound? The Protestant has no answer. The Catholic replies, It is the law of the Church. Very well. The Church, then, since she enjoins the observance, must tell us what is a fit observance. 1. We must attend mass; 2. We must abstain from all unnecessary servile labor. The Church, however, is a kind mother, and does not require attendance, unless it can be accorded *sine gravi incommodo*, that is, when it is very inconvenient. These requirements are absolute. Those who do not fulfil them will without doubt perish everlastingly. So much is demanded; beyond these things there are services and works good and beautiful, and which every man of faith and love will desire to accomplish, but they are not of obligation. Such are the hearing of sermons and the vesper service. Sermons he commended, and apologized for their monotony by the sameness of man's life as a sinner; when you have done sinning, said he, we will stop preaching about sin, and tell you what should be the conditions of peace and who ought to be the next President. The discourse was extempore, but very properly laid out and very clearly stated, and for the kind a

very good one. No one could have mistaken the speaker's meaning, and of what he deemed essential he kept not back a word.

In the afternoon I listened to a pungent, close, distinct, earnest sermon, delivered in a Free Church, to an audience of respectable persons in the humbler walks of our life. The close of day found me with a new faith in the worth and efficacy of preaching the Gospel, and with a renewed purpose to "put things" with the utmost plainness.

E.

THE "ROARS OF LAUGHTER" HUSHED.

It will be remembered that the President's Proclamation, after the war first broke out, was read in the Montgomery Convention amid "roars of laughter." They seem to have subsided. Advices from Charleston say that the utmost "gloom and despondency" prevail, and that the most knowing ones regard the capture of the city by the Yankees as only a question of time. On the Sunday after the capture of Sumter by the rebels, the pulpits of Charleston poured out a strain of grandiloquence on the bravery of its soldiers and the wonderful work of Providence. One of these sermons reached us. Such war preaching! — commemorating the victory of ten thousand men, with their rows of batteries, over seventy starving men under orders not to fire a gun but in self-defence. This sort of preaching also seems to have been silenced by Gilmore's "swamp-angel." Rumor says that this brave commander, whose words tell not less truly than his cannon-balls, has written tenderly to the President, asking what he shall do with Charleston, and that he has leave to make it a heap of ashes unless it surrenders. Those who take the sword must perish by it, and there is no help for it. But Holmes's Fast-day Hymn, written two years and a half ago, was good then, and we breathe its prayer yet: —

"The Lord have mercy on the weak,
And calm their frenzied ire,
And save our brothers ere they shriek,
'We played with Northern fire!'"

S.

TREASURES LAID UP.

"A THING of beauty is a joy forever." This is philosophy as well as poetry. Persons of keen observation and active brain, and vivid perception of excellence and beauty in art and in nature, enjoy as

much when the beauty and excellence have passed into the inner chambers of imagery, sometimes more even than when the senses first took them in. The venerable Dr. Willard of Deerfield, long after he was blind, enjoyed the lovely scenery of the Connecticut River: it would pass through the soul's chambers just as bright and just as green as when the eye saw it, and furnished as intense enjoyment and delight. This is the reason why minds well enriched have placid enjoyment in themselves, while those which are empty collapse, and become peevish or imbecile. What strong motives there are, then, for young persons, when the senses are keen and the memory is retentive, to lay up the material for thought.

The same fact is related of Niebuhr, the Danish traveller. "When old, blind, and so infirm that he was only able to be carried from his bed to his chair, he used to describe to his friends the scenes which he had visited in his early days with wonderful minuteness and vivacity. When they expressed their astonishment, he told them that as he lay in his bed, all visible objects shut out, the pictures of what he had seen in the East continually floated before his mind's eye, so that it was no wonder he could speak of them as if he had seen them yesterday. With like vividness, the deep, intense sky of Asia, with its brilliant and twinkling host of stars, which he had so often gazed at by night, or its lofty vault of blue by day, was reflected in the hours of stillness on his inmost soul."

Coleridge long since cited Wordsworth's stanzas on the Daffodils in defence of Wordsworth against his hard-shell critics. They had quoted some of Wordsworth's sweetest things as specimens of "despicable puerility." Coleridge re-cites them, shows their philosophic insight and delicate beauty, and, for the comfort of the critics, after quoting "The child is father of the man," cites also a motto placed under the figure of the Rosemary in old Herbals,—"Swine! keep off; I don't grow for you!" The stanzas to the Daffodils are a beautiful comment on our text, showing how treasures once laid up in the soul are a joy forever; and the poet's experience is kindred to that of Dr. Willard and the Danish traveller.

"I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden Daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

"Continuous as the stars that shine
 And twinkle on the milky-way,
 They stretched in never-ending line
 Along the margin of a bay ;
 Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

"The waves beside them danced, but they
 Outdid the sparkling waves in glee : —
 A poet could not but be gay
 In such a jocund company :
 I gazed and gazed, but little thought
 What wealth the show to me had brought.

"For oft when on my couch I lie,
 In vacant or in pensive mood,
 They flash upon that inward eye,
 Which is the bliss of solitude ;
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,
 And dances with the Daffodils."

S.

ARMY TRACTS OF THE AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

WE desire to commend them very heartily to all who are interested in providing suitable reading for our soldiers. Those who have anything to give cannot do a better thing than to send a generous sum to the Treasurer of the Association, to be appropriated to this object. The readers of this Magazine will only need to be told that Rev. J. F. W. Ware has had more to do than any one else in the preparation of these little tracts ; that will satisfy them as to their quality. We happen to know that the soldiers do really like them. They are not flung at the poor fellows' heads ; they reach out their hands for what they love to read.

Now this is a blessed Christian work for the Association to be engaged in ; the most fastidious cannot carp at it. Let the enterprise be encouraged. How much will you give ?

E.

NOCTIGRAPHS.

IN our last number we noticed a curious volume, just published by Walker, Wise, & Co., under the title of "The Soul of Things." The author's theory is, that all objects throw off images of themselves which never perish. The universe is full of them. Our parlors and

sitting-rooms are full of our likenesses, invisible and impalpable except to those whose senses are abnormally exalted : a fact fearfully admonitory as to where we go and what we do, as we are sure to leave the image of ourselves and the soul of our deed behind us. The writer makes the following citations to support his theory, followed by numerous experiments. Sir David Brewster says : —

“ All bodies throw off emanations in greater or less size, and with greater or less velocities ; these particles enter more or less into the pores of solid and fluid bodies, sometimes resting on the surface, *sometimes permeating them altogether*. These emanations, when feeble, show themselves in images ; when stronger, in chemical changes ; when stronger still, in the action on the olfactory nerves ; and when thrown off most copiously and rapidly, in heat affecting the nerves of touch, in photographic action dis severing and recombining the elements of nature, and in phosphorescent and luminous emanations exciting the retina and producing vision.”

These emanations depend not on the presence of light. By night as well as by day, things throw off the images of themselves. The following facts are cited.

Niepce de St. Victor “ having exposed to the sun for a quarter of an hour an engraving which had been kept several days in the dark, applied it to a sheet of sensitive paper, and after four hours’ contact *in the dark* he obtained a negative picture of the engraving.” If there is not actual contact, still the picture is obtained. Experiments of the same kind are cited from Mrs. Somerville.

How ghost-stories originate, how crimes are detected, since the criminal leaves a perfect *noctigraph* of himself and his foul deed, with all its minutest circumstances, behind him, which may be obvious some time to supersensitive persons, — how all past history, indeed, is recorded to be opened some day to the light, — all this is argued at length, and experiments given which are thought to verify the theory.

s.

EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

MR. BURTON’s “ Helps to Education,” which has been commended in our pages, abounds in excellent suggestions respecting the outdoor training of children, the education of the senses, and the development of the faculty of observation. It has been remarked by

lawyers, that in the majority of cases no two witnesses will agree in telling what they have seen and heard, though they saw it in broad daylight with their eyes wide open. All Mr. Burton's hints under "Judging of Distances," "Time," "Number," "The Object Game," are excellent; indeed, his whole chapter on "The Discipline of the Observing Faculties" should be everywhere read and practised. The lesson recommended in the following extract might very well come on the Sabbath, after the children have got tired of good books and of keeping still.

"EDUCATION ON A HILL-TOP.

"Suppose now a pleasant day and a little leisure at command, to afford your children, and indeed yourselves equally, some little entertainment,—perchance instruction. You have already become acquainted, it may be, with whatever is in view of home. You have observed every house, field, pasture, wood, rock, shrub, gleam of water. Now take your little company to the highest hill-top you can conveniently reach. From this elevation can be discerned various prominent objects in the towns around. Give the little observers the names of these localities, and just the direction in which they lie. There are certain eminences, each perhaps with a name; tell them the name. There beneath are the valleys also. Perhaps it may be known that a considerable stream has its course through some of them. Describe these streams, well known to your larger experience, but which the children cannot discern in their sunken channels. But they can see with the naked eye as well as you the many varied features of the landscape between the centre where they stand and the whole horizon round. Now make a game of it. See who can count the greatest number of distinct fields or pastures, or separate pieces of woodland, and the greatest number of hills. As to this feature you may let the eye descend to the minutest prominences on the surface, and you will find the sight become amazingly sharp, and pick up the least little haycock of a hill at a distance which would not have been thought possible before. Then let the vision hunt after valleys, and any little dips and crinkles in the land's surface in the same manner. There are cliffs and rocks and single trees standing in open land, and houses and outhouses to be playfully sought likewise."

After all this is familiar, why not tell the geological formation, classify the rocks and the stones, and all the trees, and tell what

kinds of soil are always found with them, so that when the little folks grow up and emigrate they will know when to stop and how to read the pages of Nature.

Excellent advice in the culture of good manners and an unselfish spirit abounds in the lecture on "The Management of the Selfhood," and in the hints on family government. The following is exceedingly pertinent.

"CHILDREN AT TABLE.

"If a child does not come quietly and take his own proper place, and there wait till he is helped,—and then if he should not be satisfied with what he is helped to in ordinary circumstances,—indeed, should he behave in any way such as should put you to the blush (with company), *send him away instantly*. Do not threaten, as the majority of parents do: "You shall leave the table, if you don't behave better. I tell you, you *shall*." What *cares* he? He knows it is nothing but breath; he has heard the threat ever since he can remember. No, let the rule be understood and established; let it be acted out as instantaneously as the report follows the flash of a gun, only with perfect gentleness as well as decision on your part."

DRAMATIC DEVOTION.

NOTHING is half so dreary as the splendid ritual of the churches whose inward *animus* is pride, inhumanity, and love of show. Mr. James, in his "Substance and Shadow," is specially hard upon the proslavery churches and clergy. Wendell Phillips is very caustic, but Mr. James's weapon cuts deeper, as he has a more philosophic discrimination. Among his Notes we find this bit of criticism upon sham worship.

"I knew a gentleman some years ago of exemplary religiosity and politeness, but of a seasoned, inward duplicity, who failed in business as was supposed fraudulently. He was in the habit of meeting one of the largest of his creditors every Sunday on his way to church, where his own voice was always among the most melodious to confess any amount of abstract sins and iniquities; and he never failed to raise his hat from his head as he passed, and testify by every demonstrative flourish how much he would still do for the bare forms of friendship, when its life or substance was fled. The creditor was long impatient, but at last grew frantic under this remorseless courtesy, and, stopping his debtor one day, told him that he would cheerfully abandon to him the ten thousand dollars he had robbed him of, provided he would forego the exhibition of so much nauseous politeness. 'Sir,' replied

the imperturbable scamp, 'I would not forego the expression of my duty to you when we meet, for twice ten thousand dollars !' This is very much our case religiously. Whereas, if we would only give over our eternal grimacing and posturing, only leave off our affable but odious ducking and bowing to our great Creditor, long enough to see the real truth of the case, and frankly acknowledge bankruptcy utter and fraudulent, nothing could be so hopeful. The supreme powers are infinitely above reckoning with us for our shortcomings, if we would only have the manliness to confess spiritual insolvency, and not seek any longer to hide it from their eyes and our own, under these transparent monkey-shines of a mock devotion ; under this perpetual promise to pay which never comes to maturity, but gets renewed from Sunday to Sunday in *secula seculorum*. God does not need our labored civility, and must long ere this have sickened of our vapid doffing of the hat to him as we pass. He seeks our solid advantage, not our ridiculous patronage. He desires our living, not our professional humility ; and he desires it only for our sakes, not his own. He would fashion us into the similitude of his perfect love, only that we might enjoy the unspeakable delights of his sympathetic fellowship. If he once saw us to be thus spontaneously disposed towards him, thus genuinely qualified for the immortal participation of his power and blessedness, he would, I am sure, be more than content never to get a genuflexion from us again while the world lasted, nor hear another of our dreary litanies.

GOD'S WAY IS BEST.

I KNEW an aged man, on whom the snows of more than eighty years had fallen, yet in whose soul the fire of youth was not extinguished, but only purified. He had done battle manfully with outward circumstance ; "fought a good fight, and kept the faith." He had not feared to stand single-handed for the right ; to oppose friend as well as stranger in the defence of what seemed to him truth. Yet never in his full strength and power could he have been more sublime than in the patient waiting of his latest years. Ardent still in his plans for usefulness and reform, he had mental work laid out for many years ; but this work required *sight* for its accomplishment, and that he had not. One by one, those who had been eyes to him failed him through physical inability, or through what we call death. Still he hoped on, though he saw the few years which could yet remain to him in this life passing away with very scanty performance of what he wished. "If it be really important for me to accomplish my plans," he would say, "I shall have the power given me to do it ; and if it be not important, of course it is of no consequence if I fail." So he

stayed his heart on God, and was happy, disturbing neither himself nor those around him with vain regrets.

Would that we all had the practical and living faith of this aged Christian, who truly felt that better than the noblest achievements in active work may be the learning of the lesson, if God so appoint, cheerfully to "serve" among those "who only stand and wait." Yet how hard it is to curb the longings of an ardent spirit, which feels itself equal to its cherished plans, only that its surroundings take away the power to carry them out! We have perhaps arranged our plan with much care and thought, according to our maturest wisdom. To our imperfect vision, it may seem the course best adapted to our own bent of mind, and best suited to the wants of those around us. We fondly hope to make ourselves a name among those who have done wisely and well; or, what is far better, to stand approved of Heaven as faithful servants, who have used for the highest ends their "talents," whether many or few. But God has ordered otherwise; and shall we, then, arraign the superior wisdom of Heaven, by vain lamentations over the failure of our schemes, as if the defeating of them had been injustice to ourselves, or loss to others? Shall not He, who sees the end from the beginning, judge what is needful for each, and how his own great ends may best be carried out for all?

O that we might learn, when we cannot do the thing we *would*, cheerfully to do the next best, the thing we *can*! nay, rather, to do it as in fact the best, inasmuch as it is the way of God's appointment, and therefore must be wiser, higher, mightier for good than our own free choice. †

" Ah, my deare Lord! what couldst thou spye
In this impure, rebellious clay,
That made thee thus resolve to dye
For those that kill thee every day?

" O, what strange wonders could thee move
To slight thy precious bloud and breath?
Sure it was *Love*, my Lord; for *Love*
Is only stronger far than death."

VAUGHAN.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Philip van Artevelde: a Dramatic Romance in Two Parts. By HENRY TAYLOR. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — We are glad to see this drama republished in blue and gold. It was not written for the stage, but is in fact a novel in dramatic form, with a basis of historical truth. It is a picture of events and manners of the fourteenth century; the scene laid in Holland and France. The verse is easy and flowing, and abounds in passages of exceeding beauty; the style natural and blood-warm, and the narrative of sustained interest, designedly illustrating qualities of style opposite those of the Satanic school. Those who read it on its first publication will be glad to revive their acquaintance with it; those who did not, will have the privilege in this elegant edition of enjoying one of the classics of modern English literature. s.

The Amber Gods, and Other Stories. By HARRIET ELIZABETH PRESCOTT. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — The "other stories" are the best. We broke down in "The Amber Gods." "Circumstance" we finished, admiring the author's power of high-wrought description. There is too much coloring and word-magic, but there are unmistakable signs of fervid genius. The other stories are, "In a Cellar," "Knitting Sale Socks," "Circumstance," "Desert Sands," "Midsummer and May," "The South Breaker." The last is a tale of shipwreck, flirtation, hope deferred and hope fulfilled, and will probably be the most popularly read of the stories. s.

Pleasant Pages for Young People. By S. PROUT NEWCOMB. With numerous Illustrations. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. — This is an English book, designed to help parents in the work of home education. There is a lesson of about ten minutes for each secular day of the week and through twenty-six weeks of the year, each lesson unfolding and impressing, in the pleasant form of dialogue, some fact of natural history, geography, history, drawing, with moral lessons. The children may read it by themselves, but the plan is, that the parent shall read it with them at the breakfast-table, devoting ten minutes to it each morning. The lessons are simply told, the plan is admirable, and, if well followed, cannot fail to cultivate in the minds of the young learners a love of learning, and store them every

day with useful truths. It would also be a daily stimulus to the minds of parents, giving greater distinctness to their ideas and increasing their stores of knowledge. The history is too exclusively English for American latitudes, and should be supplemented with American history. s.

Charles Sumner's Speech in New York on our foreign relations is one of his very best. As a contribution to history, it is invaluable. As an utterance of the highest moral sentiment, it is above praise. It is addressed evidently not only to the people of the United States, but to the English ministry, and the latter will get light from it which will sear their eyeballs, unless they follow it. s.

Colonial Schemes of Popham and Gorges. Speech of JOHN WINGATE THORNTON, Esq. at the Fort Popham Celebration, August 29, 1862, under the auspices of the Maine Historical Society. Boston: Edward L. Balch. — The Speech and the Notes appended give us curious and interesting details of the earliest period of our colonial history. Twenty double pages, handsomely bound. s.

Hospital Sketches. By L. M. ALCOTT. Boston: James Redpath. 1863. — A very pleasant record of a very good piece of work, unhappily cut short. The little book is lively, and one ought not to complain of liveliness; and yet we should like it better if it were a little less lively. The writer is an amusing writer, and one wishes to be amused; nevertheless, the entertainment were more if it were less, if the story were sometimes told in a perfectly simple way. Occasionally we have been reminded of an old teacher of French, who would be forever saying to his pupils, "*Il faut rire, mes amis!*" and could no more dispense with his unceasing joke than with his pinch of snuff. But men and women must write, after all, as they are moved, and after their own fashion, and we have found this particular writing at once entertaining and profitable. E.

Our Old Home: a Series of English Sketches. By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — Most of these sketches have been favorite articles in the *Atlantic Monthly*. The first of the series, however, — "Consular Experiences," — has never before been published. It is in Hawthorne's best style, picturesque and humorous, abounding in the raciest descriptions of character, — such characters as beset his consulate in the shape of fools, knaves, ragamuffins, partly

American, partly English pretending to be Yankees, either to give advice or to ask for help. The *Consular Experiences* make nearly forty pages of the book, which, with the other sketches, make a volume of about four hundred pages, descriptive of English life, scenery, and manners, in Hawthorne's pungent style of description. s.

Methods of Study in Natural History. By L. AGASSIZ. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — These essays are designed for young students, are written in the simplest and most perspicuous English, and avoid as much as possible technical terms. They are the substance of his Lowell Lectures, written out for articles in the *Atlantic Monthly*. A chapter has been added on "Embryology and Classification," the whole forming a neat volume in large, clear type, with illustrations, admirably adapted to the wants of learners. Agassiz enters his protest against the "transmutation theory," and explodes the notion that men are made out of monkeys, as shocking to reason, and having no shadow of support in science. We earnestly commend the book, especially to young readers, and hope there will be such a demand for it as to indicate a desire for more substantial food than the light reading which floods us. s.

Sermons preached before His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, during his Tour in the East in 1862, with Notices of some of the Localities visited. By ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, D. D. New York: Charles Scribner. — These fourteen Sermons are short and sensible, and were good for His Royal Highness to hear. The "Notices" make nearly half the volume, descriptive of localities in and around Palestine. We miss the power of vivid representation manifest in the author's "Eastern Church." But under the heads, "The Mosque of Hebron," "The Samaritan Passover," "Galilee, Hermon, and Lebanon," "Patmos," the author weaves into the narrative of the Prince's journey much knowledge of Jewish customs and antiquities, the present aspect of the country and manners of the people. The print and paper are superb, making an elegant volume of 272 pages. s.

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.

The Editors of this Magazine will be pleased to notice all books sent them, as soon as issued from the press. Direct to the care of the Proprietor, 134 Washington Street.

THE

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No. 5.

EXALTATIONS AT THE APPROACH OF DEATH.

THE fear of death has unquestionably wrought in a great many minds those false repentances which produce no radical change in the character. It has been said that religious experiences during severe sickness turn out to be spurious in case of recovery, and the man always relapses into his former life. If they are only induced by the fear of death, this is undoubtedly so. But that a death-bed repentance, *if it be repentance*, may be just as efficacious as any other, I see no reason to doubt. It is not always possible, however, and there is danger here of the greatest delusions, and need of the sharpest discriminations.

The following case is from real life : —

A man, who believed in the most rigid kind of theology, was taken dangerously sick. He was a country trader, member of a church, well known for his smoothness and keenness in making a bargain, and blinding the eyes of his customers when selling his goods. But he had not the remotest idea that the business of this world had anything to do with the concerns of another. Preparation for another world is obtained through some pious "exercise of the mind" in intervals of business or at the approach of death. A few godly

phrases were necessary, such as "trusting in Christ," "renouncing our own works," and the like ; but this was about all. Such was the local belief, and such was the belief of our friend, the trader.

Physicians are generally thought to incline to scepticism, but I believe, when the matter is canvassed, it is generally found to be only a scepticism towards artificial theologies, that have no ground in the nature of things. They deal with facts, with terrible realities, with nature's laws, and are accustomed to look through deceitful subterfuges of all kinds. "Old Doctor C." was known as a skilful physician, blunt and downright, but not addicted to church-going. Mr. S., the sick trader, sent for him. The pulse was examined, the pills dealt out, and the directions given. But as the doctor was taking up his saddle-bags, Mr. S. turned to him with a very pious look.

"I have a solemn request to make of you, Dr. C."

"What! of *me*? a solemn request of me?"

"Yes, sir; it concerns my salvation, and I hope you won't refuse it."

"Why, bless you, Mr. S., that don't come in my line; send for the minister."

"But hear me. I feel that I am a very sick man, and if at any time you see I am going to die, I want you should let me know it at least *three days beforehand*."

"But what in the world do you want to know that for?"

"O, I don't know that I am prepared to die, and I shall want at least two or three days to prepare."

"O well, make your preparation, make your preparation, Mr. S.; and if you don't die, *it will not be lost—to your customers*."

Mr. S. did not die at that time, but his preparation, whatever it was, did his customers no good. The strange hallucination, that two or three days were enough to prepare for eternity, was a most legitimate inference from the doctrine of instantaneous regeneration. How these conceptions underlie a vast deal of the knavery and double-dealing there is in this

world, and inspire a great many death-bed scenes which are fondly reported afterwards, where there was no blunt Dr. C. to puncture the bubbles which sick men blow up for their own delusion, I have had occasion since to verify again and again.

Nevertheless, sickness has so important a part in our probation, its legitimate influence is so refining and sanctifying, that I am not at all disposed to reject death-bed repentances as universally and altogether spurious, nor to say, as some do, that the petition in the prayer-book, "From sudden death good Lord deliver us," has not some reason for it in the nature of things.

Why is it that there is almost always a period of sickness and decay which interspaces this world and the next, and which we must needs pass through? Because of its hallowing and renovating influence upon the mind and heart. The body, in its lustful strength, with all the senses open earthward, and taking in this world's delights, is sometimes a hinderance to clear perceptions of spiritual things. That gradual unclothing of the spirit, therefore, which we witness in chronic disease, sometimes aids vastly the spiritual intuitions, till the veil that hangs between earth and heaven has a semi-transparency, and the brooding glories of immortality bring down a solemn calm upon the mind and heart, and sometimes kindle its holiest aspirations. How many such instances as these do I remember, where the death-bed even of those who had been careless of Divine things, has seemed quite on the verge of heaven! There was a family of five, — the two parents with three grown-up daughters, — which was invaded by that spoiler incident to the New England climate, consumption. I can speak of them without impropriety, for they are all gone. The daughters were far from what we should call spiritually-minded. But it was delightful to see, as the body sat lighter and lighter upon the spirit, how the soul's vision became clearer, and communion with Christ became more full and fervent, and the anticipations of immortality more blissful.

The expectations of heaven illumined the features, and seemed at times to annul the sufferings of the body, and fling a halo around it. At first, I was disposed to distrust all such mental exercises, though surviving friends always dwell fondly upon them. I have learned better, I think ; for though I would not always predicate upon these alone any radical change of the character, yet unless the previous life has been grossly corrupt, I would not call them mere physical manifestations. They may be, and in the cases referred to I think were, the gradual dawn of Divine grace in the soul, purging away the grossness of the flesh, that the mind might see more clearly and the heart feel more intensely the influences from above, and prepare them for the final transition from the natural world to the spiritual.

But sickness, though not mortal, has very often a renovating influence upon the character. Like sleep, it is in some sort the suspension of our voluntary powers. It is the Divine finger of Silence laid on all our activities and all our turbulence, that the Divine work within may go on without disturbance from ourselves. Who that has lived long cannot remember some hours or days when he was caught up by the Divine Providence and laid down in some silent chamber, where the world was shut out, and the tide of physical life ebbed feeble and low, when the body was purged of its grosser humors, the earth receded, and the inward ear caught more "authentic tidings of invisible things" ? We have said and repeated so much, that "a sick-bed is a poor place to prepare for heaven," that we very likely forget how large is its agency in teaching us self-surrender, and that sense of absolute dependence which Schleiermacher makes the essence of all true religion. The prime cause of sickness is very often a superabounding of the fleshly nature, and its waning and depletion in consequence may be, and often are, the removal of those clogs and fetters which hold the soul too strongly to earth and sense. A late chaplain in McClellan's army told us of his experience with wounded soldiers, — how with the loss of

blood the soul was sometimes lifted into wonderful clearness, even to previsions of an eternal world.

Hence that exaltation of the faculties which the death-touch often produces, wisely provided as a preparation for the last change, that the eternal world may come on in gradual dawns, and not in a blaze of blinding and overwhelming light. There is a passage of Scripture which the commentators have handled, it seems to us, to very little purpose. "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise," was the promise to the dying thief. The whole incident has a naturalness which avouches its reality. But we get a very inadequate notion of these men called "thieves," if we are thinking only of those who steal their neighbor's goods in peaceful and civilized communities. The word is rendered well enough, though it includes further the idea of robbery or violent seizure of the property of another. Who these men were, and to what class they belonged, there is not much doubt from the circumstances of the case. Josephus describes them. The Roman provinces of which Judæa was one were placed under proconsuls and governors, whose main object was to gather a revenue from the people from which to enrich themselves, and then return to Rome and live in luxury and splendor. These exactions were sometimes exceedingly oppressive, — were excitements to insurrections, concealments, and reprisals. Some of the more daring and reckless would band together among themselves and seek the fastnesses of the mountains. There they would conceal their goods, and thence issue by stealth and make reprisals on the power that oppressed them, — perhaps make assaults on the unwary traveller. They sought the wild coverts of Judæa, leading a life of irregular warfare, always objects of dread to the Roman governors, and subject, when arrested, to execution under Roman law. They answered in part to the clans of the Highlands, the Dreds of the Great Swamp, or the John Browns of our border warfare. They might include men of a vast range of character, from the very worst

to men of natural humanity, pursuing a good end by unlawful means, and roughened and made grim in the irregular strife:

Two of these men have been arrested, and are to be executed under Roman law. Amid the darkness and convulsion, Matthew describes the demeanor of *both* the robbers, — how, in the frenzy of pain, both joined with the Jewish scoffers, and taunted the Divine sufferer with the invitation to come down from the cross. But when we open Luke, and see the spectacle from his point of view, a new scene opens upon us, and one of so much moral beauty that it flings a gleam of sunshine across the horrors of Calvary. It is a scene of penitence, forgiveness, and triumph over death. One of the malefactors, Luke says, railed on him, but *the other* rebuked him, saying, “Dost thou not fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation; and we justly, for we receive the due reward of our deeds, but this man hath done nothing amiss?”

On the surface there is an apparent discrepancy between Matthew and Luke. It is only apparent, and because the harmony is so profound and complete.

We loosely call these narratives parallel. They are not so. They are *introlatent*. One lies within another. Matthew describes the most external series of facts, scarcely ever getting within the physical phenomena, — telling them as they would have been seen by an outside looker-on. Luke takes us farther inward, and tells us sometimes what no distant looker-on could have seen or heard. John takes us farther inward still, to the very shrine of the Godhead. One is within the other, line within line, like circles convergent towards an illuminated centre, whose glories you approach, not by parallel passages, but in spiral lines, till the Saviour in his unclouded Divinity breaks upon the sight.

When the crucifixion *commenced*, the two robbers, thinking Christ was a malefactor, joined the Jewish rabble, and reviled him. Matthew tells us so much, and leaves us. But Luke takes us farther inward. The crucifixion proceeds

through the weary hours from morning till afternoon. The touch of the death-angel has come, which upon susceptible natures has sometimes such wondrous potency in classifying the higher perceptions, and in the exaltation of all the faculties. Within the sphere of grosser vision, within the tumult around and the anguish of mortality, one of the malefactors sees Christ as he is, himself as he is, hears him and understands him, and turns to him for salvation and pardon. How all-revealing is the hour! Passed the sphere of carnal perception, passed the maddening paroxysms and the torture of the nails, passed the sound of passion and hate that were raging around the cross, into that still haven where all is calm and clear, under the nearing immortality and the subduing spirit of the Lord. In that undertone of indescribable tenderness, which few if any could have heard who stood amid the storm of rage and the wagging of heads, he says, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." And Jesus replies, "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

This impressive narrative affords not the least ground for the belief that a prevailing bad life can terminate in a happy and triumphant death. The doctrine of irresistible grace, of instantaneous regeneration without any agency of ours, gets no support here; for why should one malefactor be taken and the other left? The narrative does give us some prevision of the *inversions* of the spiritual world, where judgment is not according to appearances, but according to intrinsic realities. What a contrast have we here between this wild bandit from the mountains and the Jewish Sanhedrim, which condemned and crucified the Lord! — they the most outwardly religious men, grace-hardened in long years of light and privilege; he garbed in the grimness of strife, but preserving a more honest heart and more susceptibility to the Divine mercy; — they the heirs of all God's revelations, whose light they never followed; he the heir of small light and privilege, following very possibly righteous ends by unlawful means. We

get some idea of that state of being to which this tends, and in which it consummates, where splendid externals and grim and horrible coverings are both removed, and man's hidden and intrinsic life is brought out and robed anew. How much susceptibility to the Divine mercy is preserved under heathen darkness, to be awakened under the dawning light and grace of immortality, and how much of impenitence and inhumanity have been confirmed under church privilege, till the Divine grace rebounds from it as from an anvil !

But this repentance of the bandit on the cross ought to teach us to make the most of occasion, for this comes to every one. It is not sickness unto death that we should wait for, but all sickness should be regarded as God's time of visitation, when the noise of this world recedes, the obscurations of sense are less impervious, and our tent is pitched nearer the open gates through which the "Come up hither" of the glorified multitudes is more articulate and audible. All sickness should be looked upon as the touch of the death-angel, refining and subduing, though gentle, and from a great way off. If we seek to turn our opportunities to the best account, we shall regard its hours as sacredly set apart, that we might be drawn inward and upward to clearer visions of eternity. Its chambers will be holy places. And if permitted to leave them and go again into busy life, we shall not forget the good resolves we made there, when the sins of our past life "streamed o'er our memory like a forest flame"; we shall not forget the state of tender penitence into which we melted down before the Lord; of childlike dependence in the hollow of his hand; of sensibilities purged of their grossness, possibly refined to angelic affection. We shall seek these frames as the opportunities of the still chamber are given us. Sickness will not make us more selfish and exacting, but more humbled and purified. If we go again to our duties, we shall aim to carry these frames of mind into them. We shall be more spiritually minded, because the death-angel has touched us on the way. But if we go not again to our post of duty,

but are to pass on, especially if it is to be through chronic sickness and suffering, we shall regard our gradual unclothing of mortality as a means for the gradual putting on of our spiritual body from within, and the daily opening of our spiritual sight, so that heaven, when it comes, will not come strangely and suddenly, since we have already breathed its air, and looked through open windows into its transcendent glories.

S.

THE ALMSHOUSE.

I.

AT THE COTTAGE.

Grace (within). Haste, aching fingers, on your weary task !
 Let me not leave these straws unbraided till
 The twilight doth come on ; for I would bring
 Some fragrant tea for Felix : long it is
 Since he hath tasted it. O fingers, haste !
 Ye are not lithe as once ye were, — as once,
 When o'er the ivory keys ye strayed to draw
 Sweet music out ; or pencil guided on,
 Till rocks and trees and flowers in mimic forms
 Grew springing at your touch in magic haste !
 Ye are not lithe as once ye were ; but now
 I pray you serve me for a little while, —
 A little longer, — till earth's waning light
 Shall fall upon our graves !

O whence shall come
 The fuel for our winter's fire ? Chill winds
 Already do prevail. I have no fear
 That God will e'er forsake us ; yet I see
 No opening way, — no path that leads to hope
 For life's late-coming years.

Felix (without). Must ? must ? ay, must !
 O happy Felix, once ! When thou wast young,
 No dreamer would have dared foretell, " Thou wilt
 A refuge in the almshouse find, ere thou
 Shalt be threescore ! "

O rich and wasted gifts,
 That might have crowned my life with sweetest joys,
 How were ye scorned and lavished upon naught!
 Naught, worse than naught, as this bent frame,
 These sightless eyeballs, and the snowy locks
 That crown this weary head do testify!
 O most unhappy Felix, to have wrought
 Such woe, such ruin on thy hapless wife!
 For thee, O wretched man! no help, no hope!

II.

HOPE, FAITH, LOVE.

Fair as buds at opening morn,
 Hope, fair sister, come!
 Come to cheer a heart of grief,
 Whose sad path no flowers adorn, —
 Come to bring it quick relief, —
 Hope, fair sister, come!

Bright as beams of sunlit day,
 Faith, bright sister, come!
 Waken blindness, deep in night,
 With a soul-illuming ray,
 Kindled from celestial light, —
 Faith, bright sister, come!

Sweet as harp at twilight hour,
 Love, sweet sister, come!
 Pour in gentle Pity's ear
 Strains of sympathetic power, —
 Haste to soften Sorrow's tear, —
 Love, sweet sister, come!

III.

AT THE ALMSHOUSE.

Grace. Away from yonder crowd, I led thee here,
 Under the shelter of these drooping boughs,
 That I might tell thee, Felix, of a dream
 That yesternight I dreamed. Methinks it was
 The fairest vision e'er these eyes beheld,
 Waking or sleeping. Be not thus cast down,
 Dear Felix, — listen to my dream!

The clock
 Had tolled the midnight hour of twelve. A form,
 Radiant with glistening wings, looked down on me,
 With eyes that smiled like violets. On a staff,
 The semblance of an anchor, trustingly
 She leaned. Softly she spoke : " Be not cast down,
 Be not disquieted ! " Upward I looked.
 Heaven's golden glory broke upon my sight,
 Too bright for mortal gaze to bear. There fell
 Upon my ravished ear celestial waves
 Of angel voices : " Blest are they that mourn ;
 Blest, for they shall be comforted." My soul,
 Enraptured with a sense of blessedness
 Undreamed of in this heavy-burdened life,
 Gave thanks to Him from whom the vision came.

Felix. Amazed I am at thy recital, Grace ;
 For as the clock the midnight hour of twelve
 Told on my wakeful ear, a still repose
 Came o'er me. And, O blessed taste of joy !
 These stone-blind eyes were opened. I beheld
 An angel kneeling by a cross. Her lips
 Were pressed upon it. With uplifted brow
 Of wondrous brightness, these blest words she spake :
 " Come unto me, all ye that labor and
 Are heavy laden ; I will give you rest ! "
 A blissful calm o'ertook me ; but a calm
 Such as was never mine in youth's gay time,
 Nor in the proudest prime of manhood.

Grace,
 What meaneth this bright vision ? Thinkest thou
 It symbolizeth some consoling truth
 To lighten these dark days, in mercy sent
 From Heaven ?

Grace. Ay, Felix, in my inmost heart
 I do believe it. Thine and mine were sent
 Visions from Him who numbereth every hair
 Upon our heads, for our heart-breaking griefs,
 That we no more may sorrow without hope.
 A stranger cometh, Felix, — yet a friend
 Surely ; how softly falls her step upon
 The rustling, gay-hued leaves, that gathered lie
 A beauteous carpet on the bare, chill ground,
 This autumn morning. Ay, she is a friend, —

WERE THE PURITAN FATHERS BIGOTS AND FANATICS?

II.

To the first current charge against our Puritan Fathers, that they were false to civil liberty, because "they tyrannously restricted the freedom of their body politic to members of their own communion," we have given two replies: first, they had no ideal of civil liberty that they had undertaken to actualize; and, second, what they *did* seek to accomplish compelled them, from the nature of the case, to limit the privileges of citizenship. There remain still other defences of their action.

One is distinctly set forth in the Act defining the limits of the suffrage. It was "ordered and agreed, that no man shall be admitted to the freedom of this body politic but such as are members of some of the churches within the limits of the same, to the end the body of the commons may be preserved of honest and good men."

Upon this Dr. Palfrey beautifully observes: "They determined that magistracy and citizenship should belong only to Christian men, ascertained to be such by the best test which they knew how to apply. They established a kind of aristocracy hitherto unknown. Not birth nor wealth nor learning nor skill in war was to confer political power; but personal character,—goodness of the highest type,—goodness of that purity and force which only the faith of Jesus Christ is competent to create."

"The conception, if delusive and impracticable, was a noble one. Nothing better can be imagined for the welfare of a country than that it should be ruled on Christian principles; in other words, that its rulers should be Christian men,—men of disinterestedness and integrity, of the choicest quality that the world knows,—men whose fear of God exalts them above every other fear, and whose controlling

love of God and of man consecrates them to the most generous aims."

Lastly, the fathers restricted the suffrage, for a reason more cogent and imperative than either of those yet cited, namely, SELF-PRESERVATION.

If they had constituted their state an open democracy, its beginning would have been its end. To appreciate this, let the reader take into view the condition of things in the mother country at the time they settled here. Charles the First was on the throne, whose darling project was the establishment of arbitrary power, and that chiefly as against the Puritans themselves. Laud was his prime spiritual adviser, and the head of his bloody High Commission,—Laud, fit instrument of tyranny. He hated the Puritans worse than he hated the Devil. Nay, he showed unmistakably that he was in league with the Devil against the Puritans. The colonists had left home because of the oppression that, thus fathered and fostered, had ground them into the dust. And they did not come alone. There was a background of romance and a margin for wild adventure to their enterprise that commended it to many a restless spirit. So a crowd of adventurers, busy with schemes of personal gain or ambition, and void of the slightest sympathy with the motives and characters of the Puritans, followed closely in their footsteps. And when they were ready to set up the framework of their political organism, this chance, nondescript crowd, more than a hundred in number, some of them bigoted adherents of the persecuting State Church at home, applied for admission to all the rights and privileges of membership in the company. What should they do with these,—admit them? Yes, if they were disposed deliberately to strangle their infant commonwealth in its cradle! It would have been to lay themselves open to the interference, the malice, the repressive influence of the English throne and hierarchy, from whose active cruelties they had just escaped. It would have been to exile themselves from the conduct

of affairs, and condemn themselves to present obscurity and final extinction. Self-preservation, therefore, demanded the exclusion of all these persons; demanded that the company should protect itself, for a time at least, from the intrusion of any who did not sympathize in its purposes, and would not earnestly further its interests. And this is a sufficient reply to all cavillers; for the law of self-preservation overrides all ordinary principles, rights, and claims.

Every loyal New-Englander will appreciate and respect this exigency in our infant colonial history, for it has a close parallel in the present condition of our country. A gigantic red-armed Rebellion has taken the government by the throat, and is aiming its deadly thrusts at the nation's life. The government feels and proclaims in the fearful crisis, that it must intermit some of the personal rights that are guaranteed by the law, and reckoned among the special and sacred safeguards of our liberties. And shall we protest against this invasion of our rights, and angrily denounce our rulers? Shall we suffer abstract principles to override the instant and overwhelming necessity? Shall we stand at bay, whimpering about constitutional limitations, when the whole national fabric is at stake? Shall we fear to violate the Constitution in the letter, that we may rescue it in the spirit? Shall the Constitution be pleaded against the patriotism that is willing to hazard something to save it from destruction? No! — a thousand times — no! If the national life have perished, what good of the Constitution, however sacredly it may have been preserved inviolate! “FIRST, AT ALL HAZARDS, PRESERVE THE NATION'S LIFE!” is the sentiment that thrills through every patriotic heart and tingles to the fingers' ends. Preserve the nation's life, and that accomplished, trust to a grateful and jealous loyalty to enthrone the Constitution, free from blemish or vital mutilation, in its blessed supremacy once more!

So precisely was it that the Puritans, when they organized their colonial government, felt compelled, for salva-

tion's sake, to restrict the suffrage to the members of their own communion. What tongue, save that of malice, leagu- ing with treason, will gainsay them?

II. We come now to the second charge against them, which is, that "they were false to religious liberty; for that they banished Roger Williams, Anne Hutchinson, and many others, and mutilated and hung several Quakers. In fact, persecuted to the bitter end all who did not agree with themselves."

Now we shall not be guilty of any such absurdity as to assume that there was not extant among the Puritans a vast deal of what would be stigmatized now-a-days as Satanic bigotry. No doubt, the *animus* of a very considerable party who clamored against Roger Williams and the rest, was stimulated chiefly by religious prejudice. So much is matter of history. We could easily accumulate extracts from writings of both ministers and civilians, in those excited periods, which would cause the reader to blush for the malevolence that could so fiercely ventilate itself under the name of principle. And whoever wishes to kindle a flame of indignation or excite a laugh, has only to array a series of excerpts from the controversial literature of our colonial infancy at large, set off as it is by the grotesque style of the time, and the rigorous and often puerile notions that characterized the religious-minded in that age in respect to the duties and rights of practical life, and then superadd scraps of narrative about the "bitter persecutions" that were carried on, and, with multitudes of the unthinking, he will abundantly accomplish his purpose.* But the true student of history scorns such partial, unphilosophical methods and un-

* We cannot but accuse Colonel Higginson, in his very piquant and readable article in the Atlantic for September (The Puritan Minister), of having done exceeding injustice to the Fathers, for the sake of exciting a laugh at their expense. His sketch is a striking specimen of the ease with which the mere externals and accidents of life and character may be made to usurp the place in attention and interest which is due to solid principles alone. True, Colonel

authorized judgments. He will take into view all the elements that combine to produce the sequence of cause and effect; and will never suffer minor influences to preponderate in impression over major ones, however bold and pretentious they may be. What, then, is the record of sober history in reference to the treatment of Roger Williams, Anne Hutchinson, and the Quakers, by the Puritan Fathers?

Let it be borne in mind, first of all, that religious toleration was very little believed in anywhere in that age. While a few noble souls boldly advocated it here and there, the great body of Christians of every name and race denounced it as an execrable heresy. It was regarded as a sacred and imperious duty to punish those who advocated false theories and practices in religion. And of course that was false with every man that did not harmonize with his personal creed. It would have been no reproach to the Puritans, therefore, beyond the condemnation they would have shared with the whole Christian world, if they had rigorously disciplined every dissenter from their communion; all the more because their civil polity was so essentially theocratic, and religious heresy might have been treated with perfect consistency as a high civil crime. How rich in manhood, then, must we pronounce them to have been, if we find that, except when the assertion of anti-Puritanic convictions interfered with their political security and social order, they were practically tolerant of dissent; thus not only standing admirably forth in advance of their age, but disregarding the logical demands of their own darling religious views.

Such was the fact, as there is abundance of testimony to prove; and let every one note it well, who has been overawed by the clamor against them to make deductions from

Higginson has made the allowances and offsets that truth and justice demand. But he has done it after a negative, subtonic fashion, evidently determined not materially to qualify the zest of his article, but to keep the laugh uppermost. This, we hold, is hardly the thing in a lineal descendant of the old stock, just at this time, when slander is so busy with the reputation of the Fathers.

their renown. For, in the first place, as to Williams, it was not the *odium theologicum*, intense and exacting as it was in many bosoms, and bursting out in ceaseless denunciations, that effected his banishment. True, some of his most offensive principles, viewed in the light of the present age, would be pronounced mere crotchets about ecclesiastical prescriptions and methods, while much of the language used to characterize his offences, even in the legal processes against him, seems to be drawn from the technics of theology. But we must bear in mind the Bible basis of the civil polity of the Fathers; we must remember that with them the phrases "religious heresy" and "political treason" were synonymous and interchangeable; and then, disregarding the vindictive clamor of some of the ministers, and honestly sifting out the facts, we shall appreciate the real basis of action.

In the first place, let the reader take notice that Roger Williams arrived in Boston in February, 1631, and immediately began to broach his objectionable doctrines. Yet he was not exiled until January, 1636, an interval of five years. And meanwhile he was the pastor of a church, he ceaselessly preached and published his heresies, he multiplied around him a body of inflamed adherents. Now religious bigotry, when possessed of power securely to strike and silence its victim, does not usually forbear its vengeance for a period like that, especially if the offender be all the while actively disseminating his adverse counsels. In like manner, Anne Hutchinson, whose doctrines were radical and revolutionary in the extreme, went about venting them freely, and stirring up contention for two good years, before the arm of power was laid in suppression upon her.

Again, Williams was not condemned for heresy. Anne Hutchinson was not condemned for heresy. The Quakers were not condemned for heresy. No legal charge of the kind was brought against them. Nor were they tried in ecclesiastical courts by the ministers of religion. But they were tried before the civil magistrates. And the crimes

alleged against them were, that they were breakers of the laws and disturbers of the peace.

Was this in any sense a subterfuge? Was religious bigotry really the *animus* of the decision against them? We have already argued that such was the spirit of the age that bigotry required no subterfuge or excuse. The opinions and conduct of all these persons were such that they would have been disciplined in any part of Christendom for their vagaries; and the most of them had already run the gauntlet of repressive power in the mother land. Plainly there was no attempt at, because there was no need of, subterfuge.

And were they not in very truth breakers of the laws and disturbers of the peace? First, was not Roger Williams a disturber of the peace? What were the doctrines that he was making a loud-mouthed and industrious ado about all the time? We will cite a few of them, pointing out wherein they perilled the peace and existence of the colony.

First, he refused to commune with all who would not make proclamation of their repentance for having formerly partaken of the elements with communicants of the Church of England while in the old country,—the effect of which, if it had been tolerated by the colonists, would have been to intensify into a yet more truculent malignity the powers at home against whom it was aimed, and who were already ceaselessly plotting to circumvent them and bring them to ruin.

Secondly, he taught that the magistrates had no right to punish either idolatry, perjury, blasphemy, or Sabbath-breaking,—the effect of which, in that infant community, was to bring all law and government into contempt and neglect. Let it be observed, that three out of these four offences are penal on the statute-books of Massachusetts to-day.

Thirdly, he disputed the validity of the king's grant to the colonists, and insisted that they had no title to their lands,—the effect of which was to unsettle the tenure of all estates, and excite the king's vengeance by slurring his authority.

Once more, he declaimed against the magistracy as possessing no lawful power,—which was a stab at the very vitals of all civil government.

Now is not here a list of outrages against the well-being of that infant state, ample enough and objectionable enough to justify the exclusion of their author from its limits? When we consider how feeble it was, and how imperilled,—how it was at one and the same moment menaced by savage foes along its borders, and harassed by the envenomed machinations of enemies in the mother land, trembling sometimes on the very verge of destruction, preserved and guided only by the most consummate wisdom,—were the Fathers to overlook such stabs at its internal peace, such provocations to the hot revenges of external wrath? No: the law of self-preservation, already referred to, demanded the separation of such a firebrand from their midst.

“Yes,” we hear some one interpose; “but, after all, he committed no overt offence. He did but exercise his undoubted prerogative of freedom of speech.”

- Ay, his prerogative, “freedom of speech”! A holy, a glorious prerogative is “freedom of speech”! But when in times that try men’s souls to very agony,—times when the whole fabric of government is reeling and tottering about their heads,—times when the present is all confusion and the future impenetrable gloom, and patriotism, already bleeding with wounds, is nerving itself for yet sterner sacrifices that may be demanded by the awful emergency,—in times like these, shall malecontents go about industriously traducing its motives, challenging its methods, sneering at its sacrifices, so as to divide public sentiment and paralyze energy, and claim to be protected and countenanced as being in the simple exercise of a consecrated right? Not so thought our Puritan Fathers. They said to Roger Williams: “This is a question with us of life and death. If we tolerate you, we expose ourselves to ruin. We wish you no harm. But we cannot—we must not—tamely abandon our

political experiment, for which we have already suffered so much. The land is wide. Take with you, if you please, congenial spirits, and carry out somewhere else the notions that are inconsistent here. *You must be silent, or go away !*" It was thus, moreover, that our Revolutionary Fathers said to the Tories: "All very well for you to love George the Third better than you love liberty. But the two loves can agree together no better than fire and water, at a time like this. The fire *shall* burn. You shall not extinguish it. *And you must be silent, or go away !*"

The children of these Fathers may well profit by their example !

Roger Williams was a man of high principle and of a lovely spirit. And it is a singular fact, that, while the enemies of the Puritans are virulently stigmatizing them for what is termed the "base persecution" he endured, he himself held in the highest honor and regard to the day of his death, and consulted habitually about his most important affairs, on terms of the closest intimacy, the very man (Governor Winthrop) who was at the head of the Puritan government at the time he was exiled. There has recently fallen into the hands of the honored representative of the Winthrop family a most precious historic treasure, in a large mass of letters and papers, once the property of Governor Winthrop, and not yet laid open to the public. Among them are no less than sixty letters from Roger Williams to the Governor, written after his settlement at Providence. We have been kindly permitted to transcribe one of them for the purposes of this article, by the gentleman who is arranging them for publication ; and its tenor tends very strikingly to vindicate the fame of the Governor and his Puritan compeers.

"MUCH HONORED SIR: The frequent experience of your loving care, ready and open toward me, in what your conscience hath permitted, as also of that excellent spirit of wisdom and prudence wherewith the Father of Lights hath

imbued you, hath emboldened me to request a word of private advice, with the soonest convenience, — if it may be, by this messenger.

“The condition of myself, and those few families here planting with me, you know full well. We have no patent, nor doth the face of magistracy suit with our present condition. Hitherto, the masters of families have ordinarily met once a fortnight, and consulted about our common peace and planting, and mutual consent hath furnished all matters with speed and peace. Now of late some young men, single persons, of whom we had much need, being admitted to freedom of inhabitation, and promising to be subject to the orders made by consent of the householders, are discontented with their state, and seek the freedom of vote also and equality. Besides, our dangers in the midst of these dens of lions more especially call upon us to be compact in a civil way and power. I have therefore thought of propounding to my neighbors a double subscription, concerning which I shall humbly crave your help.”

Alas for Roger and his crotchets, that had occasioned so much trouble in the Massachusetts Colony! He experienced at last, most forcibly, the truth of the old adage, “Circumstances alter cases.” What was a perfect and lovable ideal, as antagonized against the Massachusetts government, proved a wretched instrumentality when put in force at Providence. And so we have here our exiled Roger pleading for the help of the officer who had aided to exile him, to construct that civil government for denouncing which, to the peril of the Massachusetts Colony, he had been thrust beyond its limits.

His deep-seated respect for Governor Winthrop, and the tone of his correspondence with him, prove that he did not lay his exile to heart as a wanton injury, but regarded it as having been dictated by a sense of duty. In fine, he was exiled, as well he knew, — although he made a great ado about it at first, attributing it to religious persecution, — not because of his religious opinions, but, in Dr. Palfrey’s felicitous phrase, because of his “busy disaffection.”

And how was it with the Quakers ? were not they disturbers of the peace ?

The Quakers with whom our fathers had to deal, are not to be judged of by the mild, unobtrusive conduct of the Quakers of the present day. Those original "Friends" felt that they had a special summons from Heaven to upset things generally everywhere ; and they did their best to accomplish their mission thoroughly. They committed excessive outrages against social decency and order in the mother country, and on arriving here, at once signalized themselves by grossly reviling the magistrates, and systematically and rudely interrupting public worship. They went about the streets denouncing the government and defying its power ; and two young women, really pure and modest, were so wrought upon by their fanaticism as to appear naked in one of the churches as a sign of the nakedness of the land. Well, what was to be done with such persons ? Clearly such indecent vagaries must be put a stop to. We should have made short work of them in our day ; we should have sent them to the House of Correction, or shut them up in a lunatic asylum. Our fathers bore with them longer than we should have done. They remonstrated and pleaded and threatened. Then they exiled them, and when they returned, noisy and unseemly as ever, they sent them off a second time. Finally, as a punishment and deterrent, the right ears of three were cut off ; and that infliction proving abortive, at length four were hanged.

These severities against such poor, misguided enthusiasts shock our sensibilities. The mutilation of the person by cutting off the ears strikes us as a savage and atrocious resort, while the forfeiture of life seems to be a punishment criminally exceeding the measure of the offence. Very well, let the enlightened and humane vent their indignation without stint at the brutal spirit of that age which could institute and tolerate such barbarisms. But let not a few sparse instances of their occurrence among the Puritan

Fathers, by which they simply showed that they were not so miraculously endowed as in all things to rise superior to their age, be cited to their special discredit. Such mutilations were among the commonest methods of penalty in Europe at that time ; they were inflicted by the hundreds every year ; while capital punishment was meted out unrelentingly to scores of different offences. Human life was everywhere held very cheap. And the true, impartial question in relation to the Fathers in such a connection is, How does their administration of penal justice compare with that of the mother country and of the European continent at the same period ? Was it harsh or was it humane ? Did they revel in the severities that public opinion allowed and the penal codes everywhere authorized, or did they moderate their rigors ?

Justice will some time be done them. The base, prejudiced fashion of seizing upon their offensive transactions and holding them up to public abhorrence, unrelieved by the background of the universal habits and customs of their times, will finally recoil on their calumniators. Here, as to these very dealings with the Quakers, what were the comparative facts ? Why, while the ears of small offenders were cut off, one or both, and their noses slit, day by day, without a whisper of protest or compunction, all over Europe, this *one* instance of mutilation, now brought to bear with such malignity against the Puritans, was so offensive to their superior light and culture, that no instance of the kind ever occurred in New England again ! Influenced by corresponding sensibility, the law under which the four executions took place was passed by only one majority after a protracted and anxious debate, and was never afterwards enforced ; although hangings, headings, and burnings were as common as the day for similar offences across the Atlantic. Our noble fathers ! The very dirt thrown at them by carping traducers turns to sparkling gems, that, glistening in the sunlight of impartial history, reflect a halo of honor about their brows !

The third and final charge against them is, that "they were superstitious and bloodthirsty fanatics, because they put a score of persons to death for alleged participation in witchcraft."

We need not linger on this charge. Like others that have been considered, it derives its force solely from a wanton disregard of historic connections and modifications. One would infer from the style in which the fathers are set upon for the part they played in the witchcraft delusion, that only in New England did such a delusion ever prevail; that it was Puritan fanaticism run to seed; was the normal and inevitable ultimate of the inhuman monstrosities of that type of thought and character. And yet it was only the transplantation to the shores of America of an infatuation that was raging with terrific violence all over Europe, and had been thus raging for a hundred and fifty years. There perished in England alone, on accusation of witchcraft, during the hundred and fifty years after the beginning of the seventeenth century, no less than thirty thousand persons! In Scotland, from the Act of Queen Mary on the subject in 1653, to the accession of James, seventeen hundred were executed, an average of two hundred a year. In Germany, the number of victims averaged six hundred a year. In the city of Würzburg alone, in the two years between 1627 and 1629, a hundred and fifty-seven were burned to death in twenty burnings, one half of whom were mere children. The last execution of the kind in England occurred as late as 1716; the last in Germany, that of a young woman, so recently as 1749.

The strongest minds were overwhelmed and taken captive by the fearful infatuation. Sir Matthew Hale, on the English Bench, superintended trials for witchcraft as gravely as he did trials for theft and arson. Sir Thomas Browne, citing the Bible, denounced all who doubted the fact of witchcraft as atheists.

The Bible, the Church, the law, the public opinion of all Europe for centuries, and, what was still more impressive, the

circumstantial confessions of multitudes of the accused, certified to its reality. Is it a wonder, then, that the delusion should have crossed the ocean? Is not this rather the marvel, — that the colonists should have escaped its intrusion so long, that their settlements should have been making their checkered progress for more than sixty years before it should have created the least excitement among them? Is not such a protracted immunity the most striking evidence that there was no affinity in the Puritan mind for superstitious monstrosities, — that it was too virile and solid and high-toned for that?

It came at last. It disordered society, and produced incalculable misery. Twenty persons on account of it suffered a violent death. But its reign was short. It raged for two years and a half, and then disappeared from New England forever. The Puritan character, in that brief period, triumphed over its infatuations. And what are the results it wrought among our fathers, compared with the horrors enacted all over Europe through its influence for hundreds of years? While the colonists executed a score, their European contemporaries executed thousands. While the colonists regarded the mania with agonized anxiety, and prayed over it and deliberated over it, and put their few victims to death under a sense of awful religious responsibility and with a sinking of the heart, the authorities across the water launched their multitudes into eternity with as little feeling as they would crack a nut. While the delusion dominated among the colonists less than three years, it triumphed over the common sense of Europe nearly three centuries. Indeed, if there be one point more than any other as to which history, when rightly studied, exalts the Fathers, it is the slight hold that the appalling superstition acquired among them under the circumstances. Only thorough greatness of character could have held it so long at bay, and spurned it after so short a continuance.

We have thus fulfilled the design with which we started. We have gathered up within a small compass the testimony

and verdicts of history respecting the conduct of the Fathers in those regards as to which they have been especially maligned. And we commend the triumphant issue to every loyal New-Englander, who, through ignorance of the details of our colonial annals, has slunk away, in mute confusion, when they have been attacked in his presence, or been seduced into admissions to their discredit. They have been often injudiciously praised, but never over-praised. Admiration can scarcely exaggerate their merits. If they had no express ideals of civil and religious liberty, they had solid principles of character, that ripened out in the creation of noble institutions of freedom. If they were in some respects tempered adversely by the spirit of their age, in the main they rose so superior to its trammels that they towered above all contemporaries, and were the pioneers of truths and rights that buttress the choicest developments of the civilization of to-day. There were bigots and fanatics among them, whose noisy venom has sometimes misguided the conclusions of the historian; but their controlling spirits were neither the one nor the other. But they were men whom detraction can safely assail only where the sterling royalty of their manhood is unknown, men whose fame will grow brighter and brighter while New England survives, that bold, conspicuous monument of their greatness and their deeds.

H. F. H.

“Dust and clay,
 Man’s ancient wear,
 Here you must stay,
 But I elsewhere!
 Souls sojourn here, but may not rest;
 Who will ascend must be undrest.”

Ascension Hymn.

CHRISTIAN FRUITFULNESS.

A SERMON FOR AUTUMN.

BY REV. JAMES O. MURRAY.

JOHN IV. 4: — "Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me."

ONCE more we have reached the season of fruits, — of barns bursting with plenty, and presses filled with new wine. The blossoms of June hang out their banners again in the colors of fruit. The seed which fell from the hand of the sower into the opened soil, and which could not be quickened except it die, has risen from its seeming grave into wide and waving harvests, — a resurrection of wondrous power and beauty, touchingly and impressively typical of that coming and greater resurrection of the dead, when that is raised a spiritual body which was sown a natural body.

There is a disposition to be sad in the autumnal season. We think too much of Autumn as the season of decay. Bryant sings of autumn days as melancholy days, the saddest of the year. But this is not Autumn in its deepest and truest aspect. Autumn is preservation, not decay; the ingathering of life, not the harbinger of death, the funeral of Summer. If it has the sere and yellow leaf, it has as well the garnered harvests. If the sun shines less upon the earth, the harvest-moon reigns in queenliest beauty in the heaven; the stars have added brilliancy, and the aurora flashes along the northern skies.

A healthy Christian mind will seek and prize all the Christian lessons which nature either suggests or enforces. Philosophers have professed to find the "cross in nature as well as nature in the cross." The Christian soul needs not the aid of philosophy to interpret the voices of nature, but may go direct to their teachings. For God has most wisely and benignly adapted nature to the mental and moral constitution of all men. When Jesus so frequently used these

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teachings in illustration or enforcement of his own, he spoke as one feeling their power and knowing their worth. The fifteenth chapter of John, from which the text is taken, is a most apt and forcible presentation of the deepest spiritual truth through an exquisite analogy of nature. The vine with its branches, — suggestive to all minds of grace and tenderness and beauty, fragrance and fruit, — image to an Oriental mind of joy and blessing, — this is employed to set forth Christ's relation to the believing soul, and the spiritual results flowing therefrom. Among these results, and prominently set among them, is Christian fruitfulness. We employ then the season of fruits, to speak of Christian fruitfulness as the true lesson of the day.

First, concerning its nature.

It scarcely seems possible that this should ever have been misunderstood, so clear and full are the teachings of Christ on this point. To miss or misunderstand it, would seem to be failure in discerning the real import of Christ's example. Yet mistakes have been made; mistakes are still made. They come of *partial* rather than of *false* conceptions of the Christian life; but half-truths are sometimes little distinguishable from gross errors.

Christian fruitfulness has been made to consist in an affluent emotional piety, in an inward life full of rapt devotions, where the soul seeks the isolation if not the walls of a cloister, and deems itself "dead to the world in a sense absolutely repudiated by the first principles of the Christian faith," — a piety of spiritual moods, climbing from pits of depression to altitudes of ecstasy, — a piety which, in its introversions and "obstinate self-questionings," embodies some powerful and beautiful, some strange and pathetic, some most genuine and some most morbid workings of the human soul. There is fruitfulness, but it is fruitfulness of emotions. It is pietism rather than piety. It lacks naturalness and substance. It takes the elements of a true Christian fruitfulness and evaporates them into clouds of fragrant incense.

Most of this has been found within the cells of a cloister. In this phase of it, it has been largely the conventual piety. Still, the mystics of all ages have been more or less its exponents and defenders. It speaks to us from the sermons of Tauler and breathes in the hymns of Madame Guyon. Its text-book is the "Imitation of Christ," of which a fair criticism has said, "It begins in self and terminates in self. Of feeding the hungry, of clothing the naked, of visiting the prisoner, even of preaching, there is total, profound silence."*

Our times, however, are like to run into precisely the opposite error. Even our piety is made to feel injuriously the intensely "practical" tendency of the hour. Such presentations of Christian experience as a "life hid with Christ in God," as "being crucified with Christ," as "abiding in him," as "fellowship with his sufferings," as "bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus," are let alone, as beyond any realization by the Christian soul in its daily common life. They are shunned as mysticism, or neglected as Hills of Difficulty, not to be climbed by modern discipleship. We crowd the Sabbath with services, having them oftener than our "necessary food." Our phrase is, *working* Christians,—seldom meditative Christians. We educate the young disciple in his Christian life by filling up his time with work in the Lord's vineyard, and leave him no opportunity for the culture of a profoundly thoughtful inner life. We have pulled down the cloister, but we have wellnigh destroyed the idea of the Christian closet, where thought of God warms and rises into communion with God.

Christian fruitfulness protests against this divorce of these two factors in the one Christian life. It joins them together in one spiritual development, as that which God has united. They are fountain and stream, the sun and the sunbeam. Just as in the purple cluster of the vine we must, with any

* Milman's *Latin Christianity*, Vol. VIII. pp. 300, 301.

true discernment, see the product both of an inward and an outward life, ministered to not less by hidden roots than by rustling leaves, so in a true Christian fruitfulness we see joined the devotion of a holy mystic like Tauler, and the energy of a holy missionary like Martyn.

A true theory, however, of Christian fruitfulness looks first at Christian character, at the inward life of the Christian soul. Like fruit, this is slowly matured. There is first the blossoming, — the early and fragrant promise of ripened Christian character. Then the slow formation of fruit upon the stem, — the first attempts at Christian living and doing. Then the gradual swelling into form and fulness, with much of crudeness and unripeness still manifest to the observing world. Then the more rapid ripening of autumnal days, till it hangs in rich clusters, with the cool dew upon its purple and its rich aroma, like the incense of all ripened Christian character. This ripens by long processes. We do not stride into the kingdom of Heaven in the seven-league boots of any theories of Christian perfection. Christian character must have its early and its *latter* rain. It draws its formative ingredients from all quarters, — from the heaven above, in the influences of the Holy Spirit; from the earth beneath, in the struggles of the soul itself, in the discipline of Providence. It thrives by sunshine and by storm; and, when it is grown into some fair proportion and holy ripeness, even then men do not recognize this inward life of the soul as fruit so readily as they recognize some outward deed, — the endowment of some charitable institution, some laborious service in reforms, some demonstrative efforts in extending the Gospel.

Yet it is fruit, and, applying the test of fruit, — usefulness, — it may well be questioned whether the Church of Christ to-day needs so much the mere outward activities of Christian discipleship as a profounder culture of this inner life, — this life of Christ in the soul of man; because all healthy Christian activity will spring from this inward life, and the

true way to develop this activity is to develop this life of Christ within the soul.

Still, Christian character must work itself out in such activities, in order to realize the whole idea of Christian fruitfulness. It is only in spite of a violent repression of its native tendencies that there has been any true Christian life in cloisters. Every monastery is an open contradiction to the last prayer of Christ; for, whereas he prayed that his disciples might not be taken out of the world, this is exactly what monastic life struggles to do. Christian character, like fruit, is to be for the benefit of others. The grapes exist not for the vine-branches, but for the men and women and children who may pluck them. From within outward, into all sacred charities; into labors more abundant, and perils often, if need be; into self-denying efforts in our mission-schools; into warm-hearted zeal for sanitary and Christian commissions; into the moralities, greater and lesser, which the teaching of St. James ever forbids us to dismiss as *mere* morality; into habits of Christian speech, making Christ the ruler of our tongues as well as hearts and hands; — this is the true theory, the true realization of Christian fruit-bearing. For, like fruit, this shall give men knowledge of the quality of the inner life, the good tree bringing forth good fruit. This was the conception of a fruitful, holy living, which has had such fresh and forcible picturing in the first Psalm: —

“Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

“But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

“And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season: his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.”

Let us, in the second place, turn to what the text — indeed, to what the whole chapter — presents as the condition and

principle of Christian fruitfulness, — *Union with Christ*. Symbolized how beautifully and aptly under the relation of the branch to the vine, taught expressly in words like these : “ Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away, and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit. Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine ; no more can ye, except ye abide in me. He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit. If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered.” This law of Christian fruitfulness is set forth with the same emphasis that Christian fruit-bearing itself is insisted on. The two stand side by side, — the thing and its condition, the effect and the cause, mutually enforcing each other.

Having, then, so grand a result referred to a cause so specific, we must expect to find in this union with Christ elements of vast spiritual power. This indeed is consonant with the whole teaching of the New Testament. The Christian believer is most frequently represented as being “ in Christ ” : — “ I am crucified with Christ ; nevertheless, I live ; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.” “ I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one.” These passages show us how close and how vital, how spiritual and organic, is this union of a Christian soul to its Lord.

Seeking, however, for some more analytic views of this divine fact, we must be careful not to resolve it into the simple power of Christ’s teaching in the soul. His divine words ought to live in a Christian memory of them ; not a mere recollection of their syllables, their nouns and pronouns, and adjectives and adverbs, but a memory of them as truth, to quicken our affections and instruct our consciences, and indoctrinate us into a true knowledge of God. They ought not to be simply a *rule* of life ; they ought to have some vivifying power over our souls, and Christ’s abiding with us must always include under its terms an indwelling power of his

truth. His words are living words; they are spirit and they are life. Still, Christ is more than a teacher sent from God, else had apostles never preached so prominently his death; and when he abides with us, he abides in the completeness of his great offices as Redeemer. Nor can we resolve this union with Christ into a simple following of him as an example. This, too, is a source of Divine life within us. No Christian soul can think of that life, as the Evangelists record it, with its assiduous ministries to the lost and the helpless, the poor and the friendless, the publican and the sinner, with all its divine meekness and patience, with its judgment-hall of Pilate, — midway between Gethsemane and Calvary, — and not be stimulated to holiness of heart and life. No historic studies, no philosophy of history, can ever disclose to us what has been done for human virtue simply by the power of Christ's example; and this both by restraint and by impulsion, — restraint from wrong, and impulse toward right. Yet Christ, in announcing himself "the Life," never resolved it into a mere model of virtuous conduct. This is life only in an outward sense. The term has a deeper meaning. We are glad to ascribe all might to the life of Jesus in this outward, regulative sense; still, when we read that "in him was life," of the vine and the branches, of his living in us, of being one with him, even as he is one with the Father, we must seek a profounder sense for the words "abiding in him" than a reception of his teachings or a following of his example.

We take his words, "I am the vine, ye are the branches," and believe in a union with Christ, organic, vital, — mystical, if you choose; for one life, and but one, pervades vine-stock and branches, from rootlet to leaflet. We take the Pauline figure of the body and its members: "Now ye are the body of Christ and members in particular"; and we believe in a union with Christ so full and entire, that it has, like the body and the members, the same vital forces playing through the system. Is it anything beyond the plain teach-

ing of Scripture that this life of Christ is imparted to the believing soul through its oneness with Christ, that oneness being the transforming work of the Spirit? It is supernatural indeed. But so is revelation supernatural; and there are in the Christian life more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy. We have newness of life, if we be the true children of God. Whence does it come, if not through the indissoluble union between Christ and the Christian soul, wrought by the renewing Spirit? Our life is indeed hid with Christ in God; but it is hid there with Christ. His life becomes our life, through our faith in him. It is no mechanical infusion of spiritual forces, with which our wills have nothing to do; but it is a life in us joyfully accepted as such by the election of our free agency.

So, then, do we abide in Christ and he abides in us. The two are complement and supplement; each implies the other. We abide in him not simply as

.“The fountain-light of all our day,
The master-light of all our seeing.”

We abide in him not alone as that hallowed and beatific ideal of virtue which rose upon the world from the lowliness of a manger at Bethlehem. We abide in him simply, yet grandly, vitally because organically,—in mode which does perhaps transcend the analyses of our psychologies: but we abide in him, O how joyfully and safely and fruitfully!

This union with Christ—this abiding in him, and his abiding in us—is the law and condition of Christian fruitfulness, forasmuch as it connects us with the source of motives for Christian living and of strength for Christian living. All motives for godly living, drawn from the very nature of virtue, from the character of God, from the very make of the human soul, and from its imperishable interests,—all these have a reaffirmation in Christ Jesus. He is a living centre in which they all meet, and from which they proceed again clothed with fresh persuasiveness and authority.

Then there are found in him, as our Teacher and Example, — in his words and in his holy deeds, — new motives stirring men to the imitation of himself. “Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus,” exhorted an apostle, and then held up the ministry of Jesus as the source of motives to this high attainment.

All strength for godly living comes to us from this union with Christ. Whatever of holy love within us, whatever of holy deed without, all this is the life of Christ in the soul. Without him we can do nothing, is the negative statement of a truth which receives positive statement in the triumphant assurance of an apostle: “I can do all things through Christ strengthening me.” Just because he is the vine and we are the branches, for just this reason do we derive from Christ all our Christian strength. The relation is one of dependence. Christian humility is glad to recognize it; in this relation of dependence, a true Christian insight sees strength and safety. Herein is that saying true, “My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness,” and the rapturous assent of the apostle to this divine fact is reasonable and just: “Most gladly, therefore, will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me.”

As this union contemplates an abiding of Christ in the soul, so does it contemplate an abiding of the soul in Christ. “Abide in me, and I in you.” The branch abides in the vine, as the vine lives and dwells in all the branches. The one is many, and the many one. We have need to dwell on this abiding of the believer in Christ, because it holds up to us the personal activity and responsibility of the Christian disciple, and because it stands in vital connection with Christian fruitfulness. Nothing but this abiding in Christ will secure to us a true Christian progress. It is the lament of many earnest souls, that their best purposes and endeavors are so fugacious. If they could only stereotype some Christian mood into which they have been exalted, as upon

some Mount of Transfiguration, then they were better fitted to go down into the world of noise and struggle, which lieth hard by. But the mood was but a mood; it came and went. It was too fugitive to secure permanent results in Christ-like living. Any honest Christian consciousness will confess that its life is too, too much by fits and starts. It is the injurious result of "new measures" of a mere revivalism, that it resolves Christian living into a series of spasms, — convulsive efforts now, gloomy and enervated collapses then. To counteract all such tendencies, to secure a development in fruitfulness that should be uniform, Christ said, "*Abide* in me." *Abide* in me as the branch *abideth* in the vine. "As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, no more can ye, except ye *abide* in me."

If you would verify the truth of this teaching, see for yourselves how exactly and fully Christ is the life of all Christian fruitfulness in every department of human activity. Our devotional literature, from its homilies to its hymns, is all aglow with the burning love of Christ. Our philanthropies are wise and successful, and numerous as they are Christian, and not founded on sentiment or ridden as hobbies. No man can explain the phenomena of Christianity save on the theory that Christ is a life in the soul of believers, through their union with him. But with this theory all is clear. We can tell what sent forth John Howard in his pilgrimage through the prisons and lazarettos of Europe; what took Carey and Judson from their homes to dwell among heathen; what sent Florence Nightingale to her Christian toils in Scutari; what stirred in the heart of Bunyan as he wrote his *Pilgrim's Progress*; what muse presided over the lyrics of Gerhard and Wesley; what spirit dwelt with Wilberforce and Clarkson; what it is which lights up so many Christian homes and hearts, — obscure to men, but known to God, as the stars themselves are known when he calleth them all by name.

Christian fruitfulness begotten of this union is, *in the third place*, the divine ideal of Christian discipleship.

"Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit: *so* shall ye be my disciples." In these words Christ lifts high and clear before his disciples the true standard of their discipleship. In that earlier sentence from his lips, — "God *so* loved the world," — that monosyllable is the pivot on which a vast and blessed meaning turns. In this teaching as to the true ideal for Christian lives, the same monosyllable is again the pivot on which a solemnly practical meaning turns. *So* shall ye be my disciples. *So!* How? By bearing much fruit! By having its rich Christian clusters hanging upon our lives all along their history, — clusters of prayers and clusters of works; clusters of self-denials, clusters of Christian words and Christian thoughts and Christian feelings, so that the passer-by may say, "See how that vine-branch is loaded with its fruit!" This it is to answer Christ's ideal of Christian discipleship.

It should be so, because it is the law of such a relation — disciple and master — that the disciple should reflect the master. We expect the disciples of a master in philosophy to catch his spirit, and reflect him to the world. We expect the disciples of a master in painting to gain something of his touch and coloring and conceptions, and reproduce him to the eye. If it be so in earthly things, much more is it in heavenly things! The disciple of Christ should reflect Christ to men in this grand characteristic of Christian fruitfulness. For we must never lose sight of the earthly ministry of Jesus as the pattern and standard of Christian usefulness. On the side of the inner life, the devotional element in piety, see what is given us in the nights of prayer upon mountain-tops! On the side of his active ministry, take a single day in his life, the record of which has come down to us, and behold what holy energy and patience his works exhibit! Then take the suggestive words with which John's Gospel closes. And there are also many other things which Jesus

did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written. If such be the written history of Jesus, what must be that unwritten history ; for he has an unwritten history, a gospel fuller it seems of his deeds than all that Evangelists record. How can we be his disciples if we be not at least *so* fruitful as faintly to suggest him to men, to certify the world that we have caught something of his life, and are honestly striving to reproduce it to the age in which we live ?

To this also are we impelled by the force of distinct spiritual obligation. We must choose this standard of discipleship, in order to meet the obligations which press upon us as redeemed sinners. Even if it were possible for a man to make himself his own end, according to the beggarly philosophy of some French Encyclopedists, still, if we take into consideration the fact of an immortal life for man, the only way for him to live up to the scheme of *this* philosophy is to be full of Christian fruits in a Christian self-culture. But, according to a true philosophy, in obedience to the divine constitution of things, in a system of which the individual is part and God the head, no man can live unto himself. And he must be Christianly fruitful in order to meet these wide responsibilities which stretch out on every side of him,—in his household, in his community, in his nation, in the world for which Christ died, and to every creature in which the Gospel is to be preached. Here, then, is obligation to Christian fruitfulness, the force of which cannot be parried, the extent of which makes our hearts sink within us. Still we hear the voice saying, “*So shall ye be my disciples.*” And what we need most to remember is this, that it is for us not so much an ideal of Christian fruitfulness in some conspicuous position,—as standard-bearers of the Church, as heroes or heroines of Church history,—but an ideal of fruitfulness in inconspicuous positions, in humble spheres,—in nurseries and in shops, in Sabbath-school

classes, and in sick-rooms, by firesides and by the wayside. in that routine of familiar duty which makes the days seem all alike but for the nomenclature of the calendar or the phases of the weather, in that quiet, secret inner life on which God only looks, and which we confide only to the ever-sympathizing Jesus. Still here we perceive a great extent of obligation. It is atomic. It comes in grains, perhaps, here a little and there a little, precept upon precept, line upon line. But the greatest of mountains is at last a collection of atoms, and small duties in our obscure life make up a grand aggregate for Christian fidelity to answer to. Still we hear the voice, in its calm, clear, kind, but imperative tone, saying, "So shall ye be my disciples."

It is said that the *Te Deum* was written by St. Ambrose; and surely great was the reward of the discipleship which could bring forth such fruit in honor of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. A legend of the early Church tells us that St. Christopher, a Syrian soldier, on his conversion from heathenism, "begged that, since he never could become an adept at prayer, he might become the active Christian, and was well pleased to take his station by a river and spend his days in carrying over it upon his shoulders those who were too small or too feeble to ford it themselves." Each according to his several ability is the divine rule. St. Ambrose could not have been the Christian ferryman. St. Christopher could not have composed the *Te Deum*. Each fulfilled his course. Each had his reward. Each had caught glimpses of that glorious standard of Christian discipleship which is lifted on high for us, in the words, "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit." Each responded to the inspiring, authoritative, holy words: "So shall ye be my disciples. Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain."

“ I CAN PRAY, AND THAT'S A GLORIOUS THING.”

DYING WORDS OF JOHN FOSTER.

THE dying Christian peaceful lay,
No more his hands could do ;
No more his feet the earthly paths
Of duty could pursue.

No more the Gospel's joyful sound
Could he to men proclaim,
To warn them of the strength of sin,—
Make known a Saviour's name.

His earnest mind, so strong and clear
The realms of thought to scan,
No more, with steadfast will, could toil
To serve his fellow-man.

Where once was strength, was weakness now, —
Weakness unknown before ;
Yet with a spirit calm, resigned,
The change he meekly bore.

For in that Master's steps he trod,
Whom he so long had loved ;
And faith in him sustained his soul,
And all-sufficient proved.

“ Still I can pray,” he smiling said,
“ And that's a glorious thing.”
“ O Grave, where is thy victory ?
O Death, where is thy sting ? ”

J. V.

CONVERSATIONS OF THE SOUL WITH THE LORD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FRANCIS THEREMIN, LATE COURT-PREACHER IN BERLIN,
AND AUTHOR OF "THE AWAKING," "ELOQUENCE A VIRTUE," ETC., ETC.

VIII.

SELF-EXAMINATION IN VIEW OF DEATH.

WHENCE comes it, O Lord, that when I think of my death, which in all human probability cannot be far off, the thought does not fill me with joy, but rather with something like disquiet and anxiety?

Am I perhaps disturbed by the sins of my past life, and by the fear that on their account I shall have to endure fearful punishments among the hosts of the damned? I bless thee, Lord, that thou hast once filled me with this fear, and that thou thenceforward forevermore hast delivered me from it, by faith in thy merits. Yes, Lord, my faith stands firm, immovably firm; I know that I deserve pain and torment, but I know also that thou hast endured them for me: I do not fear the judgment.

What, then, do I fear? Ah, Lord! when servile fear vanishes, then comes in its place the anxiety of love. Thou who hast endured death for me, hast also laid upon me dear and sacred obligations, hast opened for me a sphere of action, hast appointed for me a position where I may labor for thy honor and for the salvation of my brethren. Soon, Lord, will my day's work come to an end; soon it will not be possible to add anything to it; and now I ask myself whether it can satisfy thee, whether thou wilt bear me witness that I have been faithful?

Faithful? How shall I measure my fidelity? By the great number of opportunities of activity which were offered to me, or by the feeble measure of my powers through which my activity was limited? If I look upon what I have accomplished in my life, it is indeed very little;

if I look upon my internal struggles, and upon the labor which my very weakness made unusually severe, I could believe that, though not much, it still was something. But am I also certain that I have performed everything which I was in a condition to perform? Am I also certain that, had I possessed a firmer courage, a more joyful confidence, I could not have broken through the bounds of my incapacity, and have accomplished that which seemed to me impossible? No, I have no such assurance, Lord; and because I do not know whether I have spent every moment of my life, since it was devoted to thee, according to thy will, I cannot but dread the moment when my life shall come to an end.

Dread? No, I will not dread it, I will drive out this fear by humility, and by a firm and joyful resolution. By humility; yes, Lord, thou knowest it indeed, and now I acknowledge it also, that I am least among all thy servants, the lowest in thy whole kingdom. There is not one among thy children to whom I prefer myself, not one to whom I do not willingly give place. In exaltation there is anxiety, in humility there is rest; in the act of humbling myself I feel that I am at peace. But mine shall be no false humility, which, by putting itself in a lower position, only seeks to escape greater demands. No, it shall be united with a firm and cheerful resolution to fill out every moment which thou shalt yet grant to me with more earnest activity. However few of these moments may yet remain, let me be found at least faithful in these few; and though much in my life may have displeased thee, grant that its end may find favor with thee!

What do I still fear when I think of death? Is it the loss of the earthly goods which thou bestowest upon me? It is not exactly that, but it is something like it. There are certain minds, Lord, as thou knowest,—I cannot tell whether to call them earthly-minded, tender, or effeminate,—who form attachments for some particular place or surroundings, or relations, where it may go well with them, even if

they have but a short time to stay there ; and these cannot otherwise than painfully be torn from their attachments. Such a mind is my own ; I too have found on earth such places, surroundings, and relations ; and now when I think that I shall soon have to leave them, my weak heart is filled with sorrow.

Yet, however gladly my heart has received all pleasant impressions here below, I can bear witness, O Lord, that the impression of thy love has stamped itself still deeper in me. Though I love many things here, I do most certainly love thee also ! I have often felt it, I shall feel it then most forcibly, when thou shalt call upon me to leave all else and to follow thee. I may still perhaps cast back a tearful glance upon the earth. Thou wilt pardon me this weakness ! Then shall I follow thee, not from compulsion merely, but also with joy.

Is nothing more kept back then ? have I told thee now everything that disturbs me ? Yes, there is one thing more : the sufferings that often precede death. How shall I — alas ! it goes hard with me to express it before thee, who hast borne the pain of the cross — how shall I, who so often have shown myself unmanly in slighter physical evils, be able to bear the sharper torments which perhaps then await me ?

“ Therefore, take no thought for the morrow, for the morrow will take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.”

I thank thee that thou hast reminded me of this at the right time. I was just relapsing into the fault, which I have so often acknowledged for a fault, and so often resolved to shun, namely, to anticipate the coming trials, and to ask myself whether I dare trust that I have the power to withstand them. This is all very foolish, for perhaps the trial will never come ; perhaps thou hast destined for me a painless death. It may be also that, when the trial comes, I shall find it quite different from what I have expected, so that I may be astonished myself how that which in the distance ap-

peared so formidable is so easy to bear. And thou, Lord, who ordainest the trial, dost thou not also bring it to an end for the very reason that we may be able to bear it? Thou dost this especially when one prays for it with quiet confidence, not when one torments himself long before by care and anxiety!

Where, now, is that unrest of mine which came at the thought of death? It has vanished. That which weighed like lead becomes light as a feather, as soon as one only confides it to thee; and should not one then rejoice to speak to thee? Thanks be to thee, O Lord, that thou hast once again so kindly consoled me!

IX.

IN ANGUISH OF HEART.

O LORD, to whom should I go but unto thee? Thou alone hast the words of eternal life! I entreat thee that thou wouldst now also speak such a word of light to me to heal my soul, for it is sadly ill at ease and fearful!

Wherefore? What has happened? Whence this disquiet and timidity which possess me? Is one of those who are dear to me threatened with loss of fortune or of life? Have I any great harm to apprehend for myself? Nothing of the kind, O Lord; it is a little, trifling circumstance, susceptible of many other favorable explanations, which has brought me into this mental depression. This cloud will vanish and be dispersed, as so many others which have filled me with similar alarm have vanished and been dispersed. But in the mean time, and until this happens, I will turn to thee, and will lament before thee, that my heart is still so easy a prey to every trembling emotion, that it rests with so little feeling of security in thy hands.

Ah, Lord, thou knowest that, among the many sorrows which we are subjected to on account of sin, anxiety is one of the greatest tortures of my heart. In earlier times, before

I knew thee, how it stirred and raged within me! And even now, since I have been awakened to believe in thee and to love thee, it has not pleased thee to deliver me from this torment, — except, Lord, when it has constantly driven me to seek thy face.

Ah! it will be quite different and far better with thee in thy heaven. From thine own mouth have I heard the sentence, *Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!* I have entered into it, and this joy does not, like earthly joy, bring with it a foreboding of change, but, on the contrary, a secure feeling of its unchangeableness. There I see, too, the destiny of my friends for time and eternity assured by thy grace. There no one whom I love is separated from me, so that I should have to ask, What is he doing? how does it succeed with him? what shall I soon learn of him? But I see them near me; I behold them, even if they are still walking upon earth, with a vision made clearer in this upper air; I see how they walk along by thy side; I see how thy gracious hand averts from them all injury, which calamity, nay, which even their own transgressions, might bring upon them.

But here in this poor and changeable earthly life, I am still far enough from this rest; and I confess that this is chiefly owing to sin. Ah! if I were only certain that I had never offended thee, if I were certain that I do not now also offend thee often, then an uninterrupted peace would dwell within me. But the consciousness of my earlier, my later, my constantly renewed transgressions, — this it is which destroys my peace.

I am not without sin, but I am full of repentance. The peace which innocence cannot give me is given by the confession of my sins. Yes, Lord, there is a way, a certain way, through thy grace, to obtain rest: it is to lament our guilt before thy face. Thus do I, then, lament anew before thee everything which I have so often deplored. Thus I confess, then, I am unworthy thy protection; and now springs up in me the assured hope: Thou wilt protect me.

And now I commend my affairs to thee, as well as the temporal and spiritual concerns of those who are dear to me. I have at times desired of thee in prayer for them much that was unnecessary ; now I desire one thing only : Keep them in eternal life ! I know with certainty that thou always hearest this prayer, that thou wilt hear it now also ; and all else is comprehended in it.

Yes, Lord, I commend myself, my affections, and all that depends upon them, to thy faithful, thy loving, thy almighty hand. Now I have given up all to thee. It will come to pass as thou wilt. I can await it calmly, for it will be well. Amen !

X.

IN SPIRITUAL JOY.

THE lake is calm, and a gentle wind ruffles its surface, and from the blue heavens the beams of the sun shine down through its clear waters to their lowest depths.

Calm as this lake is my spirit, gentle as its waves are my feelings, and the sun of joy penetrates with its rays into the depths of my heart.

What has occurred to me, that joy has so suddenly and so effectually found entrance to my heart ? Nothing from without ; but so much the more beautiful is the joy, because it comes from thee alone, O Lord, and from thy gracious presence.

O that I could only tell thee how immeasurably rich and happy thou hast made me all at once in thee ! In this overflowing fulness of internal bliss all worldly wishes which I might at other times have cherished have disappeared ; yes, if I were obliged to choose, I would rather bear the contempt of the world than its applause ; for such applause is in opposition to thee, but in this contempt I could enjoy thee so much the more freely and securely.

Between the sun and the earth, which is enlightened and

glorified by it, a dark cloud often intervenes; and then a black and portentous shadow courses over the meadows and streams, just now glimmering in the light. Will thy beams, O my Sun, in which my inmost being now glimmers and shines, — will they, too, perhaps be soon withdrawn from me by such a dark cloud, which shall veil my soul in its accustomed garb of sadness?

“How can the children of the bridechamber mourn as long as the bridegroom is with them? But the time will come when the bridegroom shall be taken away from them, and then shall they fast.”

Yes, truly, how can they mourn? Would they not offend him by it? And does it not become them to spend the time of the Divine visit according to the intention of Him who so kindly comes to them? Be of good cheer, then, my soul, for the hour of prayer; avail thyself of this upward flight which the Lord grants thee, to remain always before his face.

O Word of God, open to me thy depths! the everlasting Word stands by me and will unveil them to me.

Is there a sufferer to console? Is there a poor man to care for? Is there any severe and necessary work to finish? Up instantly! Now thou hast the will and the power; to-morrow both may have disappeared!

Disappeared! Alas! what a word is that! Thou disappeared, O Lord, and I again alone!

“Does the sun, then, disappear when it is veiled by a cloud? The brightness of my coming may fail; but I can never fail thee.”

“WHEN first thy Eyes unveil, give thy Soul leave
To do the like; our Bodies but forerun
The Spirit's duty. True hearts spread and heave
Unto their God, as flowers do to the Sun.
Give him thy first thoughts, then, so shalt thou keep
Him company all day, and in him sleep.”

RANDOM READINGS.

THE CONVENTION AT SPRINGFIELD.

NEVER were three more perfect days than the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth of October. The air was mild, and the soft, voluptuous haze lying upon the autumnal woods mellowed the contrasts of green and gold into a dreamlike spiritual beauty. We were among the first to report ourselves on Tuesday evening at the vestry of the Unitarian Church; but very soon it was filled with a crowd, many of them ladies, gathered from North, South, East, and West, to be absorbed by the large hospitalities of Springfield. Not having sent in my name previously, according to the programme, I did not consider myself as having the least claim upon them, and, having got my return ticket, was about withdrawing to some overcrowded hotel, when a brother minister came along and asked me to share his room. Of course I accepted, and we were both ticketed to the same place. It was not to a Unitarian family, but to the house of the Methodist clergyman; for it was one of the delightful features of the occasion, that hospitality abolished the lines of sect in the larger communion of Christ. We soon found the house, the whole atmosphere of which was one of the most cheerful piety and the warmest Christian kindness.

Tuesday evening, Rev. E. E. Hale of Boston preached to a crowded house from Matt. xii. 32: "Whosoever speaketh a word against the Son of man, it shall be forgiven him; but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him." The immanence of God in the human soul, through which man ever and everywhere has access to God, and through which God lives and operates in him, was the theme handled by Mr. Hale, with an eloquence which held the perfect attention of the audience for about an hour. The doctrine of the Holy Spirit had come to be acknowledged by all the sects as the most vital truth of religion, and on this they are all agreed. Before this the doctrine of who Christ was sinks into unimportance. Christ himself regarded the latter as of no consequence, and kept his own person out of sight. "Deny me, reject me, crucify me, but reject not the Holy Spirit." The leading facts of Christ's ministry were rapidly reviewed, classified in two divisions,—

Christ appealing unsuccessfully to the Jews, and successfully to the Gentiles, — the world at large, when he inaugurated the true Christian democracy, based on the doctrine of God's immanence in the souls of all his children.

Mr. Hale's sermon was variously understood, as sermons are apt to be; — some thinking that he made the historical Christ of too little account; others, that he only seemed to do so in magnifying the one great truth, which was enough for one discourse. How the Holy Spirit comes to us; by what means a sense of it is awakened in the soul and fills it with comfort and peace; why it came in Pentecostal gales after Christ's advent, but not before; why its procession was only through him, who "sent" it or "shed it forth" after his ascension; what Christ's relation to the Church is now, and how he is the Vine and we the branches; why he claims that all men should "honor the Son, even as they honor the Father"; why "no one knoweth the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son shall reveal him," and "no man cometh to the Father" but by him, — are themes we should be glad to hear Mr. Hale treat in a second sermon, complementing the doctrine of his eloquent discourse of Tuesday evening.

The theme introduced was happily chosen, and the devotions of the prayer-meeting, Wednesday morning, were toned and determined by it. These occupied the hour from eight o'clock till nine, when the Convention was organized by the choice of Dr. G. W. Hosmer of Buffalo for President, with Vice-Presidents and Secretaries. An essay was read by Charles E. Norton, Esq., of Cambridge. It was a neat, clear, and forcible treatment of the connection between Liberal Christianity and American politics. It was followed by the most earnest, rousing, and practical discussion that we ever heard on a like occasion. Dr. Osgood of New York led off in one of the best speeches he ever made, it being a trumpet-call upon the denomination to organize as a working power and a Church militant, and muster to battle against the evils of the day. Let them bring the intellect, the wealth, and the culture which they have, and organize for this end, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against them. Rev. Messrs. Clarke, Heywood, Staples, Scandlin, Moore, Hosmer of Deerfield, Ames, and Hall of Providence, followed the appeal with eloquent words, and with fact, anecdote, and narrative, which thrilled the audience, sometimes to bursts of sympathy and responses of

"Amen." Mr. Heywood was fresh from Chattanooga, and touched the audience deeply as he told facts illustrating the devoted patriotism and heroic self-sacrifice of the soldiers of the army. Mr. Scandlin, being called upon, related his experience in Rebel-dom during his recent captivity. It was direct testimony to the unparalleled meanness and cruelty of the chivalry in their treatment of prisoners.

Dr. Stebbins appealed to the audience to help send back Mr. Scandlin to the army, telling them of his good work among the soldiers, bearing the wounded in his arms, soothing the sick, bending over the dying, and receiving their last messages of love. Said a parent whose son was in the army, "I feel at peace about him, for Scandlin is there." The collection was taken, and about \$450 was reported, among which was a one-hundred-dollar bill.

Dr. Hill of Worcester offered resolutions tendering to the President of the United States the co-operation and sympathy of the Convention. They were seconded by Dr. Farley, and unanimously adopted.

Wednesday evening the house was again crowded, and a discourse preached by Rev. O. B. Frothingham, on Infidelity, from 1 Tim. v. 8.

Thursday morning, after the prayer-meeting, which we missed, Rev. J. F. Clarke read his essay on Optimism. We presume it will be published. It ought to be. It was indescribably pungent, and cut like a Toledo blade through the sophistries of the "development" philosophy, which makes evil undeveloped good, scoundrels saints in disguise, murderers and harlots on the way to heaven, and falling up into it by "specific levity." God and evil, light and darkness, heaven and hell, God and the Devil, were set over against each other, the latter to be resisted and killed, and not developed into good. We did not hear the debate which followed, and with which the Convention closed. It will probably be regarded as more successful, more happy in its combined influence, and more quickening to high and generous aims, than any previous ones. So it was to us. Not all that was said was alike edifying, and among so many persons, with wide range of opinion, and various habits of theologizing, and the widest freedom of speech and thought, some things would be said, and were said, that many, and probably the majority, would utterly dissent from. But the main drift of the Convention was to ends highly practical and spiritual, warming the heart with zeal and devotion to the cause of God and man.

The City Hall is an immense building, and its capacities aptly symbolized the hospitalities of Springfield. At the collation held there on Wednesday evening, after the service in the church, there was the cordial greeting of old friends, and the flowing together of sympathies among friends who had only met in spirit before, storing up pleasant memories for a long time to come.

We must not omit the scenery of the Connecticut, amid which Springfield is set like a gem in a robe of brilliant colors. The Methodist clergyman who had received us so cordially into his house kindly gave his time to us Wednesday afternoon. The Arsenal buildings crown the height just in rear of the city, and from the summit of one of them the panorama of hills and cultured vales, divided by the Connecticut River, spreads far around into a gorgeous picture, now mellowed with all the blending tints of autumnal scenery. Thither we went, looking in, as we ascended the winding stairway, upon the long ranges of "Springfield rifles," piled up in organ-fashion, calling to mind those lines of Longfellow, so fearfully prophetic:

"O what a sound will rise, how sad and dreary,
When the death-angel touches those swift keys!
What loud lament and dismal miserere
Will mingle with their awful symphonies!"

From the look-out on the roof of the Arsenal, Hampden County spreads out to you its woods and farms, sloping down to the Connecticut valley. What a splendid picture it would make, lit up by the setting sun, touching with flame the long winding river and peaceful lakes, and touching the yellow leaves of the forests with "mocky gold"! The sun was nearing the horizon, and we wanted prodigiously to stay and see it go down and touch off the grand illumination in honor of the victories in Ohio and Pennsylvania over Copperhead treason, news of which was coming gloriously in. But we could not, and left for a stroll through the Springfield Cemetery, which ever speaks for the beautiful taste of Peabody, who sleeps — all that was mortal of him — in its lovely bosom, where a monument, reared not long since by grateful friends, commemorates his genius and virtues.

Such were the three days of the Autumnal Convention, which those who attended will be sure to recur to often, as a bright spot in the journey of life.

DR. CHANNING AND WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

THE following incident was recalled by Rev. J. F. Clarke, in his stirring speech to the Convention, Wednesday morning. In the darker days of the Antislavery reform, the Governor of Massachusetts, in his Message to the Legislature, had recommended a gag-law to silence the Abolitionists. This part of the Message was referred to a select committee, of which Mr. George Lunt was chairman. Dr. Follen and Mr. Garrison appeared before the committee, to show why the gag-law should not be passed. It was a cold, wintry day, as we remember, when the spectators were surprised to see the door open and Dr. Channing appear, with his pale, thoughtful face, walk down the aisle, pass Mr. Lunt, and take William Lloyd Garrison cordially by the hand, thus giving his sympathy publicly to the hated cause of the Abolitionists. Miss Chapman, who was in the gallery, turned and said to the lady who sat near her, "Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other." The world moves. It passed through several degrees between the time of the Governor's Message aforesaid and the first of last January, when a stroke of Abraham Lincoln's pen emancipated *de jure* three millions of slaves. s.

NOBLE SENTIMENTS OF REV. JOHN CLOWES.

THE following are some of the "extracts from Clowes" which Rev. Mr. Barrett was anxious to have printed in the New Jerusalem Messenger, but thinks he shall die without the sight. Clowes was a minister of the English Church, and a full believer in Swedenborg's philosophy and theology. He translated into English the works of the Swedish seer. He was a learned divine, and a man of singular purity of character, reminding one of the saintly Oberlin. Mr. Barrett, in the work noticed on another page, gives some exceedingly interesting items in the life of this good man. The beautiful spirit breathed in the extracts he illustrated in his long and useful life.

"Nothing can be plainer than that the New Jerusalem Dispensation is to be universal, and to extend unto all people, nations, and languages on the face of the earth, to be a blessing unto such as are meet to receive a blessing. Sects and sectarians, as such, can find no place in this General Assembly of the ransomed of the Lord. All

the little distinctions of modes, forms, and particular expressions of devotion and worship, will be swallowed up and lost in the unlimited effusions of heavenly love, charity, and benevolence with which the hearts of every member of this glorious New Church and Body of Jesus Christ will overflow one toward another. Men will no longer judge one another as to the mere externals of Church communion, be they perfect or be they imperfect; for they will be taught, that whosoever acknowledges the Incarnate Jehovah in heart and life, departing from all evil and doing what is right and good according to the Commandments, he is a member of the New Jerusalem, a living stone in the Lord's New Temple, and a part of that great family in heaven and earth whose common Father and Head is Jesus Christ. Every one, therefore, will call his neighbor *brother* in whom he observes this spirit of pure charity; and he will ask no questions concerning the form of words which compose his creed, but will be satisfied with observing in him the purity and power of a heavenly life."

"I could here point out some other dangers to be apprehended by the New Church from a sudden separation from external communion with other professing Christians, such as particularly the danger of falling into a sectarian spirit, and thereby despising or thinking lightly of all others, who are not worshipping God according to certain forms expressed in a peculiar language."

ST. LOUIS, MO., October 19, 1863.

MY DEAR S——:

I am so far away from you and from the "Monthly," that I can do nothing for our interesting charge save the writing of a letter. Of my journey to this city I shall set down but little: a part of the way is, I know, familiar to you, and railroad travelling avails little beyond shooting the pilgrim from point to point. Nevertheless, I did very much enjoy my ride through Michigan, most of it in the sunlight of a genial autumn day, and I was so fortunate as to see a perfectly cloudless dawn and sunrise out upon the prairie in Illinois. I had made my escape from a sleeping-car, with its still somnolent and sonorous occupants, out upon the platform, spite of the warning against the danger of riding outside, and presently found abundant space in one of the rear cars intended for the multitude. It was a refreshing change; there was abundant room, and there were unob-

structed windows. The ground was covered with hoar-frost; the roofs of the "feeding shanties" that occasionally met the eye as we rushed along were white and glistening, whilst not a stick or stone obstructed the view. Presently, through the belt of gold that encircled the vast plateau, rolled up the great globe of fire, not yet intolerable to the eye, and again, as before Hebrew vision, "the bridegroom went forth from his chamber, rejoicing as a strong man to run a race," — a sight that never grows old. I was thankful that the sleeping-car would put me upon dreaming of being in a house in Boston, going through with a fearful earthquake that shook the dwelling to its foundations, and so made sleep impossible, else I might have missed my "sunrise upon the prairie," and have had no companion picture for my "sunrise at sea."

Presently I was brought from nature — shall I say down or up to man? A large detachment of soldiers, returning from sick-leave to Vicksburg, rushed into the cars. I sat down by the side of one of them, who by and by gave me his name as "Job Hedger," certainly English in sound. I had quite a satisfactory talk with him about his experiences at Vicksburg, and his wife and small twins, of whom he was evidently very fond; examined her photograph, of which he was very choice, and had taken the utmost care through all his changes and chances, and found that he had been in Boston during his *Wanderjahre*. I was startled, however, by a most amazing outburst of what I had heard of, but never seen before, — the hatred of some of the Illinois people for the negro. One of that unhappy race caught his eye as we were passing a station, and he blazed up like a fiend at the sight, calling the attention of his comrades to him with tremendous oaths, assuring me, in response to my expression of astonishment, that he would like to tear the heart out of every one of the black rascals. I tried to quiet him down somewhat; and when I had succeeded, thinking it well to begin at the root of the matter, gave him some of friend Ware's tracts, which he received with great willingness, and set about reading with much interest. He took what I had in my pocket for distribution, and said there would be no difficulty in finding readers. I hope that the spirit of hatred and bitterness may ere-long be driven from his breast.

But I did not mean to keep you so long on the way, for here I am in St. Louis, in the midst of the excitements of a Border State, though, on account of the profound reticence of the Southern sympathizers,

unable to get at Southern opinion and feeling. Indeed, the struggle here is between those who ought to be friends, and seems to me most unnecessary. It is charged by the immediate emancipationists, that any delay in emancipation, even for the few years proposed by the Emancipation Ordinance, must be fatal to the Union cause in Missouri. That was all which was not personal in a speech which I heard from Senator Lane, better known as "Jim Lane," delivered on the 12th of this month (October) in the Turners' Hall of this city. He failed, however, to bring forward any proof of his assertion. I cannot understand why the emancipationists may not go to work in good faith under this ordinance, and prepare the way for the year 1870, which is to see Missouri a Free State. Moreover, it is altogether likely that long before this time the desired end will have been reached. There can be no question amongst fair-minded persons, who are not more zealous for party than for country and the truth, that slavery is practically at an end in this State; and when it is remembered that only the energetic efforts of a very few men saved the Commonwealth at first from falling into the Confederacy,—that at the beginning of the war this was what was most likely, indeed, almost sure to have happened,—that some of the most reliable Union men of this year were then strongly, yes, bitterly pro-slavery,—one ought to have a little patience, and a great deal of hopefulness. I should think, judging from the admissions of moderate men and friends of Governor Gamble, that there had been a great want of energy and healthful stringency in dealing with traitors and sympathizers; but there would seem to be no reason whatever for inaugurating revolution, or anything like revolution, in order to secure emancipation in a day. If the State should be ready to vote this great measure at once, it would unquestionably be an immense gain. It is far better for master and slave to emancipate immediately. Slave property can have but little value any more. The nearer one comes to the institution, the more manifest are its great evils and wrongs. I have seen the white refugees and the black contrabands, and of the two the whites were far more degraded. It is a fact, that, of the fugitives from the South who have come to St. Louis, not a woman has yet been found who could read and write, not one who did not smoke and chew, scarcely one who did not swear. They are a most ignorant and degraded set, wholly unskilled in domestic labor, poor cumberers of the ground. On the other hand, I have talked

with a colored man far along in life's journey, who, as he lay upon the bed waiting for the return of health, was spelling out his Bible, anxious, he said, to read pretty well and to figure a little, if it "pleased the Lord that he should get round again." In answer to my inquiry about his master, he said "that he was a mighty rugged one." "You would have stayed with him if he had been kind?" "Why, no, I likes to own myself and my work; that's the way with the rest of folks." The teacher of the contrabands at Benton Barracks, who, in addition to all her work in the daytime, has a class of adults in the evening, told me of an old man of seventy-two who was bent upon learning to read, and came regularly every evening. You should have seen the fine manners, pleasant smile, and graceful acknowledgment, with which one of the boys met the Rev. Dr. Eliot. "Are you the man who sent us the slates and books? We are very much obliged to you." There are black faces and forms which I do not love to look upon; I do wonder that the Lord, whose resources are infinite, creates such; but there were many of these poor people who were far more attractive every way than the same grade of whites, and I understood what I have read in Mrs. Putnam's book about the differences of nation and race amongst the blacks.

I have alluded to Benton Barracks, and I ought to say that the hospitals there seemed to me to be in the most admirable condition, and to be in every way fitted for their blessed purpose. The wards are well ventilated, the beds clean, the water abundant, the food comfortable, and the surrounding grounds all that could be desired for convalescents. Perhaps it is largely owing to these great advantages that the patients are very rapidly recovering, so that one sees rows of empty beds, and scarcely a very sick man amongst the occupants of the wards. The base of Western sanitary operations henceforth will be Nashville, following the tide of battle as it sweeps southward, and, in spite of temporary reflux, keeps the places which it gains. It is a great change from the time when the wounded were brought under any shelter that could be extemporized, laid upon the floors, nursed as they might be, and, alas! many of them carried out dead every day, almost every hour. And so many other things have changed too! I saw black men keeping guard the other day at the Provost Marshal's office, and no one said aught against it; and black troops have taken part in the patrolling, which is still deemed necessary for protection against emissaries of the Rebels. There is an

advertisement in one of the newspapers, nevertheless, of a sale of a woman and her child, on account of an estate, to take place on the 24th instant. I shall certainly be present. It will be an historic incident.

It is strange to be told, as one continually is, of Secessionist churches and pastors,— of one minister even, who had been convicted of disloyalty, and would have been sent South, had the authorities manifested proper energy; but I don't find that disloyalty is preached; I think this would not be tolerated. Within a stone's throw of the spot where I am writing, there is a house of worship which belongs to a congregation of Secessionists, and two or three others have been pointed out to me. It is worthy of record, that the Union congregations have suffered less than any from the pecuniary embarrassments of the times, and are not burdened with debts like those whose sympathies are with the South. Dr. Eliot's congregation shows the effect of the times somewhat, but not on the books of the treasurer, whilst the labors and charities of the pastor and of the people are historic. His church is a working church, and has connected with it a flourishing mission to the poor of the city, under charge of the pastor's son, who seems to be admirably fitted to carry on a work so excellent.

Washington University witnesses in another department of life for the high mission of the Christian scholar, and is doing a vast deal to shape the thought and to direct the vast energies of this Western world. There is a leaven at work in this city of St. Louis which will surely produce great and blessed results. The strong hand of the General Government can and must and will, sooner or later, put down the factions of every name, and make the State of Missouri, what it is not now, a safe dwelling-place for every order-loving citizen; the strong current of civilization must very soon indeed make this portion of our great country free; the resources from which industry is to derive immense wealth can hardly be over-estimated; but beneath and behind and within all these outward things there are redeeming moral and spiritual forces which will surely make this a noble commonwealth. The school and the college have got into the land, and they will in good time possess it. Teachers and preachers of the right stamp are shaping the thoughts of young and old. The time when the State wavered between freedom and slavery will be remembered only as a night of painful dreams. It will come to be incredible that men should have hesitated between the curse and the blessing. I do not mean that a year will bring forth all

this. It is impossible to say what mischief slavery may not yet work. Everywhere she has her servants, and they plot in the dark, now burning the steamer at the Levee, now putting shell into the coal-heap, that a multitude of defenceless men, women, and children may be hurled into the air when the fuel is replenished under the boiler; but these days shall be shortened, and Missouri shall be worthy of her proud position as the first of the Border States to range herself in the ranks of the free, and to sweep into the line of the grand march of Christian civilization.

Yours most truly,

E.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Catholicity of the New Church, and Uncatholicity of New Churchmen. By B. F. BARRETT. New York: Mason and Brothers.—Swedenborgians have their High Church and Broad Church, the former represented in the "General Convention" and its organs, "The New Jerusalem Magazine" and "The New Jerusalem Messenger." Mr. Barrett is an advocate of the Broad Church, and tries to convert his brethren to his liberal ways of thinking. The first portion of his volume is devoted to an exposition of Swedenborg's views, which appear broad and inclusive, embracing all the good of all religions as the people of the Lord and the true Church Universal. This part of the volume is delightful; and Mr. Barrett, in the exercise of his warm charity and broad sympathies, is here at home. The second part is sad and painful. He exposes things in the action of the Swedenborgian ecclesiasticism more wanting in common fairness than we often find even in sectarian controversy. Not all, however, that he complains of, appears to us as it does from his point of view. An editor might decline to publish extracts from Clowes, for reasons of his own, without any violation of editorial courtesy. But no editor who practises the golden rule will copy scurrilous criticism, and then refuse his columns to have the wrong righted, after it has been acknowledged as such by the original publisher. Things of this sort Mr. Barrett details in his "Part Second." He also quotes largely from documents to show the papistical tendencies of the English and American New Church; and the disclosure, to those not already acquainted with the facts, will be somewhat surprising.

The spirit of the book is unexceptionable. Even the controversial portion, though frank, is kind and gentle, and must have been written under a painful sense of duty. Mr. Barrett sees the New Jerusalem descending among all the good of all the Christian denominations, making their lines of separation to be more dim and wavy, and the Christ in the midst of them more unclouded in his glory.

He shows conclusively that Swedenborg never intended to found a sect, and that the attempt to appropriate him for such an end has ministered to strife, bitterness, and uncharitableness, and not to magnanimity, candor, and brotherly kindness.

The following extracts will show the contrast which Mr. Barrett is desirous of making, and illustrate the scope of his book. He quotes in a note a pamphlet on Baptism, by Thomas Wilks, whose object is to show that baptism in the "Consummated" Church is not valid, and only New-Church baptism is, meaning by Consummated Church all the churches except Swedenborgian. Mr. Wilks says:—

"Now, since, according to the laws of the spiritual world, there can exist no communication between this church and heaven, and since *all* its worship is totally rejected as spiritual abomination in the sight of the Lord, it is evident that its perverted baptism — which, being included in *all* its worship, is necessarily rejected — does not insert its baptized among Christian spirits in that heaven from which it is, as to its internal state, so far separated and removed as to render communication with it impossible.' 'The societies and congregations in the spiritual world into which its baptism inserts are composed of such spirits only as are necessarily excluded from heaven.' Again, in the same paragraph, we are told that its baptism '*can insert into no other societies than those of the dragon and false prophet.*' In other words, and without the shadow of perversion," [this is Mr. Barrett's comment,] "baptism, when administered by other than Swedenborgian hands, inserts the subjects thereof among the devils of hell!" — pp. 17, 18.

This pamphlet, Mr. Barrett says, is advertised and approved, and the author stands high with his denomination. We should rejoice to believe that the views were becoming obsolete, and supposed so till we read the disclosures of this book. Mr. Barrett cites much else to the same purpose. He contrasts these views with Swedenborg's. The following is one of his extracts, which we insert for its own beautiful spirit:—

"Let this truth be received as a principle, — that love to the Lord and charity toward our neighbor are the essentials on which hangs all the law, and concerning which all the prophets speak, and thus that they are the essentials of all doctrine and of all worship. In this case, the mind would be enlightened by innumerable things contained in the Word, which otherwise lie concealed in the obscurity of a false principle; yea, in this case all heresies would vanish and be done away, and out of many there would be found one Church, howsoever differing as to doctrinals and rituals, either flowing from the above essentials or leading thereto. . . . Supposing this to be the case, all would be governed as one man by the Lord; for all would be as members and organs of one body, which, although they are not of similar form nor of similar functions, nevertheless have relation to one heart, on which they all depend both in general and in particular, be their respective forms ever so various. In this case, too, every one would say of another, in *whatsoever doctrine or in whatsoever external worship he was principled*, 'This is my brother: I see that he worships the Lord, and that he is a good man.' " — A. C. 2385.

8.

Several Notices of Books, omitted in this No., will appear in the next.

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ALL SAINTS' DAY AND ALL SOULS' DAY.

THE first and second days of the month of November—the month of serious thoughtfulness, of ingathering, of thanksgiving—have stood for a thousand years with a red mark against them in the Christian calendar, as days of especial and most grateful commemoration. They are hallowed to devout meditation, and hopeful trust in the home and in the Church. The first day of the month is the ancient festival of All Saints; the second is the probably *more* ancient festival of All Souls. Two days and two objects. They are broadly distinguished, meant to stand apart, each representing its own definite conception. And yet they are not far apart. There is only a night between them, in whose shadowed interval the distinction of the two days and the two objects was alike merged, because there are many thoughts and many hopes common to both of them. Two days still and two objects. The first, the precedent one, is All Saints. It commemorates the elect of God, the revered of men, passed from the earth; the faithful of every age and clime; the saints, the excellent of the earth in whom is God's delight, and whom all men honor, after they have died, whatever their esteem or treatment in life. The second, All Souls' Day,

expressed the thought and hope of largest grasp in the human heart. It recognized the souls of men only on the Divine side, it overrode, it surmounted, all distinctions of race, character, and retribution ; it set aside even the boundary between hell and heaven, and commemorated all departed souls, as if none were lost or could be lost, however extreme the peril, however sharp the saving process. Such, in broad, general terms, was the distinction between the days and the objects, and such the successful effort of thought and hope to pass easily over the distinction.

It is difficult to trace, to account for, or to keep in sympathy with, many of the conceptions and observances in human life which have a history of a thousand years to carry with them. There is such a waste of outgrown fancies, such a dreary heap of superstitions gathered in the rubbish of time ; there is such a steady change in the ways of thinking among men ; there are, also, so many transient but engaging excitements, such a passion for novelty, and so much material for it, too, that anything which can keep the thought and love of men unchanged for a thousand years must be something lying very close to the human heart. And that thousand years' period covers only the especially Christian observance, or expression of feelings which, as we shall see, are so tenderly and graciously human in their substance, that they, though in a feebler, a less devout, and a less spiritual form, entered into the religious rites of ancient heathenism.

It has often been brought as one of the most withering charges against the Roman Church of the Middle Ages, — and the charge has been adroitly admitted by some of the champions of that Church as one of the highest tributes that could be paid to it, — that very many of its rites and usages and fancies were of heathen origin, and can be traced back for their roots in paganism. Be it so, is the acquiescing answer. The heart of man was still human, under heathenism. Whatever that heart yearned after, consecrated, clung to with its living instincts, bedewed with its fondest affections,

is a part of religion for all time. Christ gives it a baptismal name, and makes it his. It is alleged, and truly too, that the religions which men believed and practised before Christ and without Christ, recognized what is essential in the idea of both All Saints' Day and All Souls' Day. Be it so, is the answer ; then there is all the more ground in reason, all the more warrant in the human heart, for wedding the human and the Christian in perpetual union.

What if All Saints' Day is but the Christian name of, the Christian successor to, the old heathen festival day in honor of deified men, — the warriors, inventors, poets, sages, law-givers, of almost fabulous ages ? What if All Souls' Day is but the perpetuation of an old superstitious, dreamy incantation of the dead ? Days and ideas, as well as bodies, may be washed and purified and baptized, while human nature, through its identity in the sentiments of the heart, will make old truths all the more fragrant, old affections all the more lovely.

There is something common to heathenism and Christianity, as well as something especially Christian, in the sentiment which consecrates two days in every year for the two objects of these grateful festivals. Dreary enough at best is the retrospect of human life on this earth, as history for the most part draws it for us. We seize cheerfully upon any record, tradition, or relic that it has to give us, which consecrates pure affection and preserves to us the glimmers of any high hope, or tender sympathy, or refining fancy. The Christian religion effects much of its selectest influence for good by purifying, by refining, by giving intensity to the natural affections and the natural workings of affection in the common heart of humanity. It is only in fragments, and with a debasing mixture of other sentiments, some of them very repulsive to us, that we could find traces in heathenism of feelings and fit observances such as we could approve in commemoration of the departed good or the promiscuous dead. The transition from really barbaric rites to our modern Christian solemnities

is marked in all its stages, for a curious and skilled searcher after it, in the sombre, yet often genial annals and customs of the Middle Ages. Exactly in proportion as higher truth, apprehended by the spirit and appropriated by the heart, refines and purifies the life which man lives on the earth, so does he fashion loftier and more spiritual conceptions of the possibilities of experience for the departed. Just as the earth is cleansed and made new to us will our heaven be a new one too.

There is one point of peculiar interest presented by the relations between All Saints' and All Souls' Days; it is the distinction between those days, the reason of the distinction, the amount of it, the way in which we treat it. Our honest, sincere promptings tell us that we ought to recognize and commemorate with especial veneration the elect and sainted who have passed from the earth; so we have All Saints' Day. Our hope and charity, reminding us that all the children of God are his by creation and care, however they may know or treat their Heavenly Father, prompt us to look for mercy for all departed souls; so we have an All Souls' Day. Thus we first try to do justice to the especial prerogative of holiness, excellence, virtue, sainthood; and then we yield ourselves to the ventures of a universal, all-hoping, all-believing charity. The heaven which those two days would present to us is a heaven whose heights or centres of bliss are the portion of the elect, while its outermost circle is drawn outside of all the children of God who have ever lived on the earth. Such is the simple philosophy, whether really Christian or only human in its teachings, which between All Saints' and All Souls' Days first draws a very deep distinction, and then hides or covers a part of it.

We must reserve the highest commemorative love and reverence of our hearts for the pure, the faithful, and the good. We must recognize distinctions of character and merit among human beings, for there are such distinctions. Whether we acknowledge the essential quality of goodness in

a very large or a very small number of our race, we must admit degrees in the quality itself, — degrees of purity, degrees of intensity, degrees of power and efficiency, — till in some, as the elect of God, it takes the substance of saintliness. There are fictitious and legendary saints strewn all over the calendar of the Christian Church. There have been false estimates of piety, fond delusions of a morbid or a fanciful devoteism, by which the tribute of sanctity has been rendered to those unworthy of it. But for each single case of undeserved or fictitious claims of sainthood, allowed to men or women by name on the rosaries of devotion, there has been a nameless or forgotten saint who, in obscurity, unrecognized, or unappreciated, was winning the palm of those beatified by God. Indeed, the sentiment and consecrating purpose of All Saints' Day suggest to us all the reasonable and generous allowances to be made in this direction. As soon as the usage became established in the old Church, of designating individuals by ecclesiastical process, for the honors of sanctity, and assigning one day in a year for their public commemoration at shrines and altars, it was plain that a limit would soon be reached in all fair or edifying indulgence of that method. The year had not days enough for such individual tribute. The theory was, that the whole Church in its unity and its universality, should render that tribute to each subject of it by name, on the same day, at all its wide-spread shrines and altars. But there were saints whose reputation was only local, that of a village, a province, a country, and so a jealousy arose as to rival claims and degrees of notoriety. It was to meet all these straits and inconveniences, and especially for that most grateful debt which our hearts own to the unnamed, the obscure, the lowly, the forgotten, the unappreciated men and women who lived and died in the real odor of sanctity, that one day was appointed that should bear no one name, but should gather them all under its illumined cloud, as they all walk in brightness. Only in that broad, comprehensive embrace of the known and the unknown, the

eminent and the humble, in the service of a consecrated life on the earth, can such a day as that engage the grateful response of all Christian hearts in common. The judgments and sentences pronounced by historians and biographers on some of the most shining and honored names on the list of accredited saints vary very widely as they are given from sectarian, party, or personal points of view, just as do judgments pronounced upon eminent living persons. It is well that large freedom should be left for individual standards, preferences, and partialities, in all such commemorative tributes, so that each one may select his own shrine and his own type of sanctity. There are those who, while freely and heartily recognizing the possibility of saintliness, and its realized charms and glories in some who have lived on the earth, hesitate to have others select for them the objects of their reverence. They insist upon a right to make their own calendar. The Puritans as a class were as devout believers in sainthood as were the Romanists, and when they rejected the days and the names which were proffered to them, their protests and aversion were pointed by their intelligent convictions, or at least by their reasonable suspicions, that many unworthy names were on the Church roll. The Puritan heaven had as many of the beatified and the sanctified of the Church Universal on its thrones, holding palms, as had the heaven of the Romanist. Doubtless some names were common to both, but each party would disdain to copy the other's list. Indeed, when we yield ourselves to the natural promptings of our heart, which will withhold no tribute from the vanished worthies of the earth, when we are satisfied of the reality and the conspicuousness of their virtue, All Saints' Day may have a private as well as a public use for each one of us, for each household too. It may be accepted by each pensive heart, in the recurring periods of its renewed mourning and communion with those most loved, as *their* day in the private calendar. That has been a most lonely and cheerless, if not a most blighted, experience of life, which has not allowed to

an individual, through his whole existence from childhood onward, one at least in all the fellowships of kindred or acquaintance, so pure, so good, so gentle, so true, so faithful in duty, so patient in suffering, as to have passed by his spontaneous trust into the glory of beatitude. All Saints' Day gives us, if we wish it so, empty shrines and uninscribed tablets. We may fill and appropriate them by selections of our own love and faith.

But after the excellent and the good have thus received from Christian hearts their especial commemorative tribute, the cloud which covers them with brightness enlarges, darkening and deepening in its outer folds, as it shadows over all the dead. All the dead,—all who once lived by the breath of life given them by God,—his beloved and his sinning children. What becomes of them? Where are they? How shall we fashion our thoughts, in dismay, or hope as we think of them? No system of religious belief is complete that does not dispose of the dead by conditions consistent with the other points of that belief. No system of religion can retain the reverent faith of intelligent and pious people, that trifles with distinctions of character and righteous retribution in this world, or in any other. And yet—and yet, as the whole tendency of modern thought, in its remonstrance and impatience and defiance against the exclusiveness and partiality of the old creed, assures us—no system of religious belief can satisfy the most generous affections and confidence of the human heart, that speaks with positive hopelessness about the promiscuous dead.

The Parliament of Great Britain has within this year been earnestly discussing a subject which bears directly upon this point. That Parliament may seem a strange court of appeal before which to bring such a question; but the question came before it in its capacity of a legislature for the National Church, on this wise. In the solemn order of service in that Church to be read at the burial of the dead, and

which allows no variation of a word for monarch or peasant, saint or sinner, occurs this sentence of prayer over the grave, after the body has been lowered into it: "We meekly beseech Thee, O Father, to raise us from the death of sin unto the life of righteousness, that when we shall depart this life we may rest in Christ, *as our hope is this* our brother or sister doth." This last clause, the confident expression of a Christian hope for all the dead, afforded the subject of earnest debate on petitions from very many clergymen who were obliged officially to read it over every grave, asking that it might henceforward be erased by authority from the Burial Service. They said they could not in good conscience, honestly, believingly, read that sentence as prayer over some whom they were called to bury. Notorious evil-livers, the unbelieving, the impenitent, whose whole course of existence was a defiance of the laws of God and man, blasphemers and scoffers too, were included among the daily gatherings of death in their crowded communities. How could they as Christian ministers, after preaching the doctrines of their Church in pulpits, go into the burial-ground, and there, surrounded by those who well knew the wicked and abandoned course of life that was freshly closed, pronounce over their graves the same sweet words of pure hope that are to be breathed over the most godly and virtuous in their death?

In the course of the discussions by the press and the Parliament which this exciting question called out, an incident of a most impressive character was publicly reported, as if it had occurred providentially to point the moral of the offence alleged. A clergyman of the Church, officiating at the burial of one who had led an evil and unfaithful life, had just read the sentence in the prayer, when the widow, standing by the grave, stung, perhaps, by the memory of sharp suffering or cruel experience visited upon her by him, or perhaps mingling with that bitter remembrance a sense of the mockery breathed forth in the expression of Christian hope for

one so unworthy as her husband, exclaimed aloud, in the agony of her spirit, " You may read what you please from your book, but my husband was a very wicked man, and I know he has gone to hell ! "

But the petitioners failed of their object, Parliament decided against them. The grievance of individual consciences was freely admitted. And let us mark with emphasis this fact, that no one of the petitioners, nor of the speakers who sided with them, avowed that, as a Christian, he was forbidden to cherish or express a hope for any one, however wicked or impenitent, among the dead ; the objection was to the being compelled to declare that hope in cases where the utterance of it seemed to be almost a mockery.

Most suggestive and instructive is the substance and the result of such a debate, in which the tenets of theology and the class feelings of ministers of religion come under discussion at a high civic tribunal, where common sense and sound reasoning are supposed to preside. The decision is but a re-enactment of the old, tender, genial, gracious custom of the Church which consecrated the Festival of All Souls, following immediately after the Festival of All Saints. The essence of the matter is, that the human heart will and must cherish hope, and not allow despair, for all the dead.

And here and thus come into direct conflict two of the most living convictions and sentiments which nature and religion alike foster in the human heart, — first, our belief in the special prerogative of holiness as the condition of future happiness ; and, second, the strong prompting of a universal, all-believing, all-hoping charity, for the salvation of every child of God. Say what we will about it, that conflict between our belief that heaven belongs to the pure, the penitent, and the forgiven alone, and our hope for all the dead, — that conflict between our belief and our hope, — is the point at which our religion is subjected to the severest strain.

What becomes of all the dead ? What shall we say of them ? What shall we believe of them ? are two questions,

What shall we hope for them? is still a third. We know how many sin-stained lives are closed every hour of time. We know how many debased and imbruted men and women, how many reckless and impious sinners, how many to whom this mortal life was but a riot in iniquity, have passed into the fearful shadows of death, without a single ray of hope for themselves. And shall we hope for them? Yes; tremblingly and fearfully we will. And our hope shall not rest upon anything short of the largest and most solemn truth concerning human nature, namely, that all souls are of God, in their essence divine; rays and emanations of the Infinite Spirit of all life and intelligence and holiness. They came from God, they still belong to God. They are of his breath; his life. God created the waters that are on the earth; there is not a drop less, not a drop lost. How are these waters fouled by earthly uses; how are they purified above; how are they dissipated and gathered again drop by drop. Some water hangs in human tears; some of it is drank up every moment from the surface of the sea; some of it from the wood which we burn in the household fire; some of it from each blade of grass withering into stubble. And how is it with the rays of light which go forth in all directions from the morning sun? They are all gathered back to it at its setting: not one ray is quenched; not one left behind. They have shined on land and sea, on the tasks of virtue and the revels of vice, on the foul dung-heap and on the points of a diamond. But after all the pollutions which drops of water and rays of light are subject to on the earth, they regain the purity of their essence, and are renewed by fellowship and restoration to their sources. Is it so with the souls of men? the souls of all the dead, — All Souls? Hope seizes upon the possibility that it is so, and as a hope the human heart will cling to it, — has a right to it. That is the simple reason why All Souls' Day succeeds to All Saints' Day, with a night between. Two days and two objects still. We have faith that the saints are now in bliss; we have hope for all souls.

For reasons which at once present themselves in full force to every serious mind, we must be content to confine that hope to its own generous and trusting inspiration. We must not venture to enlarge it, to force it into the shape of a promise or a certainty; the moment we do that we trespass beyond our bound, and trifle with the sanctities which are the sole prerogative of virtue and true piety. We may say,—who will not say?—that if love—love paternal, all-mighty, all-forgiving—is the crowning attribute of Him who gives life to all souls, the compass of mercy will not allow of any limitation, any exception. And then, if as Christians we draw sanction, strength, and guidance for the faith and hope which natural religion teaches us from the spiritual lessons of our Lord and Master, we shall search his words, his lessons, with deep earnestness to learn how he reconciles the conflict between the conviction that happiness hereafter is the prerogative only of saints, with the hope of mercy for all the children of God. And may there not be a significance deeper even than we have yet imagined in the constant references in his teachings to those severe processes of suffering appointed for the wicked? Those gnashings and agonies of remorse, those gnawings of the worm, those consuming fires must be designed either to destroy utterly at last, or to purge, to renew and save. We know that great tribulations and afflictions are the processes by which even the saintliest and the holiest are perfected. What if it be that sterner and sharper tribulations are made effective for the final salvation of the wicked! What meaning is there in that scale of three baptisms by which Christ receives those whom he calls his own, given to him by the Father,—the baptism of water, which is the simplest; the baptism of the Spirit, which is the swiftest; the baptism of fire, which is the sharpest in anguish, and the most protracted in its process. Unless a man with a human heart, a sinner himself too, is ready to believe that our Father in heaven will prolong the conscious existence of some of his children for the sole purpose of prolonging

their agony, with no ultimate object of purification, he must give a place in his heart to hope for all the dead. The fee-simple, the property value, of each human soul belongs to God. Let us hope that he will at least save his own part in each and all of us.

G. E. E.

PRAYING.

THE following lines were written by a correspondent, who says he tried to see how much philosophy he could get into a hymn. We agree with him, that there is "a sight of truth in it," and we do not see but the poetical dress is perfectly fitting and appropriate. s.

TRUE PRAYER.

'T is not, O Lord, that we would change,
Or *seek* to change, thy sovereign will ;
But 't is that each true prayer of ours
Springs from the Fountain like the rill.

Thou touchest, first, the human soul,
And movest it to strong desire ;
The prayer is felt as all our own,
Quickened with true, celestial fire.

The blessings thou design'st to give,
To souls prepared are thus conveyed ;
For only unto souls prepared
The gifts of God are ever made.

O sacred light of truth and love !
Both gifts and prayers proceed from thee ;
So canst thou ask, and answer too :
No change in thine infinity.

Grant us, O God, thy will in ours,
 To such a constant, large extent,
 That whatsoe'er we ask in prayer
 May be in faith, and quickly sent.

While all true prayer is thus inspired,
 And none e'er answered that is not,
 And thus to pure and mere desire
 Answers from God are sometimes brought,

Yet, where we *can* act, there we *must* ;
 There must the *hands* and *body* pray ;
 Thus only is desire filled out,
 And life divine in perfect play.

'T is only thus the eternal God
 His mysteries will e'er declare ;
 'T is will from him, 't is work with him ;
 And this alone is truly prayer.

WE are born children of the earth, and we do not cease to be such when we become spiritualized. The external of our spirit draws its nutriment from the external world, and we do not leave it behind us as we live more in the internal; but we fill it with a higher life. Thus our enjoyment of everything beautiful becomes indefinitely heightened in proportion as our affections and thoughts become purified and elevated; and the more brightly light comes down to us from heaven, the more distinctly we are able to read the book of nature, and to perceive that it was written by the hand of God.

LOVE is the albumen, that nourishes truth. If we would teach our neighbor, we must love him, and we must love the truth. We must love the truth, because it is the word of God, and therefore infinitely perfect; and we must love the neighbor, because he is one of God's children, and we owe to him every act of spiritual kindness that he will receive from us.

THE GENEALOGIES OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

THERE is a growing taste in this section of our land for the study of genealogies. Scarcely any extensive family is without some inquisitive member, who is eager to assume the task, toilsome and interminable, of tracing the branches and the root of his race. The study has its scientific organizers ; and there are teachers of the genealogical method as much as of the mathematical or the astronomical, — of rhetoric or of Biblical criticism. Some years ago, a writer in our leading Review gave a list of separate genealogies, published in volume form, on this side of the ocean, quite formidable in its length. There is even a quarterly journal devoted to the subject, containing regularly one or more elaborate specimens. It is a singular fact that such a pursuit should be popular in this Puritan region, where democratic ideas are fixed, and it is a frequent boast that successful men are the architects of their own fortunes and owe nothing to race or ancestry. Why should new men concern themselves about their lineage? Why should lovers of equality care to separate their stock from the common stock, or gather into a tribe the men of their name?

The Apostle Paul, though willing to assert his right as a Roman citizen, and quick to refer to his Jewish purity of blood and education, was yet no lover of this spirit of genealogy-making. He classes genealogies with fables, with foolish questions and contentions. Neither he nor Jesus seems to have chosen friends on the ground of family. In the company of disciples many classes and probably many tribes were represented ; there was a publican from the roadside, there were fishermen from the lake. The Jews as a people were tenacious of their lineage, and took pride in purity of blood. Every household had its pedigree, and few were so ignorant that they could not show how their course of descent had come down from their father Abraham. It was a Rab-

binical, if not a religious injunction, that they should preserve their line of ancestry, handing it down from one generation to another. It is remarkable, therefore, that we have in the New Testament so little of genealogy, that the line of no character but Jesus is traced, and that his line is traced, not by himself, but by writers after his death. We have nowhere, in the words of Christ, any assumption on the ground that he was of the royal line of David. He does not set up the claim of legitimacy, or make his lofty extraction a reason why they should hear and respect him. He rests upon his truth, not upon his family, upon his character and action, not upon the name of his tribe.

There are two genealogies of Jesus in the New Testament, one given at the beginning of Matthew's Gospel, the other early in the Gospel of Luke. They are different genealogies, in the names, in the number of generations, in the method and arrangement. Matthew's genealogy begins at Abraham, and comes downward to Joseph, the carpenter, being divided into three equal portions. Luke's genealogy goes backward from Joseph, through history and the antediluvian ages to Adam, the first man. There is an evident discrepancy, which critics have vainly attempted to reconcile. The genealogy of Luke is usually received as the correct statement. These genealogies of the New Testament stand by themselves. They have no connection with the rest of the history. They could be omitted without any injury to faith. In Church they are not read. They are for criticism, but not for doctrine. They give us no information which we crave or can use. Matthew does not help to prove that the truth which Jesus taught was the fulfilling of the Jewish Law, by showing that he had Abraham for his father. Luke does not help to prove that Jesus was the Son of God, by tracing his descent to God through four thousand years of time. We have better evidence, and adequate evidence without these supplementary testimonies. They are not necessary to the Gospel more than the genealogies of any hero, prophet, or saint are essential to his biography.

But there are several thoughts which these genealogies suggest.

1. Most natural, perhaps, is the thought, which has been condensed into a maxim, that "time levels all distinctions." It is probable that many of these names were of men remarkable in their day for knowledge, for enterprise, for ability, or for fortune. Among so many there must have been some prominent above their fellows. In fact, of some of these characters we have notice in the Old Testament, and know their distinguished place and service. David and the patriarchs are historical characters. Yet to one who had no other sacred writing than the Gospel of Luke in his hand, these, too, would seem like the rest: of all there is nothing but a name. As you read the list, setting aside what you have elsewhere read, you do not know which is high, which is low,—which is the small and which is the great,—who is the king and who the carpenter. Noah is no more than Nagge. Abraham, no more than Aaron. Jesse, no more than Jose. We do not know from this list what kind of reputation and character any one had, whether he was rich or poor,—the owner of flocks and herds, or scarcely able to buy his paschal lamb,—whether he was good or bad, a warrior or a shepherd, a pious man or an idolater. All here are equal, all have the same place,—a line as short, a space as narrow. Of David it is only said, that he was the son of Jesse, and of Adam it is only said, that he was the son of God.

2. Again, these genealogies suggest the thought, How few in the ranks of the children of men make for themselves more than a name, how few even leave that behind. The industry of an inquirer may painfully trace his lineage in tombstones and parish registers for two or three centuries, but except in rare instances he can go no farther, and even of the generations of these few centuries can leave next to nothing. The Jewish biographers of Jesus could connect his name only with a few historical characters. Most of their catalogue are no more than the names of our fathers on tombstones

are to us. The finest and longest roll of ancestry is but a few great names standing out in relief from the level of commonplace names, a few diamonds among the common stones. And there is often to the genealogical investigator, who has toiled for years in libraries and among manuscripts, over illegible parchments, over defaced tombstones, removing moss and dust with infinite patience, sending across the sea and land, all to piece out and complete the links of his family chain,—there is often to this industrious collector a painful reaction, in the thought that all his toil has brought to light only such a list of men who have made no mark upon the world, done nothing that has outlived their age, left no memorial behind them. Let no man look up his genealogy in the idea that he shall find large nurture for filial piety in these ancient records. Men were not all great in the former days, but the world was then much what the world is now.

3. Again, the genealogies of the New Testament show us that that is not the best lineage which has the greatest number of famous names. Matthew's list includes numerous kings of Judah, while Luke's has scarcely any in the royal line. Yet, if one should choose, the last would be more worthy of the Saviour than the first. If less is known of them, it is certain that they did less of evil in their day. It is no honor to the Saviour to have had among his ancestors such tyrants as Rehoboam and Abijah, such idolaters as Ahaz and Manasseh, albeit they were kings. Better common men than these crowned ruffians. There is no satisfaction in multiplying famous names among our ancestry, unless we find that they were famed for virtues, not for vices,—for worth, not for wickedness. That harmless American preacher who in quiet missionary labors had honored the unpretending and common name which he bore, the name of Williams, would have done better if he had never attempted to show that he was a Bourbon. It could not help him in his work to show that he had in his veins the blood of the French Louis. That is not good blood. The pedigree of

Versailles is not honorable. He is most fortunate in his inquiries concerning his ancestry who can find least to be ashamed of, least that he must repudiate, least that in his own life would expose him to the scorn and hate of men. One good name in a thousand years, though it stand alone, is worth a score of famous bad names.

4. And reflection upon these genealogies makes them illustrate the impartial dealing of God, who causeth his sun to rise upon the evil and the good, and sendeth his rain alike on the just and on the unjust. If honor or disgrace are imparted by them, it is honor and disgrace which the good and evil have alike to share. A bad man may have an honorable lineage, a good man may have a base lineage. There were hundreds of other Jews in the Saviour's day who could have traced their line to David as accurately as Joseph the carpenter; and it is likely enough that some of these were of the number who helped to crucify the Saviour. If Judas had compared his pedigree with that of John, it would probably have appeared as worthy as that of John. It is a poor kind of consolation which worn-out and base men take to themselves and make their boast of, — that they inherit a great name. They shelter themselves under that dignified shade, and hide their own littleness by their ancestor's fame. The emptiness of boast in lineage is shown by this circumstance. Why should you be proud of what another man has made so mean. Your ancestry are the same as his. The unsullied honor of your heart is from the same root as the base scheming of his heart. He has inherited what you have inherited. God wills that the children of the good shall become wicked, and the children of the wicked shall be good, and there is no talisman to protect any race. Joseph was the brother of Simeon and Levi, yet Joseph's son had more of his uncle's than his father's spirit. Josiah was the son of a bad king, and the father of a bad king, too. The honor which ancestry gives is too comprehensive, when you come to view it closely.

5. And this leads us to say that the honor of ancestry is reflex, and not direct. A man may give it to his progenitors, and not get it from them. The virtue and holiness of Jesus ennobled the race from which he sprung ; without him, many of the men whose names the Gospels give us would have passed into utter oblivion, like the rest of their brethren. It is their glory that he was their descendant, not his glory that they were his fathers. His life rescued their lives. Nay, even something is mitigated of the wickedness of those idolatrous kings, when you think that a late atonement was made in the salvation which their descendant brought. It were fit to remember this. He best illustrates his lineage who does deeds worthy of a noble line, who lives such a life that he makes it worth while for the world to know his descent and seek the source of his virtues, who brings his forgotten fathers out from their tombs, not to fill his dull and tedious list of ramified households, but to stand around him in his endeavors with their gracious cheer, glad to partake of his just renown. He truly honors ancestry who needs no ancestry to honor him ; whose story, like that of Jesus, would be complete and winning without any elder name, who might himself be founder of a race. He who is able to transmit honor, can pass it back across the centuries. David, in his heroic days, was only the son of Jesse, the Bethlehem shepherd ; but when he died, they were glad to show how he sprang in high descent from the lion of the tribe of Judah. Jesus, while on the earth, was the son of Joseph and Mary, an humble man of the people. But when his mission was ended, and he had ascended to heaven from his holy life, they could show how he was the scion of ancient kings, the regal Messiah of prophetic promise.

6. And beside these general reflections, there are one or two strict personal lessons which these genealogies teach. They inculcate humility, tell us that we ought not to think of ourselves too highly. They show that few of those distinctions which separate men while they live have any signifi-

cance in the great year of God. Why should I be proud of that which so soon will be taken from me? How many lofty stomachs would have fallen of that company of Jewish worthies, if they could have imagined that the only use which would be made of their names in future ages would be to illustrate the dignity of a carpenter's son, a crucified Nazarene! This, indeed, is the general teaching of history, — personal humility. When the circles of observation are widened, and going out from his own small home, where he is omnipotent, or from the company of kindred, where affection exalts him, or from his sect or party, where he may be an oracle, — going out into the broad world, into the distant and into the past, — man discovers how small he is, how few there are that know or ever will know him, how few care for him, — then he learns humility. Men go away sometimes from the world to the cloister to learn humility. Yet it is a fact of which history gives most copious illustration, that there is more pride in cloistral seclusion than in large intercourse with the world of men. In your own low-ceiled house you are great, and may boast. For your hands have builded it, your taste has adorned it, and men read your name on the door-plate as its owner. But when you walk through some vast Gothic cathedral, whose aisles stretch away in the dim light to the distant altar, like the generations of men back to God the Creator, and read on the funeral stones the names of hundreds whom you never heard of, the genealogy of the Church carved in stone, and think how the manifold builders of this beautiful and stupendous pile are even less known than the names on these ancient stones; when you look in vain for any master here but Christ, you will be truly humbled, you will feel how pitiful is all boasting, and how fit is that virtue which makes the kneeling believer greater than the architect who shaped the fane.

7. Another lesson to us from the genealogies of the New Testament is, that we should not care to live in the future so much as in the present, that we should not sacrifice present

usefulness to future fame. To-day belongs to us, to-morrow only to God. If we labor for posterity only, the chances are overwhelming that our life will be wholly a failure, a beating of the air. If we labor for our own time and in our own place, we add our mite to the great structure which the ages are raising. He who shapes his block for the top of the monument, marking it with his name, and leaving it for other generations to set in its place, calculates unwisely, for before the monument is finished time will have worn away the name from this block, will have defaced its corners, and the late builders will reject it. Wiser he who hews out so well and lays so squarely his life's block, his contribution, on the platform where he stands, that, even if unmarked by his name, it shall give solidity to all the rest. The worthy men of Israel were not those who sought eminence in the future as progenitors of Messiah, but those who really prepared for him by the truths which they spake and the life which they lived. Prophets and priests were more than ancestors. Let us live well to-day, do well all our duty, move the world standing where we are, and then the future will make of us all we are worth. Let no one excuse himself from fidelity to present duties on the plea that he is living for the future. He cannot tell what shall be on the morrow, or whom the future shall need. The present needs him at any rate, and his force and zeal and value must all be wrought into its fabric. The most thoroughly practical work is that which has the longest immortality.

8. Once more, the genealogies of the New Testament teach us not to be unwisely solicitous about the future, not to vex ourselves concerning destiny. Why should we inquire what things God has in store for us on this earth? The future of our names may be high, or it may be faint and still, — alike it is to us of no concern. Long before our earthly destiny is settled, our heavenly destiny is sealed. Long before the Messiah came upon the earth, these ancestors of his had found their place in the spiritual line. They had entered

upon a spiritual mission higher than any temporal mission could be. Perhaps, in the course of two or three centuries, some mousing antiquary may disentomb some name of ours from its long repose to serve in the genealogic list of some famous house on the Pacific shore. But what will be that tardy honor compared with the spiritual experiences on which we must enter long before that season. We shall know sooner than that whether our names are joined to the list of saints and angels, or are written in the Lamb's book of life.

9. And one concluding incidental remark may be made. The disputes which have arisen about the genealogies of the New Testament, and the discrepancies which have been found in them, illustrate the principle that the most confusion is made in the world about things of the least importance. The really momentous truths of the Gospel are the same in all the Evangelists. Concerning them there is no controversy. The life of Jesus is the same in all ; the character of Jesus is the same in all ; the saving truth of religion is the same in all. But those who would weaken the authority of the Scriptures are driven to fasten upon that which might be wholly omitted without injury to the narrative. So it is with controversies in all time. They are fiercest and bitterest where the subject-matter is least practical, least essential. In theology and in life, that which is most valuable is that which all acknowledge. The fact of the atonement of Christ, which all sects confess, is more than the manner of the atonement about which they dispute. The fact of the resurrection, admitted by all, is more than the nature of the spiritual body, so much discussed. The fact of punishment, real and sure to every sin, which none deny, is much more important than the duration of that punishment, which none can know.

C. H. B.

THE RISE OF QUAKERISM.

THERE exists in the world a sect, distinguished from others by peculiarities in the dress and deportment of its members. The ungraceful coat, the broad-brimmed hat, the dull uniformity of the drab color for female as well as male attire, the disuse of all titles of courtesy, and of some forms of innocent civility, and the employment of antiquated or ungrammatical forms of speech; these are the well-known marks of the Quaker. Among formalists, he is commonly accounted the most formal. He will not lift his hat in respect, even before a king. He has conscientious scruples about the names of months and days; he will not take an oath in a court of law, and will not fight in defence of his country. He cares not for an educated clergy, but will listen complacently to the exhortations of a self-taught female preacher.

There seems little in all this to attract regard; and yet there is probably no denomination so kindly regarded by all the others as the Quakers. People do not join them from other sects, but the other sects in general speak well of them. For their sake, law relaxes its sternness, and allows them an exemption from its peremptory requirements. It must be admitted, too, that with the peculiarities already named are blended others, which all must view with respect. The Quakers are honest, peaceable, and friendly. They educate their children; they take good care of the poor. In a quiet way, they have borne steady testimony against the custom of holding our fellow-beings in slavery, from a period long before the subject had become one of conscientious discussion with any other class. Their opposition to war, if sometimes it has gone beyond the bounds of reason, or proved inconsistent with the claims of patriotism, has far oftener been justified by the frivolous or wicked character of the contests against which it has been directed; and they have taught nobly and impressively the great lessons of the right of

private judgment, and of the presence of God in the human soul.

We cannot understand the Quakers by observing them only as we see them now. They were the growth of a very different age from ours ; and they grew, not by its favor, but by its opposition. As a mountain pine, springing from the scanty earth in a rifted rock, nursed into vigor by the storm that strives to overthrow it, driving its roots far down the cleft, and twining them around the stones that deny to them any but the most scanty nourishment ; so rose the Quaker sect through scorn and persecution. And as that mountain tree, if transplanted to a rich soil, and protected by a garden-wall, might languish and fade ; so, in our age of light and toleration, is Quakerism decaying. Erelong it may be among the things of the past. If so, let not men think that it deserved its fate, as a system of mere unmeaning formalism. In its time it spoke brave words and did great deeds. It has taught the world grand lessons ; and now that the world has learned them, it is ready to pass away.

In the year 1644, the civil war between Charles I. of England and his Parliament was raging. Not only was the land filled with the outward clash of arms, but the minds of men were agitated in a manner unknown since the Reformation. The Church of England, under the unwise government of Laud, and relying on the despotic measures of the king, had lost the confidence of the people ; and there was no other church organized to take its place. Prince and priest had alike shown their weakness. Vain was the help of man. A thousand hearts were imploring help from God, and while in his wisdom he answered that prayer to each as he thought best, he gave to one humble peasant a word of power, to preach a plain religion to plain common people, to bear testimony against all falsehood and all violence, and to vindicate the great doctrine of the presence of his Holy Spirit in the soul of man.

In that year 1644, a young man named George Fox, " a

rude, gaunt, illiterate lad of nineteen, a shoemaker by trade," met with two of his companions at a fair, and went with them to a tavern to enjoy a stoup of ale together. George was soon satisfied; but the two others called for more liquor, began to drink healths, and said that he who would not drink should pay for all. Their companion, grieved and angry, paid his part and left them.

This trifling incident acted strangely on a character that had been from childhood serious and thoughtful. The rudeness, the dishonesty, the intemperance of his companions preyed upon his mind. He did not sleep that night, but as he says, "sometimes walked up and down, and sometimes prayed, and called to the Lord." During this long watching, the boy thought he heard a voice from heaven, which said to him, "Thou seest how young people go together into vanity, and old people into the earth; thou must forsake all, young and old, keep out of all, and be a stranger unto all." Interpreting the direction literally, he set forth to wander about the country, wherever the Spirit should guide him. He entered London. He went to the churches and the learned men, with a craving to know the way of life. But their guidance was not for him. Some made sport of the doubts that racked his soul. One advised him to sing psalms and smoke tobacco. Calling upon an eminent clergyman, he was received in his garden; but while George was questioning anxiously about temptation and sin, the minister observed that his uncouth visitor had carelessly trod on one of the flower-beds. Thereupon "he raged as if his house had been on fire"; and the poor shoemaker went away, feeling "how irreligious were all the religions of this world, and the professors thereof."

The answer he could not find from without came at length from his own soul.

"Thou Voice of God within,

Thou of the deep, low tone," —

Thine was the answer, and its chief word was the assurance

of thine own existence ! The great doctrine in which Fox found peace and strength was that of the presence of God in every human soul. "Ye are the temple of God, and the Spirit of God dwelleth in you." Such texts as this he now recognized as revealing literal and precious truth. This was his great principle ; and from this all else in his system proceeded. The dignity of human nature was now recognized. The young enthusiast no longer looked to church or preacher for guidance ; his hallowed guide was within his own soul. Even the Scripture was not to him the Word of God in as high a sense as was the utterance of that inward voice.

Deeming himself thus taught from above, George Fox conceived it to be his duty, not now to search for truth, but to give to others the blessing he had gained. Poverty withstood his eager aspirations in vain. Lest he should have to quit his holy work for the sake of earning money to buy clothing, he made for himself a suit of leather ; and, attired in this, he went forth, with his natural eloquence heightened by intense excitement. The great truth which he had so warmly welcomed became blended with error, because, in his devotion to it, he thought too little of other truths, by which its application should have been regulated. He called on men to listen to the voice within ; to look no longer for guidance to the Church of England, with her ambitious hierarchy, nor to the Independents, with their reliance on the learning of the past. Churches he designated as steeple-houses. A salaried clergy he utterly rejected. As the voice of God spoke in every human soul, every human being was on an equality ; it was therefore unfit for any one to give, by word or sign, any mark of being inferior to another. To use pompous titles was unworthy flattery ; to take off the hat in reverence to man was detracting from the respect due to God and conscience. He went against all shams, all pretences. The months of the year and the days of the week should be called by their true names, as first or second ; not by heathen designations, which were either idolatrous or unmeaning.

From things like these, the founder of Quakerism and his followers rose to the application of their main principle to other subjects. If God dwelt in every human soul, if MAN, God's image, was indeed the greatest and holiest thing on earth, then must the life of man possess peculiar sacredness. Hence, and from a literal interpretation of Scripture, — perhaps, too, from the dread experience of civil strife in that very age, — war was, without exception, denounced by the Quakers. From another literal interpretation they rejected oaths. By a noble application of their great principle, they, at a later period, led the way in denouncing the evil of slavery, purifying themselves from all participation therein.

The name by which they designated and still designate themselves is "The Society of Friends." The appellation "Quakers" was given them by the popular voice, on account probably of a sort of trembling utterance in the manner of their early preachers.

It must be added, in justice to the founders of the sect, that its quaintnesses of dress and language are more observable now than in its earlier days. They adopted a simple dress; it has become strange, because they have but slightly modified it since, while the fashions of the world have greatly changed around them. Their use of the pronouns Thee and Thou was then, and long after, common among the English people in familiar intercourse, the pronoun You being only employed in speaking to superiors or strangers. Its use thus was one of those shams or hollow pretences against which Fox waged war. It is singular that, by the undue stress laid on such trifles as these, a sect which arose as a protest against all formalism should have become the most marked in its formalism of any Protestant denomination.

Persecution met the Quakers, but they conquered it by patience. They were imprisoned, scourged, branded, banished. They resisted not, but they remained steadfast. Some wild fanatics among them gave pretences to their oppressors, by strange and even indecent conduct. But nothing

can excuse the shameful treatment which they encountered. The darkest page in the history of Boston is that which records the execution of Mary Dyer and her associates for the crime of Quakerism.

The great central principle of the sect was not — and, if true, it could not be — original with them. They brought it back to the world's clearer notice, when it had become obscured through the formalism of churchmen and the jargon of sectarians. But it is not their possession alone. Christians of every name receive it now ; and among none is it acknowledged with deeper appreciation than among those who have learned its grandeur from the lips of Channing. That there is something in man's soul that is beyond either priest or pontiff, and that must interpret and judge even the written word ; that man is God's image and God's child, the Spirit of the Father still holding mysterious intercourse with every filial spirit ; and that therefore prince and peasant are substantially equal, freedom the inalienable right of all, and every human life so sacred that nothing but dire necessity can justify its violation ; — these are principles in which we claim to be in harmony with those who own that beautiful name, "The Society of Friends." Let them wear, if they please, that dress, and use that peculiar speech, which are endeared to them by the memory of a venerated past. We feel no obligation to unite with them in these ; we scruple not to bear arms for our country ; and we feel not, in the nineteenth century, those objections to forms of social intercourse and to a regular clergy which the Quakers felt in an age of servility and clerical usurpation. But the greatest of the thoughts they cherished, we recognize, like them, as the fountain of piety and the fundamental principle of civil and religious freedom. It is the truth of the presence of God's Spirit in every human soul, "the light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." It brings us into filial intercourse with our Father in heaven ; it shows us our relation of brotherhood with all on earth. Thus speaks — in his

lines to "Democracy," the true Democracy of Christianity — one who has spread around the plain structure of his Quaker faith the grace and fragrance of the sacred plant of poesy ; one whose name will be honored in after ages as among the purest and bravest advocates of universal freedom : —

" By misery unrepelled, unawed
By pomp or power, thou seest a MAN
In prince or peasant, slave or lord,
Pale priest, or swarthy artisan.

" Through all disguise, form, place, or name,
Beneath the flaunting robes of sin,
Through poverty and squalid shame,
Thou lookest on the MAN within.

" And there is reverence in thy look ;
For that frail form which mortals wear
The Spirit of the Holiest took,
And veiled his perfect brightness there !"

S. G. B.

EXPERIMENTAL KNOWLEDGE.

" THE exactest knowledge of things is, to know them in their causes ; it is then an excellent thing, and worthy of their endeavors, who are most desirous of knowledge, to know the best things in their highest causes ; and the happiest way of attaining to this knowledge is, to possess those things, and to know them in experience."

A SURE SIGN OF HAPPINESS.

" It is one main point of happiness, that he who is happy doth know and judge himself to be so ; this being the peculiar good of a reasonable creature, it is to be enjoyed in a reasonable way ; it is not as the dull resting of a stone or any other natural object in its natural place ; but the knowledge and consideration of it is the fruition of it, the very relishing and tasting its sweetness."

HOME DUTIES IN TIME OF WAR.

BY REV. T. P. DOGGETT.

2 CHRONICLES vi. 34, 35 : — "If thy people go out to war against their enemies by the way that thou shalt send them, and they pray unto thee toward this city which thou hast chosen, and the house which I have built for thy name ; then hear thou from the heavens their prayer and their supplication, and maintain their cause."

THIS passage is a part of the prayer which Solomon made at the dedication of the magnificent temple which he had caused to be built in honor of the Lord. The prayer contains many noble and exalted sentiments of piety. This temple was erected that the Israelites might go there as we do here, and offer their supplications to God in their various necessities, but more especially amid the miseries and calamities which their sins had brought upon them. Among these calamities Solomon recognizes War as being the principal, and he suggests that in this calamity God hears from heaven the prayer of a people who are sincerely disposed to amend their lives.

The text then, in its application to the war which has been brought upon us, teaches plainly, that the cultivation of true personal piety on the part of the people is the way to secure the aid of Almighty Power in maintaining our cause. The patriot who wishes most to see this war brought to an honorable close, will do well to consider the bearing which a true religious interest among all the people here at home may have upon this earnestly desired object. The influence of the home he has left reaches the soldier in his camp. If that influence is essentially religious, he will feel its blessed presence giving comfort and strength, whether languishing in the crowded hospital or anticipating in his camp the perils of approaching battle. If the churches are full of religious life, said a fine speaker at one of the late anniversary meetings, there is an underground railroad by which every throb of that new life is communicated to the army. Impressed with this truth, I have been led in this discourse to point particu-

larly to some of the reasons why the people at home should especially turn their attention to religion in this sad time of war.

1. One of the cogent reasons for listening earnestly to the teachings of religion, especially on the Sabbath, is, that through all the other days of the week this war is uppermost in our minds. It is the prevailing theme of conversation. When neighbor meets neighbor in the street, what each most wishes to know from the other is the latest news from the battle-fields. We are not satisfied to hear about it from the lips of others: we want to read the description of it for ourselves. Hence we wait impatiently for the coming in of the evening mail. We open the daily or weekly Journal, and peruse it with an avidity equalled only by that with which the novel-reader sits down to the last romance the press has produced. Almost every column we read is filled with war,—the bloody details of battle. In this way the whole community are kept continually in commotion, sometimes depressed with sorrow by rumors of defeat, and then elated with joy at the news of victory, and with a hope that national difficulties are near at an end.

Amid all these varied emotions with which the mind is agitated through all the week long, who is not almost ready to exclaim, with David, “O that I had wings like a dove; for then would I fly away and be at rest. I would hasten my escape from the windy storm and tempest.” May we not find such a refuge as the prophet sighs for here, in the sanctuary, in the calm hour which we spend here together in communion with the Most High, in turning our thoughts heavenward, to that purer world which he has designed for us, and where the sacred quiet shall never be broken by the sounds of war or the vexations of earth.

War news, military speeches, slavery as connected with our present conflict, vast expenditures, the increase of armies, foreign intervention, the policy of the President, rumored changes in his Cabinet, plans of emancipation, the

future of the country, — all this, and more, I admit is important. But of all this we hear enough through the week, through every day of the week. Yet ministers are prone to believe that they cannot interest their congregations without speaking of things relating to the war. But when the Sabbath comes, when this hour of worship comes, is it not better to let these subjects drop, to turn our minds to things still higher than these, and let its thoughts rest in the calm, spiritual atmosphere of heaven? As a weary traveller sits on the summit of a lofty mountain, he looks down on fogs, vapors, perhaps roaring cataracts, noisy cities, and many tumultuous scenes beneath him. Sometimes he can witness there the sublimities of a thunder-tempest, while he, lifted above it all, is enjoying calm, serene weather, nearer the blue depths of heaven, inspired with brighter views of God by the surrounding grandeur, and realizing a nearness to him which his soul could never experience in the low regions beneath. So when the Sabbath comes, let it be to us as the mount that shall lift us far above all the troubles and excitements, anxieties and fears, that distract other days of the week. But how can the Sabbath be made to us such a mount, lifting us nearer heaven? Never can it be such, if what we shall listen to here has a tendency to drag down the soul to earth, — to its strifes, its bloody carnage, its schemes of low ambition, its grovelling systems of politics, its various reforms, so mixed up with these that it is hardly possible to speak of the one without meddling with the other, its sharply disputed questions, which the pulpit cannot touch without stirring up passions, or feelings wholly at variance with the sacred purposes of the day. Washington Irving said that he was a better man on Sunday than any other day of the week. But can we be made better by the Sabbath, if we always make it a day to discuss such subjects as those to which I have referred? I admit that times may come along when it may be proper to introduce them, at least so far as is needful to let the people know the opinions of their religious teachers in relation to

these subjects. The present war, so strange and unnatural, so mean and wicked on the part of those who commenced it, — this on special occasions may be made, should be made, a subject for the pulpit. It is becoming that we look at it here, and see how it appears in the light of Christianity, how it can be reconciled to its peaceful and blessed teachings, to the forgiving spirit of Christ, who is called the Prince of Peace. To show this is a duty incumbent on the pulpit; and if it is not done here, plainly and effectually, the impression will go forth into the world that we Christians are making war upon our enemies when Christ commands us to love them. We are to show that the truest love for an enemy may demand that we hold a bloody conflict with him, in order that he may not ruin himself, and crush the hopes of millions. There may be cases in which Christian love absolutely requires that we threaten death upon others, to save them from a greater evil than death. You may have read or heard of the story of the father, who, seeing his son had rashly climbed up to the masthead of his ship as she was proceeding on her voyage, and perceiving that an attack of dizziness was about to precipitate him from the awful position to the deck below, which would dash and destroy him instantly, he levelled his gun at him, and threatened to shoot him if he did not jump that instant into the water from the dizzy height. The son obeyed, leaping immediately into the ocean beneath, in consequence of which his life was saved. So in our relations with the South, — a true Christian love, like that even which the heroic father entertained for the son, should prompt us to level at them ten thousand cannon, to save them from ruining themselves by destroying their nationality, and the government under whose protecting flag they and their ancestors had enjoyed many years of security and prosperity.

Thus it is proper, if not necessary, for every religious teacher to speak occasionally of the war, to show, if nothing more, how the advocacy of it can be consistent with the spirit and principles of the Gospel. But to do this often is not needed.

It is not what the more serious and intelligent portion of the people wish for. They wish, I venture to say, to let their minds on the Sabbath pause and turn aside awhile from exciting discussions and the tumults of war. They feel, or if they do not, they ought to feel, that there are other things which, after all, are more important to each one of us personally than the most glorious result that this war can bring to mankind. The war will pass away, the shouts of victory will be ended, the smoke of battle will vanish, the groans of the wounded and the dying will be hushed in the grave, and the booming of hostile cannon will be heard no more. All this will come to an end, while the characters which we have formed, and which are forming now, will remain, and will be all that we can rely upon at last to give us true happiness. While, therefore, we are conscious of an intense interest in this war, in the vast national changes and events that will proceed from it, never should this interest be allowed to absorb that which every one ought to feel in forming his character after the model of Christ.

2. When I speak of character as that which more nearly concerns every person than the result of this war, I am reminded of a second reason why we should be more earnestly engaged than ever in listening, especially on this day, to the purely religious teachings of the pulpit. I refer to the danger of giving too much growth to the retaliating element of our nature. This always needs to be held in check, but particularly so in time of war, which serves to produce and increase it. War carries in its train so many far-reaching, corrupting influences, that every one should be very watchful lest they reach and infect his own character. It is the experience of the best Christians, that they find in these times a change secretly going on in their general temper and dispositions. They perceive indications of this in the altered feelings with which they read the warlike passages frequently found in the Psalms of David. In some of these he seems to imprecate in a bitter tone of retaliation Divine wrath and vengeance on his

enemies. I presume these passages previous to the war could not be read by Christians of the present age with an approving conscience, and were commonly regarded as adapted only to the rude and barbarous age in which David lived, and not at all intended to breathe the spirit which Christians are to cherish under the higher and purer dispensation of the Gospel. But since this war has been in progress, the hearts of many Christians, that had long received inspiration from the Sermon on the Mount, have been gradually coming down to a level with the warlike tone and harsh retaliation which those passages breathe. This at least is to be feared. In spite of the mild, peaceable, and gentle teachings of the Gospel, those Psalms which in some places express the war-spirit in most glowing language are read now in some of our public meetings heartily, without any attempt to soften their harshness, and without any hesitation as to their moral effect. Among the thanksgivings which come from some pulpits, none perhaps is uttered more earnestly than that of David, where he says, "Blessed be the Lord, my strength, which teacheth my hands to war and my fingers to fight." When the true, tender-hearted Christian hears this language from the lips of the minister who adopts it in his prayer, or takes it for his text, I doubt not that it grates harshly upon all those kind, pacific, mild, and sweet dispositions which he has been accustomed to cherish in taking the Gospel for his guide. It seems to him so strange, so different from what he has been taught to regard and love as the general teachings of Scripture, that at first his mind recoils and shrinks away from the language, and earnestly asks what it means, whether it is right? I feel compelled to answer, that the terrible times that have come to us seem to render this language not only applicable, but justifiable, when used in the proper spirit,—that the purest saint must approve of it, when he considers that the war on our part is only a just and holy resistance to a rebellion that would carry back the best portion of the human family towards barbarism, and

give to the few the power to tyrannize over the many. Not to resist such a rebellion would be as bad as not to lift a hand against the robber who should come stealthily to pillage and destroy the roof that covers us, and all under it that is most dear to us.

But while the extraordinary case is before us in which the Christian must resist unto blood, and assent to the use of warlike language and weapons as justifiable, he must at the same time be all the more careful to bathe his own spirit in the fountain of Divine love, to keep his heart warm with all those kindly sentiments that breathe in the Sermon on the Mount. These constitute the peculiar spirit of heaven; and in order to keep it alive in his soul, when that of war is so rife around him, he needs that his Sabbaths at least should be given up to religious subjects, to the love which Christ inculcates; he needs that the words which he listens to to-day should generally be such as to keep war and its bloody fields as much as possible out of sight; should be such as to lead his thoughts heavenward, to make him feel that heaven is his home, that his great business on earth is to form a character that shall fit him for its eternal blessedness. Words which have this effect should be listened to more earnestly than those which convey to us war news, or victories gained at the ballot-box.

3. We should be more interested now in listening to the teachings of religion, because the spirit of it in this time of war is more needed than ever. When the multitude of our soldiers now in the army are disbanded, and return to their homes, we can hardly hope that they will bring back with them as good morals and principles as they had before they went to the war. The temptations of a soldier's life are frequently too strong for the virtue of those who enter upon it. Young men, like boys, when assembled in large companies, become wild and reckless, and are but too liable to corrupt and lead each other into mischief. The rudeness and coarse conversation of camp life must have a tendency to wear off

that courtesy, that civility of manner, which is in itself some protection to virtue. Many a young person is kept in the way of rectitude by the influence of home, and that of female society. Many parents, who imagined their sons to be correct and firm in their moral principles, have had the bitter unhappiness to see those principles violated, yielding to the first temptations they meet with outside of the family circle. Few men know how much of what is good in their characters is to be attributed to the gentle influence of woman. But from the benefit of these salutary, restraining influences of woman and home, the soldier in his camp is far removed. When far away among temptations to which he is not accustomed, and continually out of sight of the friends he loves the most, he is no longer under the most wholesome restraints against wrong habits. Such habits, when those restraints are taken away, are likely to tarnish the character that was fair before. Hence it happened that, immediately after the Revolutionary War, and the war of 1812, the habits of intemperance increased upon the country rapidly and fearfully. A large portion of the men, being absent for long periods, indulged in things which they would not think of doing at home. When the armies were disbanded, and the soldiers returned to their homes, many of them brought back habits of dissipation which they had formed during their absence. These habits, on their return, continued and increased, and, through the power of example, took a wide and fearful spread among all classes. From the conclusion of the war with England in 1812 to 1825 this habit had made alarming progress, and while it was producing poverty, crime, idleness, and domestic misery throughout New England, a few wise and good men saw the moral danger of it, and made at once a powerful temperance movement. From that time temperance associations were formed all through the land, and through their instrumentality the country has been saved from being called a nation of drunkards.

Now when the present war is ended, — Heaven hasten the
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time! — we have reason to fear, judging from the moral effects of other wars, that the march of dissipation and vice will receive a new impulse, as the soldiers shall swarm back to their old homes. I admit that many young men who have gone to the war have carried with them good principles and correct habits, so well established that they may bravely withstand the new temptations which must come in their way. Their previously good habits may be strengthened by the trial, and they may come out of the war purer and nobler men than when they entered it. Theirs shall be the double joy of conquering, not only rebels, but spiritual foes that are worse, and more to be dreaded.

But on the other hand, must we not fear that there will be thousands who will come home, not only with broken constitutions and crippled limbs, but with prostrated virtues, with habits of intemperance and the vices belonging to it? If so, how important to them will it be, on their return, to find us more interested in religion than ever, listening earnestly on the Sabbath to its spiritual teachings, actuated by its spirit, improved by its precepts, and clothed with characters that may improve and purify theirs. If they shall find us stronger in the principles of the Gospel than when they left, they may be reclaimed from the lower moral condition to which the temptations of a soldier's life have brought them. If they shall find among us a purer moral atmosphere than they have breathed in their absence, the moral condition of their souls may become more healthy in it, and they may recover in this respect whatever they have lost.

We at home must not feel discouraged when we see how few there are here who hardly feel sufficient interest in religion to support its outward institutions. Let there be few, only let them have true Christian hearts, a determination to speak out and live out the great principles of the Gospel. A few such earnest spirits will accomplish wonders. A few such will sustain a whole religious society. A few such, by their example, will send forth an influence that will reach and raise

up thousands from moral apathy, and reclaim the abandoned. Therefore the Scripture has said that a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump. And it does not matter much how large a whole there may be, provided the little leaven be pure and good. The minutest particles in the whole mass will feel its power. Some years ago, when foreign immigration was at its height, and thousands of poor, ignorant, perhaps vicious foreigners were arriving at our shores almost every month, and all Europe seemed for a while to be emptying the contents of her almshouses into New York and New England, fears were expressed that such vast numbers would spread moral corruption, and that we should be unable to educate, enlighten, and elevate them to that degree which would make them fit subjects for a republican government. But time and experience have shown that the little leaven yet remaining in Puritan New England has been doing this great work successfully; and this great mass of ignorance and vice has been so permeated by it, that many of these foreigners now are doing noble service for their adopted country in defending its government against the attack of traitors and rebels. Let a few of us, then, at home, be faithful to our privileges and true to our obligations; let us listen attentively to the oracles of God as contained in the Bible, and not only so, but practice accordingly, being not only hearers, but doers of the word; then indeed, few as we are, we should be able, with the Divine blessing, to reclaim to virtue, to comparative purity, a vast army, though every one of them should return to us with principles vitiated and good habits gone.

4. Another reason for feeling, in this sad time of war, a deeper interest than ever in the teachings of religion, is, that the benevolence it inculcates is especially needed. The war has brought with it, we know, a vast, melancholy amount of suffering to be relieved. Government perhaps has done all it could for its alleviation. It has built hospitals for the reception of soldiers wounded in battle, or seized with sickness,

or who have sunk down under the marches, fatigues, and exposures of war. It has placed there surgeons, physicians, and nurses to prepare and administer the medicines they need, and to wait on them in their weakness and exhaustion. But when government has done all in its power, there is still much suffering left, which can be relieved only by individual philanthropy. To do this effectually, a Sanitary Commission has been established. They have made pathetic appeals to all parts of the country, and, under the burden of heavy taxes and high prices for the necessities of life, the people have met this appeal with a generous response. The ladies of the land, even those who were already burdened with family cares at home, have cheerfully given a large fraction of their time, labor, and skill, have searched their wardrobes, have given every fragment of a garment that could be spared for the suffering soldier; and thousands of Miss Nightingales have come forward to this work, no less tender and noble in spirit than the original one who immortalized her name in soothing the last moments of the distressed and dying on the battle-fields of the Crimea.

Now I would ask, Where is the fountain whence flows all this female benevolence? I know that they are by nature more tender and enduring in their kindness than the other sex. But such philanthropy as they have shown, and still continue to manifest, they did not get wholly from nature. If they did, Roman and Grecian ladies of ancient times would have shown the same tender care for the sick and wounded as they fell by thousands on the gory field of Pharsalia or the plains of Marathon. The records of ancient history furnish no such instances. And we could not expect it; for the Christian religion had not then dawned on the world. This is the fountain from whence human nature has chiefly derived that tender philanthropy which goes forward denying self, doing everything in its power to assuage the burning pains of the wounded, to relieve the destitute, and lift up the fallen. Does not, then, such a religion as this deserve and

need to be fondly cherished, and its teachings earnestly listened to, especially in this time of war, when ten thousand voices of suffering are heard in the land? Is there anything which can, like this religion, prompt the heart to heed these voices, and mitigate the pains they indicate? No, my friends; if Christianity were out of the world, and never entered it, there would be no such bright gleams of blessed charity as we now behold, to light up the scene that is darkened with the horrors of war. Amid the disappointments and defeats which we have often sustained, this charity long since would have been discouraged, and yielded, perhaps, to despair, if it had not listened to the voice of inspiration coming from Christianity and saying, "Be not weary in well-doing, for if ye faint not, ye shall reap in due season."

"It is the greatest folly (that is) in *Babel*, for people to strive about religion, as the Devil hath made the world to do, so that they contend about opinions of their own forging, viz. about the letter; though the kingdom of God consisteth in no opinion, but in power and love."

"If we did not know half so much, and were more like children, and had but a brotherly (mind, or good) will towards one another, and lived like children of one (and the same) mother, and as branches of one tree, taking our sap all from one root, we should be far more holy (than we are)."

"Knowledge serves only to this end, to learn to know (we having lost the Divine power in Adam, and so now are inclined to evil) that we have evil properties in us, and that doing of evil pleaseth not God; so that with our knowledge we might learn to do aright. Now, if we have the power of God in us, and desire with all our powers to do, and to live aright, then our knowledge is but our sport wherein we rejoice." — JACOB BEHMEN.

RANDOM READINGS.

LOOKING BEFORE AND AFTER.

A WORD FOR THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

THE December number of our Monthly Magazine reminds us that we close with it another year of editorial work, and that five years since the present editors took charge of it. We have tried to make it a profitable visitor to the family and fireside, and the medium of the best thoughts touching the religious experience and practical religious life. Our sphere has been neither theological discussion nor sectarian controversy, but Christian truth in its bearing on the heart and the conscience. We have had no controversy except in self-defence ; and while we hold our opinions as clearly defined as we can, and mean to express them with sharp individuality, we concede the same right to all, yet holding them in the spirit of the Master and in acknowledgment of his authority. We distinguish broadly between the Christian sects and the Christian Church,—those being temporary and provisional, this being universal and eternal, embracing the good of all climes and ages who look to the Lord Jesus as the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

Two tendencies of thought and opinion become more distinctly marked and defined from year to year. One is a drift towards mere natural religion, leaving Christianity behind as a religion learned out and exhausted of its power, and consigned to the superstitions of the past. The other is to unfold its divine riches more amply and profoundly, — to find in it a Christology more complete, more heavenly, than all the sects have evolved ; all-embracing, all-renewing, all-reconciling, flinging new light on the mysteries of life, death, futurity, nature, and the human soul ; avouching it as the one absolute religion involving science, philosophy, ethics, and taking them up as the solvent of their hardest problems. So we believe, and that the Christ not only will not be left in the dead past, but will be evermore a growing power in the consciousness of the living present.

So, then, liberal Christianity is not Christianity any the less positive, but a great deal more. It is larger than Unitarianism, larger than Calvinism, larger than Methodism, larger than Swedenborgianism, and transfusing them all, destined ere long to show their dogmas, not hard and clanging against each other, but moulding into the complete Christology that reveals the fulness of the Godhead.

On this tendency we embark our faith and our hope, and here we love to work. The signs are all propitious. In Germany, the reaction from the negative side to the positive is marvellous. Mark the contrast, — German Pantheism exhaling in Strauss, and German Theism culminating in Dörner on the Incarnation. In our own country, the earthquakes in divers places are indicative of a new coming of the Son of Man. Our political system, pledged to human oppression, had corrupted almost every form of religion, and directly or indirectly had subsidized them. It is some consolation, in the bloody baptism we are passing through, that we are passing not only to political but spiritual freedom, and that spiritually as well as politically the voice out of heaven proclaims, "Behold I create all things new!" All revolutions produced by the conflict of ideas are but outward signs of moral and spiritual change, and the removal of some great hinderance that blocked the path of progress. Thus far the Divine Providence has led us marvellously, turning even the impotence of statesmen and the blunders of military leaders to high moral ends, as if determined, in spite of ourselves, to blot out our great national sin. No ship ever went down with Christ on board. The signs are unmistakable, that, though he had been long asleep, he is on board the ship of state, and that in time he will rebuke the waves.

Such being our heart and hope, we work on, awake to the signs of the transition age we live in, while our special aim is to speak to the wants, the hope, and the comfort of the individual mind and heart, and to bring to bear upon the personal religious experience the great truths of the Gospel. We take the stand-point of liberal Christianity, not because we believe everything that goes under that name, but because we believe it is the true ground of a goodly Christian fellowship, and an auspicious future for the Church. And here, at this close of the year, may we not urge upon ourselves and readers a new consecration to the Master. Only to those who follow the Christ with single purpose and unselfish aims are unfolded the riches of his truth and the growing experience of his grace. These times, more loudly than ever, call upon us to forsake all, and follow him, and seek a new baptism into his love. For as sure as he is the central and moving power of all history, so sure he is coming anew into his kingdom, sifting the tares from the wheat, parting the goats upon the left hand and the sheep upon the right.

EDITORS.

REFLECTIONS.

THE origin of evil is mysterious, because God is good. If he were not so, the origin of good would be the mystery.

Small cares dull the edge of great sorrows.

Providence shapes us on the anvil by repeated blows.

Suffering drives its ploughshare through the soul to soften and fertilize it. The bitterest experience is often the best.

Many a man whose outward condition is very good wastes his time in trying to make it a little better, and grows sensitive to petty evils faster than he can devise remedies for them. But he who seeks the happiness of others finds his own.

The surest way of gaining men's respect is to prefer your own approbation to theirs.

A cheerful temper is the philosophers' stone which turns all that it touches to gold.

Progress in good depends mainly on progress in goodness, and this is made very slowly ; but we have eternity to make it in.

When the mind is disturbed, its strength is impaired. Impatience is weakness and patience is power.

Many a victim of ambition rolls a stone up-hill like Sisyphus, only to see it roll back after it has reached the top.

Merit can afford to give a long credit for praise.

One point of difference makes a bigot overlook ninety-nine points of resemblance.

As our own notions of God cannot be right, we should not reproach others because theirs are wrong.

What is meant by a saving faith ? No two men believe alike. If more than one man is saved by faith, there must be more than one faith that saves.

The faults which proceed from good qualities are the hardest to cure.

A man need not look beyond himself to see that retribution begins in this world. Conscience can make a hell without the aid of a devil.

A generation wastes away and sinks into the ground like a winter's snow.

E. W.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Moral Culture of Infancy and Kindergarten Guide, with Music for the Plays. By MRS. HORACE MANN and ELIZABETH P. PEABODY. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham. New York: O. S. Felt. 1863. — In this book we have contributions from two superior minds to a work which, though it is often deliberately abandoned to the supernumeraries and the superannuated of society, demands for its successful prosecution the greatest and the best qualities. Every true parent will be interested in the account of the *Kindergarten*, or children's garden, and will be glad to know that the "Guide" is in some sort the record of successful experiment. For a multitude of children, to say the least, our common schools are little better than failures. Only when the school days are ended does education begin for very many. Then Nature and Society take the poor overgrown pupil into their hands, and light begins to break upon dunces who read badly, write badly, spell with the help of a dictionary, and understand an arithmetic which the merchant will tell you is of little practical use, and withal are fretted and angered by the whole process. Such, at least, are proper subjects for *Kindergarten*. To many parents these new schools will be a source of unspeakable relief. Miss Peabody has given a very pleasant and intelligible account of their methods, and, as we happen to know, the process of her own particular "garden" has been very encouraging. Lest, with the return of the cold season, the name of the school should be over-suggestive of "all out of doors," we may be permitted to add, that the term "garden" is figurative, and points us rather to the gradual unfoldings of germs, and the sweet influences of Nature, and the gentle hand of the skilful and patient husbandman, than to any summer-house lessons or walks in the fields, pleasant and profitable as these always are.

E.

Hymns and Meditations. By A. L. WARING. With an Introduction by the REV. F. D. HUNTINGTON, D. D. From the Eighth London Edition. Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1863. — A very beautiful volume of sweet, simple, graceful Christian poetry, good enough to be gathered between the covers of a book, and, in our judgment, it should be better than the average to authorize that proceeding.

E.

Gala Days. By GAIL HAMILTON. Ticknor and Fields. 1863. — Gail Hamilton, spite of a little over-smartness and want of ease, is a very pleasant writer. She carries you along from page to page, when you have taken up the book without any purpose beyond a glance at here and there a paragraph. We are glad that she has brought out again the *Class-day* paper, with some revisions, too. She made some grave outsiders' mistakes in what she wrote about Harvard, — mistakes which were amazing in one of her strong and singular good sense; but in what she wrote about round dances she was wholly right. They are worse than barbaric, — a barbarism of the North, which, no more than the South, is immaculate. The essays are most winsomely set out by our princely publishers on The Corner. E.

Freedom and War: Discourses on Topics suggested by the Times. By HENRY WARD BEECHER. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1863. — Beecher is a power, and for good, too, — a preacher of the kind that Queen Elizabeth hated with hearty hatred. Like the Jewish prophets, he will have something to say of the deeds and misdeeds of ruler and people, and cannot be persuaded that the nation may plead the right of eminent domain when the whole earth is claimed for a Divine kingship. The topics of the sermons may easily be guessed. "The Nation's Duty to Slavery"; "Against a Compromise of Principle"; "Our Blameworthiness"; "The Church's Duty to Slavery"; — these are specimens of the subjects. The volume is one which will prove to be of permanent value. It ought to be sent about as a whole, and also in parts, that those who run, as well as those who sit in studies and parlors, may read and be quickened. E.

Excursions. By HENRY D. THOREAU. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — A biographical sketch by Emerson is given as a fit introduction to the "Excursions," and both together acquaint us thoroughly as words can with the character and life of one of the most original geniuses that ever lived. The "Excursions" are descriptions of the impressions from Nature which Thoreau received by living among its haunts and drinking in its influence with the love and enthusiasm of a worshipper. It became the only society in which he delighted. The only regular business which he had seems to have been that of a land surveyor. Into this he "drifted" because he loved the fields so

well, and the farmers who employed him would be astonished to find how much more of their farms he knew than they knew themselves; would listen to him with a sort of wonder as to one of the oracles of Pan. Such was his secret sympathy with Nature that he divined her secrets; and wild and noxious animals regarded him with fellow-feeling. "Snakes coiled round his leg; the fishes swam into his hand, and he took them out of the water; he pulled the woodchuck out of its hole by the tail, and took the foxes under his protection from the hunters." The "Excursions" comprise nine separate pieces, among which are "Autumnal Tints," "Night and Moonlight," "A Winter Walk," "A Walk to Wachusett," "Wild Apples," "Natural History of Massachusetts." They are not poetic and sentimental descriptions, but copies of Nature's changes and aspects, made often with scientific exactness, always with a love as devoted as that of the swain who watches the changing beauty on the cheek of his mistress. His senses had been educated by his outdoor life to a marvellous keenness. The conclusions of the Water-Commissioners appointed by Governor Andrew in the famous Sudbury Meadow case, Thoreau had long before arrived at, who, with his keen and practised senses, had watched with a lover's fondness all the changes of the Concord River. The "Excursions" will not only be read as relics of this original genius; they will be read by those who love Nature, and desire to see her through the eyes of one specially anointed as her priest and prophet. s.

Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces, or the Married Life, Death, and Wedding of the Advocate of the Poor, Firmian Stanislaus Siebenk us. By JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH RICHTER. Translated from the German by EDWARD HENRY NOEL. With a Memoir of the Author. By THOMAS CARLYLE. In two volumes. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — Richter's novels, unrivalled in their way, are not yet popularly known among English and American readers. "Titan" and "Hesperus," two of his greatest works in this line, are said "to have solid metal enough in them to fit out whole circulating libraries." Ticknor and Fields have given us the first, and promise the second, meanwhile republishing "Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces," which exhibit the extravagances, the pathos, the humor, the richness, and the tenderness of the author's genius. It is a story of unhappy marriage, rendered more unhappy by poverty; and in the development of the plot the writer pours out his stores of imagery and satire and lessons of wisdom. His

two prominent characteristics as a novel-writer are imagination running into wild and wayward freaks, and never-failing humor, or to quote Carlyle, who is his most competent critic, "the language groans with indescribable metaphors, and allusions to all things human and divine, flowing onward not like a river, but like an inundation, circling in complex eddies, chafing and gurgling, now this way, now that, till the proper current sinks out of view amid the boundless uproar." We hope the publishers will find ample encouragement in giving to the public this series of novels. s.

Levana, or the Doctrine of Education. Translated from the German of JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH RICHTER. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — The reader must not look here for a scientific treatise on Education. Some things are ultra, some rather dreamy. But the spirit of the book is rich and genial, and it is written with poetic insight into the nature and poetic sympathy with the wants, tastes, and feelings of childhood. Not only physical and intellectual education are included, but the development of wit, the love of beauty, and means of rousing the affections. It was evidently written *con amore*, and is full of pregnant suggestions. s.

Meditations on Life and its Religious Duties. Translated from the German by FREDERICA ROWAN. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — This is a second volume of Zschokke. The first *Meditations on Death and Eternity* obtained popular currency through the recommendation of Queen Victoria, who had received comfort from it in her bereavement. The present volume is in the same style, deeply fervent and devout, though diffuse. It is on religious duties, principally those which pertain to the higher Christian experience, — applying to faith, prayer, conscience, growth, the fear of God, inward peace, suffering, example, anxieties for the future. It is a neat volume of nearly 400 pages, in the same style as the first, and a fit accompaniment of it. s.

The Black Man: his Antecedents, his Genius, and his Achievements. By WILLIAM WELLS BROWN. Boston: James Redpath. — With the biography of the author, this book contains the memoirs of fifty-seven colored persons who, in spite of depressing circumstances, have distinguished themselves in the various walks of life. It is the author's noble plea for his race, and comes opportunely, as the evidence

is forcing itself upon the public mind of the capacity of the negro, and the part he is to act in the opening drama of the Republic. We are grateful at this time for the new evidence afforded by this volume that the African is to have a future, and of his possibilities for all Christian excellence and heroic virtue. S.

The New-Englander for October is a very interesting and readable number. Professor Schaff's article on Ecumenical Councils is an admirable historical summary. Rev. W. W. Andrews, in a biographical article, does justice to the character of Edward Irving.

Neutral Relations of England and the United States. By CHARLES G. LORING. — The clear and sensible articles published by Mr. Loring in the Advertiser, making a neatly printed pamphlet of 116 pages. Boston: William V. Spencer.

Does the Bible sanction American Slavery? By GOLDWIN SMITH. Cambridge: Sever and Francis. — Goldwin Smith is a vigorous English writer, and one of the best friends of America. In this essay, just published in England, he answers effectually the London Times in its heathenish apology for American slavery.

Home Life. What it is and what it needs. By JOHN F. W. WARE. Boston: William V. Spencer. 1864. — This little book has grown: it was not made. The author says truly, as we could testify, were there need, that it has got into a form and vesture of its own, not because the writer willed, but because others would have it so, and were satisfied that what had been read with so much interest from the pages of "The Monthly" should be gathered up for reperusal and for a larger circle of readers. It is just what the pastor will be glad to put into the hands of the bride with what they call in the old country "the marriage lines," and it will prove, we are sure, an attractive and useful book for the holidays. E.

Geographical Studies. By the late PROF. CARL RITTER, of Berlin. Translated from the original German by WILLIAM LENHARD GAGE. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1863. — The introductory sketch very fitly and pleasantly introduces the learned and devout Ritter to the reader, and prepares him to study with interest pages that might otherwise look a little dry and outlandish. Even these fragments

from the father of modern geographical science are valuable, and are perhaps as much of the laborious German's ponderous tomes as we poor, busy mortals have time for. They will suffice, at all events, to illustrate the master-thought of Ritter, that the heavens and the earth were created that the tabernacle of God might be with men. In all her most profound utterances and widest generalizations Science is eminently and only religious. E.

Lunsford Lane, or another Helper from North Carolina. By REV. WILLIAM G. HAWKINS, A. M. Boston: Crosby and Nichols. — An interesting picture of the less painful aspects of slavery, and the story of a devout and honest colored man. It is valuable as an unexaggerated record of a social condition which will soon be known only as one of the things of the past. E.

Poems. By JEAN INGELow. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1864. — The name is a new name, and one takes up the book hesitatingly, as unwilling to spend precious moments upon what may prove to be worthless; but soon a line here or a stanza there yields the sweetness of genuine poetry, and so the reader reads on, and finds that the volume is a real addition to our literary wealth. The songs are the utterances of a believer, words of a genuine Christian trust, hope, and love, breathed out in a world of beauty and glory from the abundance of a rich and tender heart. E.

Heaven our Home. We have no Saviour but Jesus, and no Home but Heaven. By the Author of "Meet for Heaven." Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1864. — It seems that some sixty editions of this book have been sold in England, — an evidence, if any were needed, of the eagerness with which even our busy world listens for tidings from that far-off country, which shall be our home. The realism of the author, even when it borders upon a narrow literalism, is refreshing. It helps one to be told that heaven is a place as well as a state, and that we belong, above and beneath, to a *family*, the members of which are not dim, ghostly, spectral, but clothed upon with body and form. Whilst some will vehemently dissent from the letter of the writer's teachings, more will rejoice in his stout affirmations, especially when in the time of bereavement the heart longs for the lifting of the veil that shuts out the better world from our feebler senses. E.

Remains in Verse and Prose of ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM, with a Preface and Memoir. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1863. — Tennyson has made Arthur Henry Hallam almost a dear friend unto thousands who, had not "In Memoriam" been written, would never have known so much as his name. They will be glad to have these Remains, gathered by the hand of a father twice bereaved, — a father who had more than one noble son to lose, and was called to resign them both. Brief memoirs of Arthur Henry and of Henry Fitzmaurice Hallam give added interest to these poems and essays, the fruits of a youth so ripe that we may almost call it, in the words of our Apocrypha, an "honorable age." E.

The Witness Papers. The Headship of Christ, and the Rights of the Christian People; a Collection of Essays, Historical and Descriptive Sketches, and Personal Portraits. With the Author's Celebrated Letter to Lord Brougham. By HUGH MILLER. Edited, with a Preface, by PETER BAYNE, A. M. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1863. — These newspaper articles have a permanent value, and have lost little of their freshness and power to interest. They are written in Miller's best style, and are admirable illustrations of the religious life and times of the people of Scotland since the Reformation. We have marked several passages, which we hope to transfer to our pages. The book must not be passed by of any as simply a republication of old essays and leaders: they deserve and will reward a very careful reading. E.

The Life and Times of John Huss, or the Bohemian Reformation of the Fifteenth Century. By E. H. GILLETT. In two volumes. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. — Bohemia, shut in on all sides by mountains, with rivers that centre towards its capital, was the theatre where the first war of opinions which led on the Reformation was mightily waged, and where its light first streamed through the clouds. As early as 1345 – 1360, three men, Conrad Waldhauser, John Milicz, a Moravian, and Matthias, of Janow, preached with great power against the papal corruptions, and was each an Elijah crying in the wilderness. These, however, were precursors of the great reformer, John Huss, the story of whose almost miraculous eloquence, majestic virtue, and glorious martyrdom, is worthy of the first place in ecclesiastical history. It had never been worthily told, Luther and his

co-workers having gathered about themselves the main interest of the Protestant reformation. But Mr. Gillett, in these two splendid volumes, has done ample justice to his theme. He has studied diligently the best authorities, and avails himself skilfully of them. He writes with enthusiasm, and with ardent love of his theme, and his style is transparent and flowing. The matter which he has collected is exceedingly rich, pertaining not merely to the life of Huss, but to his country and times. We mean to refer to this work again. The two volumes are large octavo, of over 600 pages each, and the bold, clear print and beautiful page are worthy the subject-matter. s.

PAMPHLET.

An Address at the Funeral of REV. GEORGE GOLDTHWAIT INGERSOLL, D. D. Delivered in Keene, N. H., Sept. 13, 1863. With an Appendix, by WILLIAM ORNE WHITE, Pastor of "Keene Congregational Society."—A very touching and graceful tribute to the memory of one who was a most faithful and acceptable Christian minister, a most genial man, an assiduous worker, and a cheerful sufferer,—one who amidst trials that would have utterly disheartened many, finished in joy the work which was assigned to him, and made to the end a good confession of the Gospel. He was worthy to be praised, and Mr. White has most worthily praised him. E.

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.

The Editors of this Magazine will be pleased to notice all books, as soon as issued from the press, if sent them free of expense, to the care of the Proprietor, No. 134 Washington Street, Boston.

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